

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,035

• SEPTEMBER 28, 1889 •

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE CYCLOPGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,035.—VOL. XL.
registered as a Newspaper

ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1889

THIRTY-TWO PAGES
AND EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post 9½d.



THE ROMANCE OF CYCLING
REMINISCENCES OF A RUN WITH A NORTH LONDON CLUB

TOPICS OF THE WEEK

THE NEW FRENCH CHAMBER.—The exact composition of the new French Chamber will not be determined until the day of the final ballots. There is no doubt, however, as to the general result of the appeal to the nation. It is not a brilliant success for the Republicans, but it is sufficient; it gives them another chance of proving that they are capable of governing France firmly and wisely. The most striking element in the situation is, of course, what may fairly be called the collapse of Boulangism. The General will have a certain number of followers in the Chamber, but they will make a poor show in comparison with the crowd of supporters whom he hoped to bring into the field. Every conceivable artifice was used to mislead France as to the real issues raised by his pretensions, and it is creditable to her that the vast majority of the electors have declined to accept him as their master. If the Republicans were a united party, they would henceforth have few serious difficulties to contend with, but unfortunately they are still grouped in factions which have little genuine sympathy with one another. It is possible, therefore, that the old disputes may be renewed, and that it may be as hard in the future as it has been in the past for a Ministry to maintain itself in power. On the other hand, many of the Republicans are new men, and they may be disposed to profit by the trying experiences of the last few months. The defeat of M. Jules Ferry ought to make it easier for the Radicals to act with the Moderate Liberals. M. Ferry is one of the ablest men in France, but his thorough unpopularity has for some time made him a source of weakness to his political friends. Now that he is out of the way, at least for the present, there is a chance that the extreme men will find it possible to arrive at some kind of understanding with the Opportunists. The mass of the Republican voters have shown pretty plainly that they wish their representatives to devote themselves chiefly to the consideration of measures for the establishment of a sound financial system, and for the promotion generally of the material welfare of the country and its colonies. If the Republican leaders would agree to act upon this indication of the popular will, they might expect to receive some help even from the Royalists and Imperialists, who cannot fail to recognise that France is not now in a mood for fundamental changes.

EUROPE AND THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.—A French General Election used to be watched with almost feverish anxiety by the politicians of every country in Europe. No one knew what might be the result either for the French people themselves or for the rest of mankind. Much less interest is exhibited at the present day, because France no longer holds, relatively to other Powers, the position she formerly occupied. She never, indeed, possessed so great an army as she possesses now, and, if attacked, she would certainly be able to offer a most vigorous resistance. But her neighbours are not, as they were thirty years ago, disunited and weak. All the conditions of international politics were changed by the accomplishment of Italian and German Unity, and by the reconciliation of Hungary with the House of Hapsburg. Austria, Germany, and Italy have become so strong that, even if they had no obligations to one another, they could afford to await without much fear the development of events in France. Combined as they are by the Triple Alliance, they do not doubt that they would be secure even if the old French ambitions were reawakened, and France had the support of Russia. The preparations for the General Election, therefore, excited no very vehement interest, and the result has been received calmly. At the same time, there is a very general feeling that it is better for Europe, as well as for France herself, that the foundations of the Republic have not been unsettled. General Boulanger has always expressed pacific intentions, and there is no particular reason for doubting his sincerity. But if he had been made Dictator, he would have been confronted by so many difficulties at home that he would almost inevitably have been tempted to escape from his troubles by means of a spirited foreign policy. Most people heard with satisfaction that this peril had been averted, and their pleasure was not allayed by any suspicion as to the plans of the victorious party. The Republic, whatever may have been its faults in other respects, has not been arrogant or aggressive, and no one questions that in its international relations it will continue to act prudently.

PROTECTION AND FEDERATION IN AUSTRALIA.—We took occasion at the time to point out that the rejection of the Western Australia Constitution Bill was not due to any jealousy of granting the colonists responsible government, but to a very reasonable hesitation whether the Mother Country would be justified in giving the control of immense tracts of land to a community consisting of 43,000 persons. Our Australian cousins do not seem to have grasped the real cause of the scruples felt by the British Parliament, and they argue that because three millions of people control two-

thirds of Australia, therefore, forty-three thousand people ought to control the remaining third. This argument, however, is not really so illogical as it appears at first sight. The sentiment pervading the notable speeches lately delivered by Sir Henry Parkes and Mr. Dibbs in the New South Wales Parliament is "Australia for the Australians." They want no more Crown Colonies on the continent, they want to get rid of the last vestiges of Downing Street domination, and being deeply imbued with the sanguine temperament which befits a youthful nation, they confidently declare that Western Australia, when independent, will increase as rapidly in riches and population as Queensland has done. Both speakers waxed eloquent on the subject of Federation. But not Imperial Federation. On this subject Mr. Dibbs is even less hopeful than Sir Henry Parkes. Indeed, he says bluntly: "We are as much federated with England as ever we can be." But concerning Australian Federation they are very sanguine, and look forward to Australia becoming one of the nations of the world. The same page, however, of the *Times*, which contains these spirit-stirring orations, indicates a formidable obstacle, which is none of the Mother Country's making, in the way of closer union. Victoria is aggressively and refreshingly Protectionist. Her motto is not Australia for the Australians, but Victoria for the Victorians. She is always building her wall of tariff-exclusion higher and higher, and she is now doing her best to shut out South Australian eggs, Tasmanian fruit, and New Zealand smoked and salted fish. Truly, this is Federation with a vengeance!

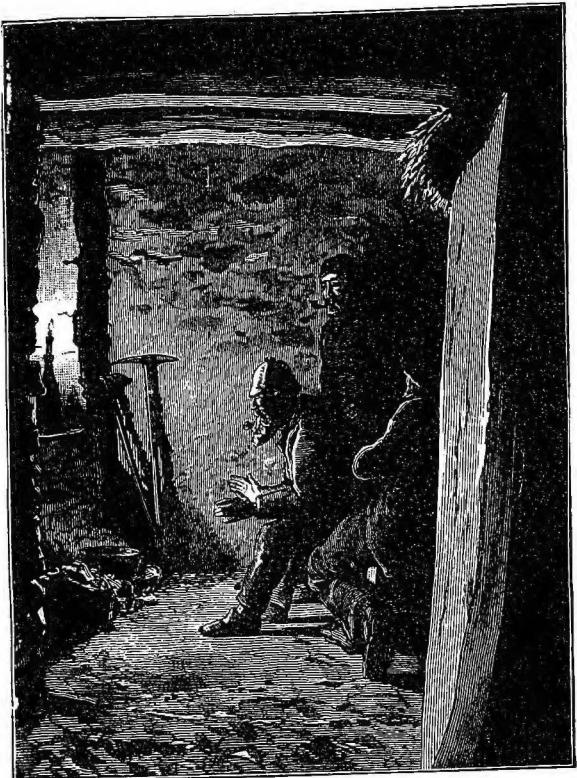
THE COTTON GAMBLE.—Would it be impossible to devise some method of carrying on the great cotton industry without gambling? If that could only be done, tens of thousands of honest toilers would be saved from a great deal of undeserved suffering. It may be fine fun for the "bulls" and the "bears" to deal in "futures," but it is anything but fun for the operatives when mills have to cease working for want of the raw material. We expect to be assured, of course, that speculation obtains more or less in every trade and industry. Perfectly true, but it is only in cotton that it deprives multitudes of men, women, and children of their daily bread. Were it not for that, the Liverpool gamblers might "corner" one another all the year round without injuring the community in the slightest degree. The world might even find consolation did the fate of the Kilkenny cats befall them. But it is a serious matter for this great commercial country when, at a time of brisk trade, one of her greatest industries is paralysed by unscrupulous speculation. The law comes down heavily enough on gambling dens, but all the "hells" that have ever existed in England, including the great Crockford's, have not inflicted a tithe of the misery now being suffered by brave Lancashire lads and lasses. Brave they are; not a word of complaint comes from their hungry mouths; they are loyally backing up their employers in the endeavour to force down prices. But if it be true that a good many of these employers are as deep in the gamble as the victorious "bulls," only on the losing side, one might well wish that the workpeople had worthier objects on whom to expend their loyalty. They are deserving of all pity and respect; as for the remorseless gamblers, it may come to be the duty of the Legislature to consider whether the laws of regrating and forestalling should not be revived for their benefit.

AN IRISH ROMAN CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—Mr. Balfour, it seems, was misunderstood when he was supposed to speak in favour of the foundation and endowment of a Roman Catholic University in Ireland. To some extent, if not wholly, he has himself to blame for the manner in which his statements on the subject were interpreted. In his now famous speech he certainly appeared to be talking about the need for an Irish Roman Catholic University, and neither he nor any one else on the Treasury Bench rose to contradict those who assumed this to be his meaning. It is satisfactory to learn that he did not really say what he was believed to have said. No doubt, as he has pointed out, English Home Rulers are very inconsistent in opposing the establishment of a Roman Catholic University in Ireland, seeing that the creation of such an institution would be one of the first acts of a Dublin Parliament. "Yes," say Mr. Gladstone and his followers, "but then the Dublin Parliament would pay for its University with Irish money." They forget that "Irish money" would include the money of Protestants as well as that of Roman Catholics. If Protestants in England object to provide funds for the support of teachers of Roman Catholic doctrines, they have no right to impose the obligation of doing so on Irish Protestants. On this point Mr. Balfour has clearly the best of the argument, but it would have been better if no kind of argument had been rendered necessary. Of all questions, that of denominational education is the one that arouses the most bitter feeling, and Mr. Balfour would have acted wisely if he had left it alone. Although he does not propose to introduce a Roman Catholic University Bill, it is not certain that he has not some similar scheme in hand. If he has, he will soon find that he is preparing for himself much future trouble. There are not a few Conservatives whose convictions on this subject are closely akin to those of the majority of Radicals.

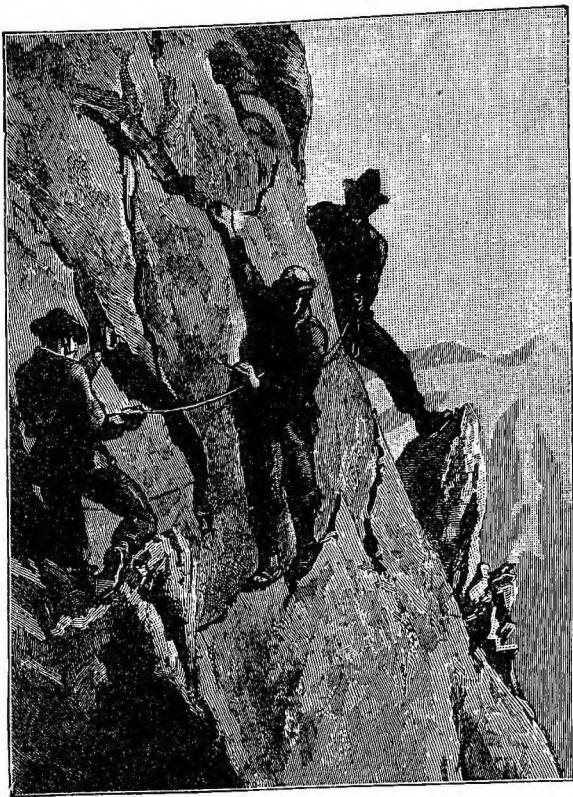
BAKERS' GRIEVANCES.—Encouraged, no doubt, by the practical success of the dockers' strike, the London bakers are now endeavouring to improve their position. They have entered on their campaign with commendable moderation. Instead of striking, and thereby inflicting great inconvenience on the public, which would probably be accompanied by corresponding indignation, they have formulated a series of demands, and have given their employers a breathing-time of over six weeks in which to deliberate over the matter. The most important of their claims is that the maximum of a week's work shall not exceed sixty hours, an hour being deducted from this each day for meals, and that all overtime shall be paid for at the rate of time-and-a-half of the existing wages. Thus, if this demand were granted, the bakers' regular day's work would consist of nine hours. When we consider the exhausting character of their employment, it is certainly not for persons who gain their livelihood by whollesomer and less fatiguing avocations to stigmatise these claims as preposterous. Nor should it be forgotten that even if the masters feel themselves unable to accede to the whole of these changes, but agree to accept a day of ten hours, the position of the journeymen would be greatly improved. There are, of course, bakerhouses and bakehouses, but we fear that Mr. Burns's statements are in many cases literally true, that men work for over a hundred hours weekly, and are so wearied by their labours that the cleanliness which should accompany such an occupation as theirs is altogether disregarded. We confess, however, that we do not feel very hopeful about permanent reforms, because, many years ago, revelations of a similarly horrifying character were made, and yet, as soon as the public excitement had subsided, matters seem to have sunk into the bad old groove. The truth is that baking has never been a very profitable business. Londoners have always sought shy of it. Up to forty years ago, most of the master-bakers were Scotchmen. Since then Germans have predominated; and at the present time more than one-fourth of the journeymen are foreigners. The cause of this poverty is, no doubt, the excessive competition among a number of small employers; and in this way such a scheme as the Bread Union may in the long run benefit both bread-makers and bread-eaters.

LAND NATIONALISATION.—It would be well if Mr. Gladstone always spoke out as plainly on revolutionary projects as he has just done on the nationalisation of land. He declares that, if carried out without compensation, it would be sheer robbery; if with compensation, sheer folly, because the State is not qualified to exercise the functions of a landlord. He might have added that, if the present landowners were bought out on fair terms, the State would either have to charge nearly as high rents as now, to cover the interest on the purchase-money, or would have to saddle the whole community with an enormous burden of additional taxation for the benefit of those who were lucky enough to get bits of land in the general scramble. What the advocates of nationalisation have in their minds is confiscation, pure and simple; in Mr. Gladstone's plain language, that would be plunder and robbery. Curious, indeed, is it, therefore, to find him advocating the return to Parliament of a gentleman who apparently holds these views in a very advanced form. It is perfectly true that the presence of one such member in the House of Commons would not advance the cause of land nationalisation by a single inch; no, nor of a round dozen. Nevertheless, it goes against the grain to see the holder of such opinions patted on the back by a statesman who, in the same breath, charges his *protégé* with being either a knave or a fool. Mr. Seymour Keay is neither: his only fault consists in associating himself with a ridiculous fad which he caught up from Mr. George's liberal scatterings of unworkable schemes for the regeneration of the world. If land should be nationalised, why not houses, railways, ships, and wealth in every shape? The poor would, no doubt, be benefited for a short time by each and every confiscation of property for their use; but the country would be ruined—stock, lock, and barrel—by the inevitable banishment of capital.

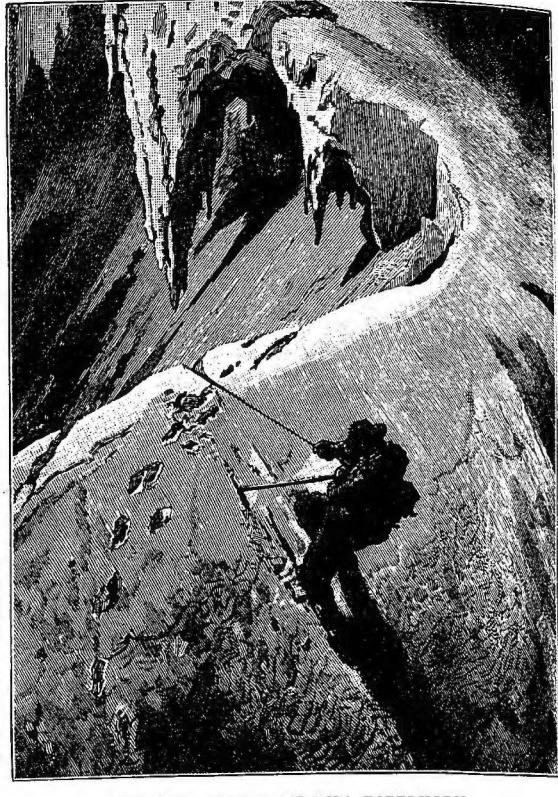
A GOOD WORK FOR LOCAL AUTHORITIES.—The other day the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford joined in the emphatic protest against the granting of a liquor license to the Manchester Palace of Varieties. In doing so, he suggested that it might be well for the Corporation itself to devise means for the recreation of the people. Some time ago, when the doctrine of *laissez faire* was generally held, most persons would have laughed at such a proposal as this. Now, however, we are becoming accustomed to the idea that public bodies may safely and advantageously do for the community many things which the community cannot conveniently do for itself. Local authorities provide free libraries, museums, public parks; why should they not go a step farther, and make arrangements which would enable men and women to pass a winter evening in brighter surroundings than most of them have at home? All that is necessary is a spacious hall, well aired, warmed, and lighted, with good, inexpensive "refreshments." Entertainments of various kinds could without much difficulty be secured. It is certain that this would be the most effective way of dealing with the Temperance Question. After a day's work people must and will



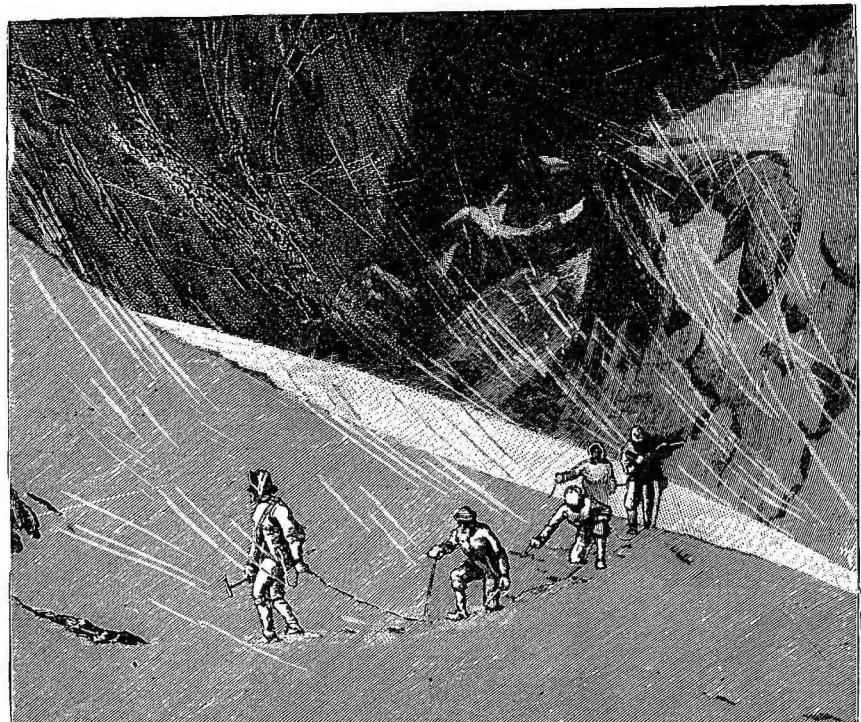
IN THE STOCKJE HUT



AN AWKWARD CORNER



ULRICH ALMER ON THE GABELHORN



BAD GOING



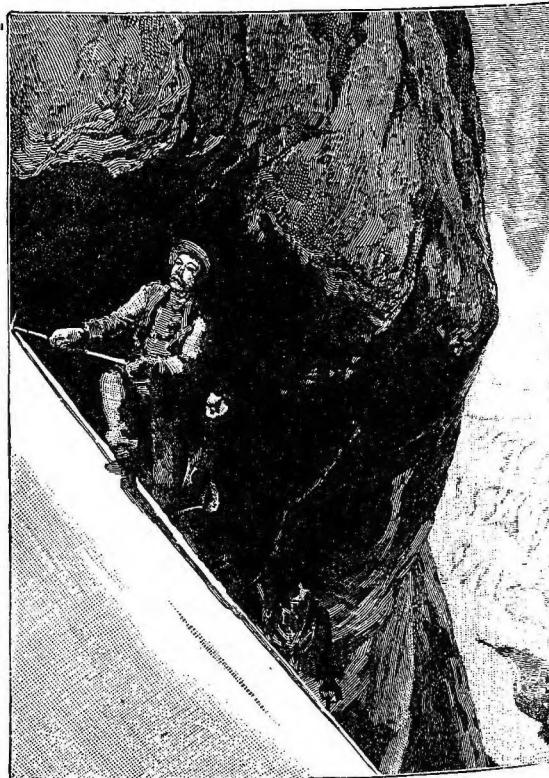
IN THE PARTOUT CABANE



BETWEEN THE LIGHTS



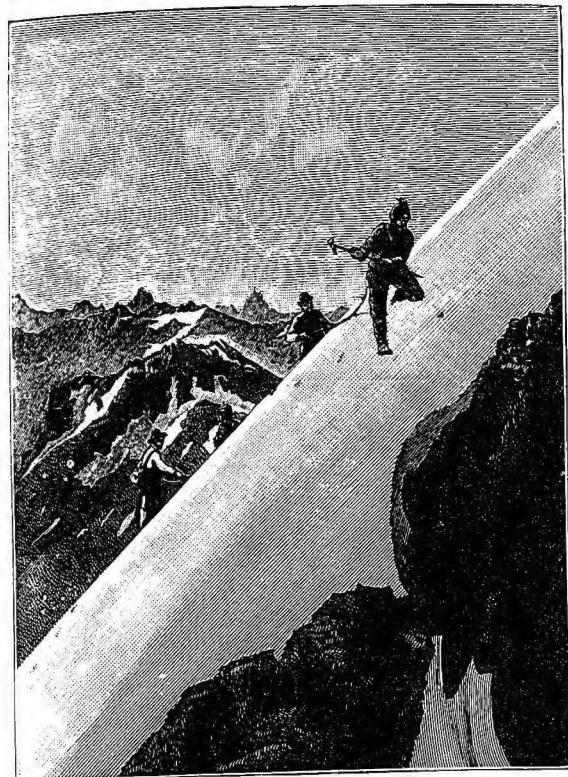
ON THE ZAHNSTEIN



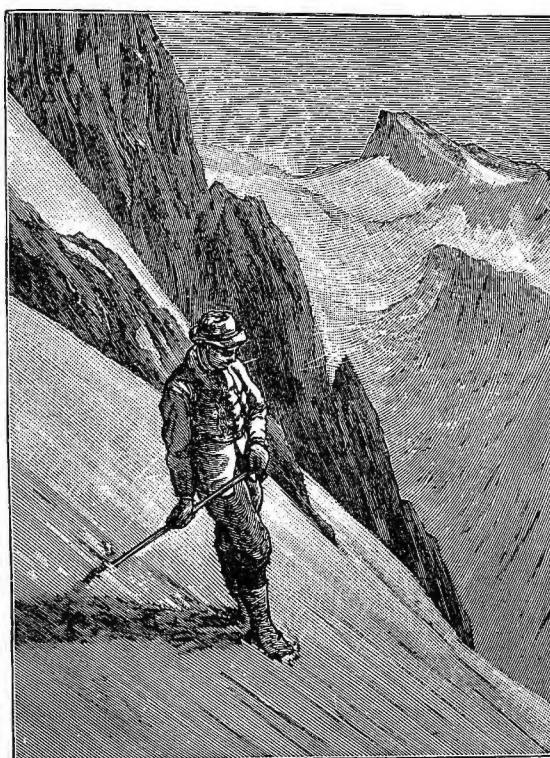
“WARE STONES!”

INCIDENTS OF CLIMBING IN THE HIGH ALPS

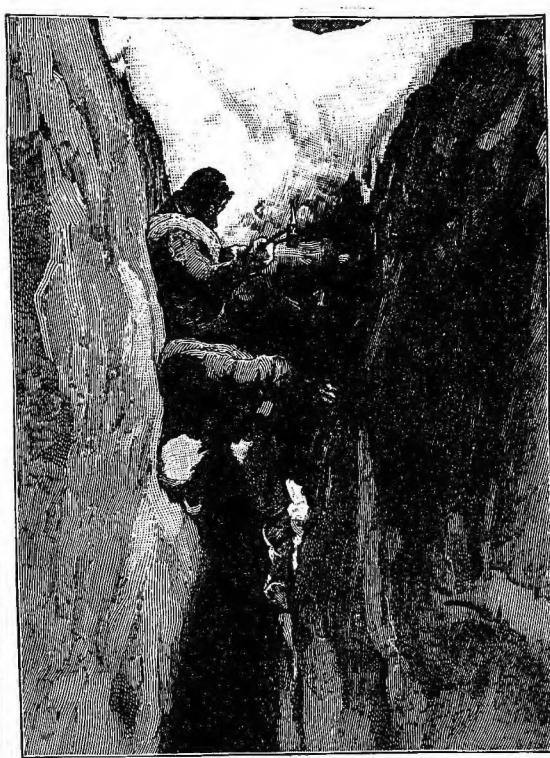
FROM SKETCHES BY MR. H. G. WILLINK



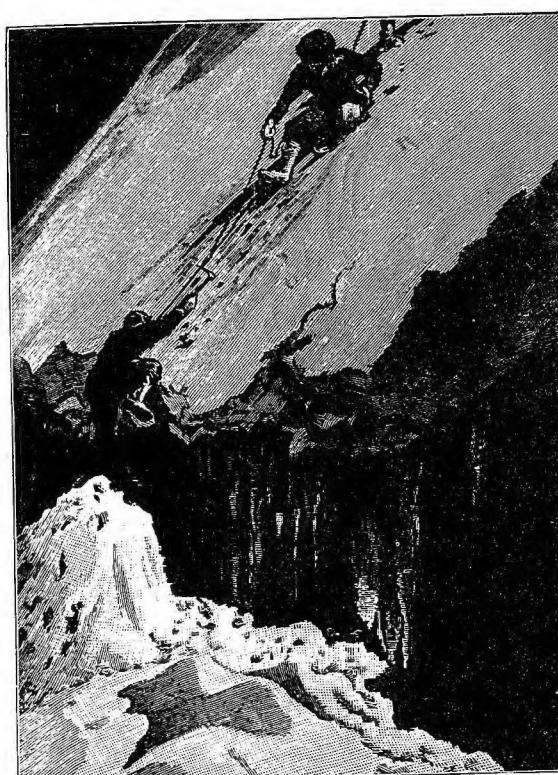
STEP-CUTTING



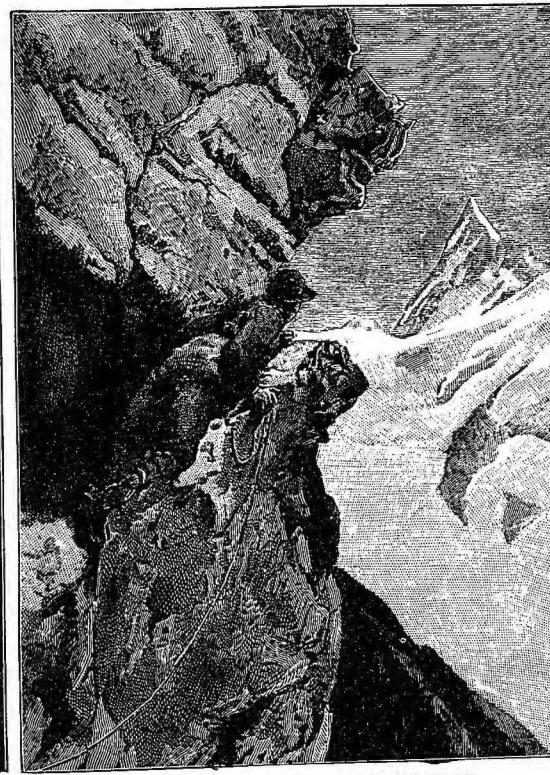
A STANDING GLISSEADE



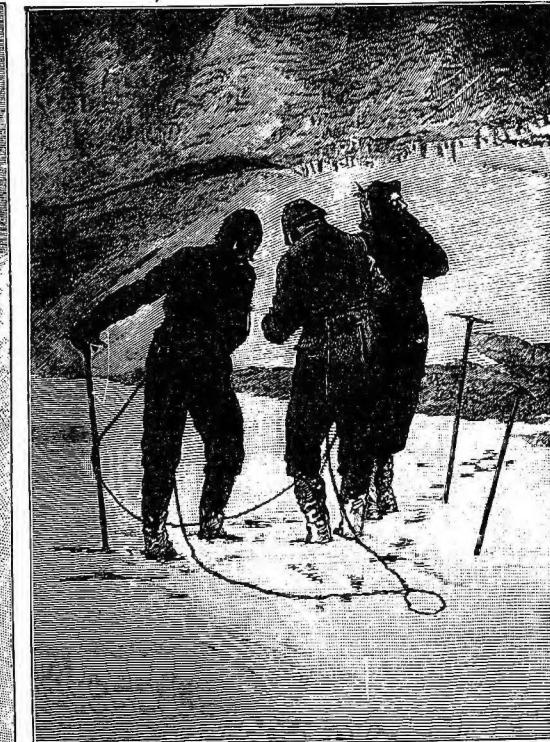
HOW IT WAS DONE



A SCHRUNDELIN



ON THE ROTHIHN, GRINDELWALD

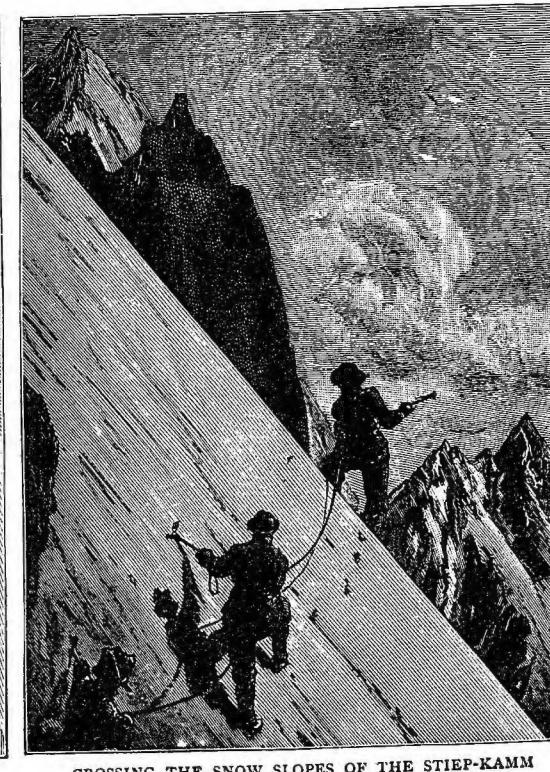


"WAS SAGT HERR COMPASS?"



ON THE ALSIRAT GLACIER

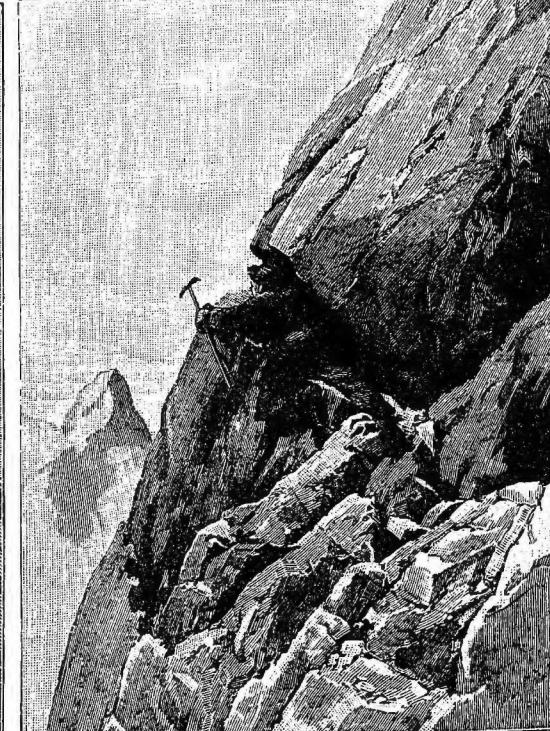
INCIDENTS



CROSSING THE SNOW SLOPES OF THE STIEP-KAMM

OF CLIMBING IN THE HIGH ALPS

FROM SKETCHES BY MR. H. G. WILLINK



A NORWAY CLEFT

A STORMY NIGHT ON DOVER PIER

HERE is a scene familiar to many of our readers this year. A boat-load of passengers hurrying home from the Paris Exhibition is just landing after a rough-and-tumble crossing, and everybody in a condition of semi-bewilderment is endeavouring amid all the noise and bustle to find his right train, and secure a comfortable corner in the carriage wherein to snooze away the journey up to London. Hampered with rugs and small parcels, possibly weak and dizzy from sea-sickness, the ordinary traveller finds this no easy task, especially when the driving mist and spray combined with the smoke and steam from the funnels render the semi-obscure yet more obscure. Occasionally the arrival of one boat will coincide with the leaving of another, and then the opposing streams of inward and outward bound passengers render confusion worse confounded. Still, on the whole people bear all these little inconveniences in a true Mark Tapley spirit, for those who are starting have got all the joys and pleasures of their holiday yet in prospect, while those who are returning have achieved the dreaded crossing, and are looking forward to all the comforts of home in a couple of hours' time. It is the unfortunate foreigner who feels the turmoil most keenly—for generally he is able to speak a very small modicum of English—and it is only a return for the courtesy which is as a rule extended to the travelling Briton abroad that the latter, when opportunity presents itself, should afford all the assistance in his power to a stranger in distress on English soil.

THE CHASE OF THE WILD RED DEER ON EXMOOR

See pp. 391 *et seqq.*VOLCANIC ERUPTION AT KANTZORIK
AND

PREPARING THE NEW WIMBLEDON

See page 396.

A BARBAROUS PUNISHMENT IN MOROCCO

THE scene of this picture is laid in the upper part of the main street of Tangier, and Mr. A. Martin, of 10, Holland Street, Brixton, S.E., who has furnished the drawing, says that several times he has seen such a sight in the different towns of Morocco. The victim in this case is a Jewess, who has been adjudged guilty of adultery, and for this offence she is tied to the back of a mule or donkey, and, for the amusement and edification of the populace, is beaten with canes or thin rods from the Hall of Justice (the Cas Bar) all round the town amid the jeers and curses of the followers of the Prophet. Our informant adds that the Jews are shamefully treated by the Moorish officials and their minions, being robbed, cursed, and spit upon at pleasure.

THE LATE HONOURABLE MR. JUSTICE NANABHAI HARIDAS

THIS distinguished Indian jurist, whose death recently occurred, was Judge of the High Court of Bombay, and will always be distinguished as being the first native Judge. He was born of a family which had suffered distressing reverses in the beginning of this century, and owed his early education to a charitable compatriot, who paid his school fees. It is remarkable, indeed, under such unfavourable circumstances that Mr. Nanabhai should have risen to the highest position in life which it is possible for a native to attain, and his career is a trite illustration of the truth of the old observation that distinguished men of all places and times have all been renowned as hard workers. As a translator and interpreter he won the golden opinions of the High Court Judges, and it was in this capacity that he first became known for that precision and accuracy, integrity, and honesty of character which he carried into every work he took in hand. As a lawyer Mr. Nanabhai first made his mark in a murder case at Surat, and he subsequently became known throughout Gujarat as "Balister,"



who was thoroughly to be trusted in the conduct of any case. His addresses were never lengthy, but were marked by close reasoning, and his powers of cross-examination were exceedingly searching. His judgments were characterised as exceptionally clear and compact, while he possessed great power of analysis, and a remarkably intimate knowledge of the intricacies of the law, which commanded such respect from the late Sir Michael Westropp, that he is said to have consulted him on several occasions on complicated questions of Hindu law. Apart from his legal labours, Mr. Justice Nanabhai Haridas will always be renowned by his translation into Gujarati of the "Indian Civil Law," the "Criminal Law," and the "Indian Penal Code"—a work of exceeding difficulty, which, it is said, would have been quite beyond the powers of any other Gujarati gentleman of his time. In public as well as in private life the late Justice was somewhat taciturn; but he was invariably kind and affable in his relations with his friends and the outside world. —Our engraving is from a photograph by the Bombay Photographic Company.



POLITICAL.—Mr. Balfour has replied to an enquiry made by the Hon. Secretary of the Scottish Protestant Alliance, that though he desired to take steps to promote the higher University education of the Irish Roman Catholics, the foundation and endowment of a University for that purpose has never, so far as he is concerned, been in contemplation, and is not, in his opinion, necessary.—This statement of the Irish Secretary was commented on by Mr. Gladstone in a long and discursive speech at Hawarden, on Monday, to a deputation from a Cheshire Liberal Club. The ex-Premier was evidently disappointed that, after Mr. Balfour's declaration, political capital was not to be made out of the policy of the Government in regard to higher education in Ireland. The mountain, he said, had shrunk into a mouse. At the same time, he suggested that the Government might intend to endow a Roman Catholic College, not a University, out of British funds, and asked to be enlightened on the subject. In the course of his speech he referred to the East End strike, the result of which he approved of, as tending to "strengthen the condition of labour in the face of capital," pronouncing it to be a "real, social advance."—Mr. Montague Guest having declined to stand for Peterborough, Mr. Purvis (L.U.) has been accepted as their candidate by both sections of the local Unionists. At the last General Election he gallantly, but unsuccessfully, contested West Edinburgh with Mr. Childers.—Mr. Edward Jenkins (C), of "Ginx's Baby" celebrity, who represented Dundee from 1874 to 1880, having declined an invitation from the Conservatives of that borough to contest the seat, Mr. Leng (G), was on Wednesday returned unopposed.

STRIKES.—A strike which would affect the public more than almost any other, that of the journeyman bakers of London, on whom we are largely dependent for our daily bread, is threatened, but it is to be hoped will be averted. They held a mass-meeting in Hyde Park on Sunday, and were addressed on the subject of their grievances by the inevitable Mr. John Burns and the almost equally inevitable Mr. Champion. Among their demands is that sixty hours, including one hour daily for meals, should constitute the normal maximum week's work, and that all labour over this, including Sunday labour, shall be paid for as overtime, at the rate of time and a half of the existing wages for all hands. A circular embodying these and other demands is being issued to the master-bakers. Their replies, it is expected, will be received by October 14th, and will then be considered by the representatives of the men.—A further, but merely partial conflict, between Unionist and non-Unionist dock labourers, and a temporary suspension of labour at the East India Docks, were brought on early in the week by the refusal of some stevedores to accept the co-operation of so-called "black-legs." A number of the Unionist dock labourers sided with the stevedores, and struck work. The leaders of the great previous strike seem to have recommended a compromise, and, at an interview between two of them and officials of the Dock Companies, they offered payment to the eighty odd non-Union men of a week's wages, on condition that they gave up their present permanent positions, and joining the Union took their chance of being employed like every other labourer. The Dock Companies declined to sanction an arrangement which would involve on their part a breach of faith with the men who had worked for them during the strike, but intimated that they would not stand in the way of any independent arrangement between the Unionist and non-Unionist labourers.—On Tuesday the Conference between six of the master lightermen and six of the men, Lord Brassey acting as umpire, was closed, a settlement having been arrived at. One of the chief concessions on the part of the masters, involved in Lord Brassey's award, is that a double rate of wages will be paid for overtime after a day's work of twelve hours. The award is to take effect on the 4th of November.

MR. EDISON, the renowned American inventor, was, with Mrs. Edison, entertained at luncheon, on Tuesday, by the Lord Mayor, whose intention of giving a banquet at the Mansion House in his honour has been frustrated by want of time to organise it, our distinguished visitor leaving us for the United States to-day, Saturday.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her seventy-ninth year, of Lady Holland, daughter of the eighth Earl of Coventry and widow of the fourth Lord Holland, whose father was the well-known Amphitryon of Holland House in the days of its brilliant hospitality, of which the lady just deceased did much towards keeping alive the tradition; in his sixty-eighth year, of Brodie of Brodie, Lord-Lieutenant of Nairnshire, and a popular landowner in the North of Scotland, who, in 1879 and 1885, contested as a Conservative Elgin and Nairn shires; in his eighty-sixth year, of Mr. Loftus T. Wigram, Q.C., who, as a Conservative of the old school, represented Cambridge University from 1850 to 1859; in his seventieth year, of Sir George K. Rickards, who was Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, from 1851 to 1857, and counsel to the Speaker of the House of Commons, in 1851-2; in his sixty-sixth year, of Admiral Sir William Wood; in his seventieth year, of Rear-Admiral Herbert F. Winnington-Ingram, who had seen much active service afloat, from the Bombardment of Acre, 1840, to that of Sveborg, 1854; the author of, among other works, "A Six Months' Cruise among the South Sea Islands;" in his seventy-first year, of the Venerable William Lea, Archdeacon of Worcester, author of several works, among them one on "Small Farms;" in his seventy-seventh year, of the Hon. and Rev. Andrew G. Stuart, heir-presumptive to the Earldom of Castle Stuart; in his eighty-first year, of Mr. John Thornton, late Secretary to the Government, North-West Provinces of India; in or about his seventy-seventh year, of Mr. Cyrus Legge, J.P. for Croydon, who was a member of the Metropolitan Board of Works for upwards of eighteen years, one of the promoters of the Atlantic cable, and a principal shareholder of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company; in his sixty-seventh year, of Mr. Aeneas J. McIntyre, Q.C., Judge of County Courts, West Riding of Yorkshire, who was Liberal M.P. for Worcester from 1880 to 1885; in her seventy-first year, of Eliza Cook, the once well-known poetess, who is now remembered chiefly as the writer of "The Old Arm Chair," and who had enjoyed since 1864 a Civil List Pension of 100/- a year; and, in his eighty-seventh year, of Mr. Thomas Monck Mason, who, early in his varied career, was the author of operatic works, and lost 60,000/- in one year as the impresario of the Italian Opera House. He was for some time Equerry to the late Duke of Sussex. He became a noted aeronaut, and made, in 1836, a famous ascent in the "Nassau" balloon. A profound Greek scholar, he was, at his death, engaged in a critical treatise on the Revised New Testament.

FOR THE APPROACHING CHURCH CONGRESS the Rev. Charles Mackeson has compiled a useful handbook (Cardiff: Lewis, 22, Duke Street; London: 10, Southampton Street, Strand). It contains records of previous Congresses, a programme of the whole proceedings at Cardiff, an historical sketch of the town, biographical sketches of the readers and speakers, and much more.



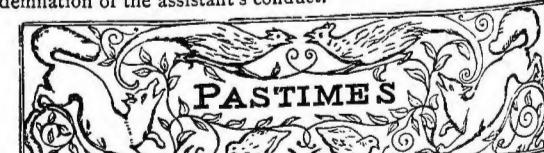
THE CORONER'S INQUEST on the exhumed remains of Mr. Robert Weldon, formerly of 2, Gloucester Mansions, South Kensington, was opened at the Brookwood Necropolis, on Tuesday, and after journeyed to the 31st October, to allow a careful analysis of the contents of the stomach, &c., to be made by Dr. Stevenson. The exhumation was made at the instance of the Home Secretary, in consequence of dissatisfaction felt by the two brothers of the deceased with circumstances, which have not been made public, connected with his illness and death. Mr. Weldon, whose age at his death was twenty-nine, had been an officer in the militia, and was the son of a late partner in the firm of Messrs. Weldon, waremen of Cheapside. What follows as to his marriage and career, According to these, he married in 1886 Mrs. Laura Vernon. They separated soon afterwards for a short time, and then resumed until his death their married life together. He settled a large sum of money on his wife at marriage, and in 1887 made a will, leaving her the bulk of his property, amounting to 80,000/. He is said to have been a heavy drinker, to have been confined in Lewes gaol for reckless driving while he was intoxicated, and to have been there attacked by *delirium tremens*. It is added that early in the present year he was in custody at Wandsworth Police Station on a charge of drunkenness. During a trip to the Continent, which preceded his death, he is described as having drunk heavily. On the 4th inst., Dr. Parr, his medical attendant, received a telegram from Mrs. Weldon, then on her way home with her husband from Ostend, asking him to call at their London residence, as Mr. Weldon was seriously ill. He did so, and attended his patient continually until his death on the following Saturday, which he unhesitatingly ascribed to Bright's disease, brought on by excessive drinking. This opinion is said to have been also that of Dr. Green, of the Charing Cross Hospital, who, on the part of the widow, attended the post-mortem examination made after the exhumation, and who carefully examined a portion of the deceased's kidney. After the inquest on Tuesday, the Coroner ordered the re-interment of the remains.

AT THE ADJOURNED INQUEST on Tuesday on the victim of the latest Whitechapel murder, in Pincott Street, the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown. The most interesting of the evidence adduced was that of Dr. Phillips, who had carefully examined the body, in reply to the Coroner's question whether there was any similarity between the severing of the limbs in this case and in the case of the victim of the Dorset Street murder. The reply was that, though the division of the neck and the attempt to sever the bone of the spine were very similar in both cases, yet the similarity was not so great as to lead to the conclusion that the murderer was the same in both cases. The savagery shown by the mutilated remains in the Dorset Street case was far greater than in this one, the mutilations in the former being wanton, whereas it was the witness's impression that in the latter they were made for the purpose of disposing of the body. Dr. Phillips thought that in this case greater knowledge had been shown in regard to the construction of the parts composing the spine, and of the separation of the joints.

HANDFORD, whose attempt to murder his wife and mother-in-law at Brondesbury, before shooting himself, has been previously referred to in this column, having been tried at the Central Criminal Court on that charge, before Mr. Justice Charles, was convicted, but recommended to mercy by the jury on the ground of the state of his health. The defence set up was that he had suffered from fits of excitement and depression. He was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude.

A SUCCESSFUL POLICE RAID has been made on another of the so-called clubs which are in reality gaming-houses. At the Marlborough Street Police Court on Monday two of the officials, so to speak, and two of the servants of the Cranbourn Club, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, were charged with keeping a common gaming-house, and more than thirty men, generally of inferior social position, with frequenting it for gaming purposes. The arrests were made while faro was being played. All of the defendants were remanded, substantial bail being required for the first-mentioned batch, the others entering into their own recognisances in 20/- each. Mr. Wontner, who prosecuted for the Chief Commissioner of Police, said that faro was specially condemned by Act of Parliament, playing at it being punishable by a considerable fine, while the person who kept the premises was subject to a penalty of 500/-, or might be imprisoned for a term not exceeding twelve months.

SARAH GODWIN HOUSDON, a respectable girl of nineteen, residing with her aunt at Battersea, poisoned herself, for some cause unknown, by taking a vermin-killer powder containing strychnine. She had purchased it on a Sunday from the unqualified assistant (a young man of twenty-one) of a chemist who was himself at church at the time. A witness, when poison is sold, being required by the Act, the assistant had himself introduced the girl, who gave her name as Sarah Godwin. The Coroner remarked that, this being so, the assistant could not have known her, and he animadverted severely on such a sale of poison by an unqualified person. The jury appended to the usual verdict a strong censure on the assistant's conduct.



THE TURF.—There were only eleven runners for the Lancashire Plate on Saturday, but they included such good animals as Seabreeze, last year's winner, Pioneer, and Enthusiast. However, the betting was practically confined to three horses. Donovan, of course, was first favourite throughout, and for some time Chitabob was next in demand, but at the last moment M. Ephrussi's Alicante, a filly which had done some smart performances in France, passed him in the quotations. Events proved that the earlier market was correct. Chitabob made nearly all the running, but want of condition told, and eventually Donovan won by two lengths, with Chitabob second, and Alicante third. This victory brought the Duke of Portland's winnings during this season and last to nearly 100,000/-.

Of the other races at Manchester we may mention the Lancaster Nursery Handicap Plate, in which Lord Dudley's Formidable beat Gallivander by a neck; the Palatine Welter Handicap Plate, secured by Binfield; the Breeders' Foal Stakes, in which Mr. Houldsworth's Ponza was successful; and the September Handicap, won by Redsand. At the Western (Ayr) meeting last week, Mr. Abington rode seven winners during the three days. The principal events were the Ayrshire Handicap Plate, in which Fullerton, Woodland, and Jack Frost were the three placed horses; and the Ayr Gold Cup, secured by Dazzle. Easington won two races, and

The Rejected three, but the latter returned home very lame, and his Cambridgeshire chance is a good deal jeopardised.

The Newmarket First October Meeting—rather Hibernian this, considering it was held in September—began on Tuesday in the most miserable weather. Semolina, with 20 to 1 laid on her, easily won the Boscombe Stakes, and Riviera frightened away all opposition, and was permitted to walk over for the Buckenham Stakes. The Fortieth Triennial Produce Stakes fell to Countess Lilian, Grafton being so badly beaten that his chances for either of the big handicaps seem altogether knocked on the head. For the Great Foal Stakes, which so many good horses have in former years secured, Pioneer was made favourite, but he was easily beaten by Wishing Gate. Carnival won the Visitors' Plate. Next day the weather improved, and a long programme was successfully gone through. Polonus won the Granby Plate, Ormuz the Forty-first Triennial, Jungfrau the Second Nursery Handicap, and Cataract the Great Eastern Railway Handicap. T. Loates rode six winners during the two days.

CRICKET.—With the victory of the Gentlemen at Hastings last week (chiefly due to the batting of Mr. E. J. McCormick, and the bowling of Mr. H. Pigg, two local amateurs), the season came finally to an end, so far as first-class matches are concerned. Dr. W. G. Grace has once more made more runs (1,306) than any other player, and has an average of 32. Gunn heads the list with 38, and is followed by Shrewsbury (37), Mr. L. Wilson (36), Barnes (34), and Maurice Reed (33). Mr. T. C. O'Brien, Mr. J. Cranston, Mr. K. J. Key, and Albert Ward also have averages of over 30. In bowling, Attewell and Briggs have each taken 140 wickets at a cost of less than twelve runs a-piece, while Mold is a good third with 102, secured at similar cost. Lohmann has taken many more wickets than any other bowler, but his 202 have cost more than thirteen runs each. Of the amateurs, Mr. Woods with 74, costing nearly seventeen runs a-piece, and Mr. Nepean, whose 68 were obtained for something under twenty each, have done best. Dr. W. G. Grace and Barnes each made three centuries.

FOOTBALL.—Far and away the most important match on Saturday was the League match between Aston Villa and Preston North End, in which the latter were defeated. Their chance, therefore, of repeating their last year's performance, and going through the competition without defeat, is thus early knocked on the head. The North Enders afterwards journeyed to Walsall, and gave the local Swifts a good beating. Of the other League matches on Saturday, we need only mention the defeats inflicted by Blackburn Rovers and West Bromwich Albion upon Notts County and Derby County respectively. Down South, Casuals defeated Chatham.

SWIMMING.—In cold wet weather on Saturday Finney easily defeated Nuttall in a Mile Race decided in Llandudno Bay.—The Amateur 220 Yards Championship was swum for at Manchester, and won by T. Jones, of the local Swan S.C.—Another Lancashire lad, Mr. C. S. Lenton, of Liverpool, recently swam 100 yards in 1 min. 5 1/5 secs. (record).

MISCELLANEOUS.—There was coursing in Ireland last week, and on Tuesday the English season opened at Haydock Park.—J. L. Sullivan, who is said to have been on the spree again, has announced his intention of putting up for Congress.—As usual, Ireland beat England at Lacrosse, but only by a very narrow margin this time, the score being five goals to four.—Sidney Thomas easily won the Ten Miles Running Championship of America, but the time was not particularly good.—Mr. Albert Allen, the printer of the *Bedfordshire Times*, walked last week from London to Bedford, a distance of 50 miles, in 11 1/2 hours. He is only sixty-four years of age.



THE COMING CONCERT SEASON.—The London musical season will commence next week, and on Wednesday little Otto Hegner announces the first of a series of four concerts, two of them being pianoforte recitals, while two are more important concerts given with the assistance of the Royal Orchestral Society. The dates of the Orchestral Concerts are October 2nd and 9th, and of the Recitals, October 5th and 12th. Next, in point of date, will come the Sarasate Concerts, the orchestral performances, under the conductorship of Mr. Cusins, being fixed for October 19th and November 1st, and a Chamber Concert for October 26th. At one of these concerts Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's new Scottish violin concerto *Pibroch* will be performed for the first time in London.

The thirty-fourth series of the Saturday concerts at the Crystal Palace will commence on October 19th. Mr. Manns has drawn up an interesting series of programmes, the novelties including Mr. F. H. Cowen's new cantata, *St. John's Eve*, for the first time in public; Grieg's choral ballade, *Landskending*, a symphony in B flat, by Dr. Bernhard Scholtz; a symphony in A by the Scottish pianist, Mr. Frederick Lamond; a concert overture, *Robert Bruce*, by Mr. F. J. Simpson; an orchestral rhapsody by M. E. Lalo; and after Christmas Mr. Hamish M'Cunn's cantata, *Bonnie Kilmenny*, which has already been heard in Scotland. Besides these new compositions, the programmes will include some of the most popular symphonies and other works by the classical masters.

Madame Patti's concerts will be given at the Albert Hall on October 21st, November 4th and 18th.

The Popular Concerts will commence at St. James's Hall on October 28th, and will be continued every Monday and Saturday until December 23rd. The series will be resumed on January 11th, and will conclude March 31st. It is understood that no prospectus will be issued, but some of the most popular artists will, as usual, appear before Christmas; Dr. Joachim reserving his *rentrée* until February. The question whether Madame Schumann will be able to return to London this season will depend upon the veteran pianist's health.

The performances of the Royal Choral Society will be resumed in October, but the prospectus is being delayed for a short time, owing to the recent coalition between this Society and Messrs. Novello's Choir. The latter body has been disbanded, and henceforward at the Albert Hall will be produced some of the novelties published by Messrs. Novello. In all probability the repertory of the coming season will include Dr. Hubert Parry's *St. Cecilia Ode* and Professor Stanford's *Voyage of Maeldune*.

The London Symphony Concerts, under the direction of Mr. Henschel, will be given on six Thursday evenings between November 14th and February 20th. The programmes have not yet been settled.

The London Ballad Concerts, which are among the most popular entertainments of the winter, will be given on nine Wednesday evenings and six mornings between November 20th and March 19th. Among other concerts may likewise be mentioned four to be given by Sir Charles Hallé and the famous Manchester Orchestra, between November 22nd and February 7th; Mr. Carter's National Concerts at the Albert Hall; and the usual St. Andrew's Night Scottish Ballad Concert, at St. James's Hall, on November 30th.

DEATH OF MR. H. B. FARNE.—The death is announced at Paris, last Sunday, of Mr. Henry Brougham Farnie, the well-known

adapter and stage-manager of French comic opera. He was a native of Fife, and studied at St. Andrew's University and at Cambridge. His first journalistic engagement was in Scotland, as editor of the *Cupar Gazette*, but in 1863 he came to London and edited the musical periodical called the *Orchestra* for Messrs. Cramer and Co. He likewise edited the *Paris Times* and *Sock and Buskin*, both since defunct. In the *Orchestra* he first printed the words of "The Stirrup Cup," which as set to music by Signor Arditi, and as sung by Mr. Santley, soon became famous. For various publishers Mr. Farnie translated M. Gounod's *La Reine de Saba*, *Roméo et Juliette*, and other works, and after a few tentative successes he adapted and produced M. Hervé's *Petit Faust*, in this, however, as in other cases, securing the assistance for the lyrics of more than one "ghost." When the late Mr. Henderson began his successful series of productions at the Strand, the Folly, the Avenue, and the Comedy, Mr. Farnie became his right hand man, not only adapting some of the most successful comic operas by Audran, Planquette, and others; but also displaying considerable skill in stage-management. Mr. Farnie's last effort in this direction was *Pau Jones*, which is still running at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. For some time past Mr. Farnie has suffered from serious illness, so that the news of his decease was not altogether unexpected.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Signor Lago has abandoned his intention of opening an autumnal opera season at the Royal Italian Opera, and the promenade concerts will, therefore, be continued an extra four weeks, under the direction of Mr. Gwylym Crowe, Signor Arditi then having to fulfil engagements with the Patti troupe. Last week a Haydn symphony in B flat (No. 12 of Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel's edition) was performed at the classical concert, and was, as usual, repeated at the concert on the following Saturday. On Friday a military programme was given, on Saturday Madame Rose Hersee made her *rentrée*, and on Monday a Balfe concert and on Tuesday a Scottish and Irish programme was announced.

At Her Majesty's Theatre, Signor Bevignani on Thursday conducted a Wagner programme, which was so successful that it was repeated on Tuesday. The *plébiscite* last week resulted in the choice of Mendelssohn's Italian symphony, the *Semiramide* overture, the march from *Tannhäuser*, and a selection from *Carmen*.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Prince Henry of Prussia has joined the list of Royal composers. A hymn from his pen has just been published in Berlin.—Madame Schumann has received from the German Emperor the gold medal "For Art," on the occasion of her seventieth birthday.—Madame Patti has contradicted the report that she has signed a contract with Mr. Augustus Harris; although it is probable that should she decide to sing in opera next season it will be at Covent Garden.—The death is announced at Boston, at the age of thirty-seven, of the well-known German pianist and teacher Dr. Louis Maas.—Herr Emile Krauss, who sang in German Opera here in 1882, recently died at Hamburg.—According to the Chicago *Indicator*, the latest prodigy comes from that city. His name is Johnny Mackeever, and he is a violinist of the mature age of three.—The London orchestral rehearsals for the Leeds Festival will commence at St. James's Hall on Monday next.



TIME was when the re-opening of DRURY LANE was held to mark the commencement of the autumn dramatic season; but the "National Theatre," though it still rejoices in the privilege of dispensing with the license of the Lord Chamberlain, no longer makes claim to lead in the theatrical world. If report speaks truly, it is destined to disappear from the list of London playhouses, even when, in 1894, the ground lease of the present structure, which rose from the ashes of its predecessor, consumed by fire in 1809, expires. Meanwhile, Mr. Augustus Harris has made a liberal effort to renovate and beautify, not only the vast interior, but the vestibule, lobbies, and staircases, which had fallen into a somewhat faded and neglected condition; and, encouraged by the success of *The Armada*, he has, with the co-operation once more of Mr. Henry Hamilton, as joint author, produced a new five-act historical drama, of the period of the Commonwealth and Worcester fight. Incidents of the battle, however, are not represented, and the new play, though it presents many brilliant and picturesque scenes, undoubtedly lacks much of the stir and movement, the strong colouring, and the variety of incident which characterised its predecessor. Historically considered, it is the story of the King's flight and concealment—of his disguises and perils, of his reckless imprudence, and final escape, as related in the picturesque volume known as "The Boscobel Tracts." Abundant license, nevertheless, has been taken in the way of embellishing the historical record. The Roundhead troops—who, by the by, are made to exhibit an astonishing amount of obtuseness and imbecility—not only pass beneath the Boscobel Oak, but actually detect a suspicious rustle in its branches. Yet they content themselves with firing a harmless shot into the foliage. It is no wonder, after this, that the King, who has not even cared to change a pair of brilliant crimson satin breeches for less conspicuous nether garments, is emboldened to descend, and join in a sort of picnic among the high fantastic roots of the old tree. The party, it is true, pay dearly for their temerity for a treacherous Roundhead, who himself forfeits his life by the deed, returns and shoots dead poor little Sir Bevis, the infant son of the King's staunch friend, Lady Cholmondeley, of Monks Norton. In like manner, when the King's disguise at Shoreham, as a drunken sailor, is on the very point of discovery, His Majesty is saved only by the unhistorical falsehood of Dorian Charles Stuart, a step which, in the final great picturesque scene, brings him to the scaffold on Tower Hill, there to be rescued only at the last moment by the free pardon won by the importunities of Dorian's affianced wife, Mildred, through the tender sympathies of Cromwell's favourite daughter. These samples of the way in which the authors have permitted themselves to deal with the details of these popular historical episodes must suffice. The story of the love of Mildred and Dorian, and of how its course was ruffled by the persecutions of the wicked Parliamentary Officer, Colonel Ancketell, who seeks to win the hand of the lady as the price of shielding her lover from the consequences of his loyal devotion to the king, winds its slow way in these historical by-paths, but is altogether of too conventional a pattern to excite any very deep interest, albeit Miss Winifred Emery, as the heroine, plays in a pretty sympathetic fashion, while Mr. Dacre, in his gay cavalier attire, makes a very presentable hero, and Mr. Lablache depicts the wicked Colonel in duly sombre colours. The play, however, on Monday evening appeared to give great satisfaction to the vast audience, who apparently saw nothing absurd in the manner in which the king exposed himself, again and again, with perfect immunity to what would in real life have been certain detection, or in the high sounding defiance with which all the Royalists—not even excepting the infant Sir Bevis, encountered the stern emissaries of the Parliament, and the still sterner officers of Cromwell's army. Mr. Henry

Neville, who habitually revels in a part that demands dash and spirit, plays King Charles, in accordance with popular conceptions, though certainly not with any depth or subtlety of portraiture, and Miss Ada Neilson gives a pathetic as well as a noble air to the portrait of Lady Cholmondeley. Among the remainder of the twenty-six personages, none can be said to be really prominent save the Puritan "Walk-in-the-way" Dearlove, and the waiting-maid, Patty, whose business it is to relieve the serious tone of the play by some sprightly episodes. In these two comic characters, Mr. Harry Nicholls and Miss Fanny Brough were thoroughly successful in winning the sympathies of the audience, who followed the gradual conversion of the Puritan to Loyalist principles, as well as to a Loyalist attire under the influences of Patty's charm of person and of manner, with manifest enjoyment of the humours of the business. *The Royal Oak* must, on the whole, be accounted a success; though it is a success which, for the reasons we have indicated, is not likely to exhibit the enduring qualities of some of its predecessors.

When Mr. Edwardes's leading burlesque company return to their old quarters in the Strand after a year and a half or more of wanderings in various parts of the globe, the dramatic critic's functions may be said to give way to those of the descriptive reporter. Of *Ruy Blas* and the *Blasé Routé*, with which the GAIETY—brilliantly re-decorated and re-upholstered in the blues and greys of Oriental porcelain—flung open its doors on Saturday evening, there is really little to be said, beyond the fact that it enabled Miss E. Farren, Mr. Leslie, Miss Marion Hood, Miss Letty Lind, Miss Sylvia Grey, and other popular members of the troupe to indulge in extravagances of every variety—some claiming no higher quality than mere irresponsible buffoonery, others exhibiting a sense of true burlesque, and a sympathy with the mock heroic and the quaintly absurd, which were genuinely diverting. The great audience, however, and, above all, the foremost spectators in the gallery, who had come provided with an embroidered cloth bearing the words, "The boys welcome their Nellie," and had won their advantageous position, it is said, by many hours of patient waiting at the outer doors, had clearly come chiefly to give a vociferous welcome to the wanderers, and to bestow upon them "receptions," as they are professionally called, to which all previously-recorded receptions should be "as sunlight unto moonlight, and as water unto wine." In this, at least, they were successful. Three minutes and a quarter is the recorded duration of the plaudits, the cheers, and the hurrahs which greeted Miss Nellie Farren in the black velvet suit which she substitutes for the conspicuous livery of Don Sallust's love-stricken valet—a prodigious time when we descend from mere hyperbole to the sober test of the stop-watch. It is to be hoped that the partisans and admirers of popular actresses will not set their hearts on "beating the record," as the sporting world say, but will content themselves, at the least, with the extravagant, yet comparatively modest, length of the plaudits accorded to Mr. Leslie and other well-known members of the company. We have only to add that the popular Mr. Meyer Lutz resumes his seat in the Gaiety orchestra, and that the burlesque, which is in three acts, is bright, picturesque, and liberally endowed with graceful dances and tuneful songs, duets, and choruses, both comic and sentimental.

The great theatrical event of this (Saturday) evening is of course the reopening of the LYCEUM with the revival of that sombre, but powerful, melodrama, *The Dead Heart*. It is stated that Mr. Phillips's play has undergone for the occasion, at the hands of Mr. W. H. Pollock, extensive alterations—principally, however, in modifying and restraining the exuberances of the original dialogue. *The Dead Heart* is practically unknown to the present generation of playgoers, though old frequenters of the Adelphi recall with pleasure Mr. Webster's fine performance, just thirty years since, of the part of Robert Landry, whose heart is turned to stone by woman's faithlessness and the gloomy dungeons of the Bastille. Mrs. Alfred Mellon, the original representative of Catherine Duval, is still living, though long retired from the stage. Besides this lady, Mr. Billington and Mr. Toole appear to be now the only surviving members of the original cast.

Mr. Toole, as stated by him in his farewell words to the audience at the PRINCE OF WALES'S in Birmingham last week, will not return to his head-quarters in London till Christmas, and then only for a six weeks' season, preparatory to his professional visit to Australia. Meanwhile, TOOLE'S Theatre is to pass into the hands of Mr. Horner, joint author of *Pépère*, now performing at the Renaissance Theatre in Paris. Mr. Horner proposes to open early next month with a new farcical comedy from his own pen entitled *The Bungalow*.

The organs of the Jewish community in London complain bitterly of the "conventional stage Jew" in Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's new play at the ADELPHI, which they regard as calculated to foster unjust prejudices against their race.

Mr. Irving evidently does not look upon the dramatic profession as a desirable one save for the very few who draw the highest prizes. In recent conversation he is reported to have expressed the opinion that of the total number of English performers—estimated at twenty thousand—fully one-half would be glad of an assured 200/- a year.

A new and elaborate *ballet divertissement* entitled *The Paris Exhibition* was produced at the EMPIRE Theatre on Thursday evening.

The "Jubilee" Festival of the Theatrical Fund is to be held at the Hôtel Métropole on November 7th. The president on the occasion will be Colonel North, of nitrate renown, who is well known for his active interest in the drama.

Mr. Sydney Grundy brought out a new play last week in his native city of Manchester. It is entitled *Deep Waters*, and is stated to present a story having some resemblance to that of *Enoch Arden*.

The VAUDEVILLE Theatre is announced to be let "with immediate possession." The ROYALTY is also seeking a tenant.

LONDON GIRLS with small purses have plenty of opportunities of advancing their education. The Young Women's Christian Association will hold most useful evening classes during the coming winter at over twenty institutes in different parts of London and the suburbs, where girls may study such varied subjects as book-keeping, type-writing, shorthand, dress-cutting, cookery, nursing, French, music, singing, &c. Further, the Association provides two gymnasiums in the City and West End, and holds classes to prepare candidates for the Civil Service. Certificates and prizes are also given, and the list of classes may be obtained from Mr. H. Kidner, 316, Regent Street, W.

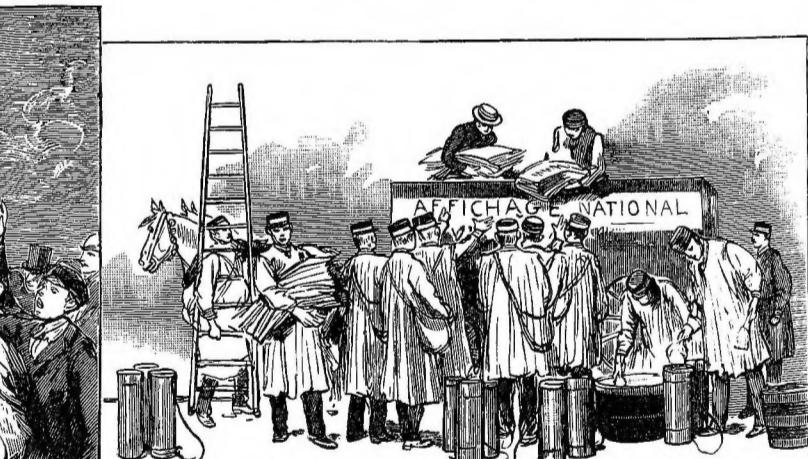
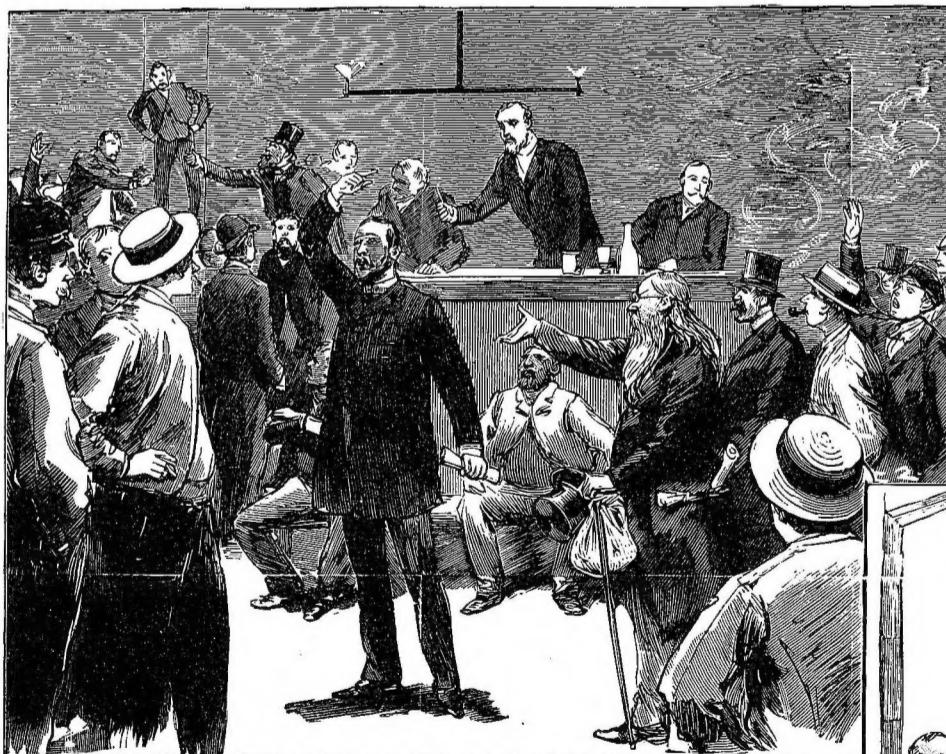
A MAGNIFICENT STALACTITE GROTTO has been found in Carniola, near the famous Adelsberg Caves. The new grotto contains innumerable caves filled with curious stony formations resembling animals, trees, plants, draperies, and so-forth, the largest hall, or "ball-room," being adorned with myriads of stalactites and flags. The stalactites are pure white, and very transparent, not having yet become yellowish and blackened by the lamp-smoke of many visitors, as at the Cheddar Cliffs, Adelsberg, or the Han Grottoes in Belgium. In Central France, also, two explorers have just discovered a series of grottoes near Miers, at the Causse de Gramat, where a subterranean stream passes for miles through the caves, apparently to join the Dordogne. So far as it has yet been traced, the river forms seven lakes and thirty-three cascades.



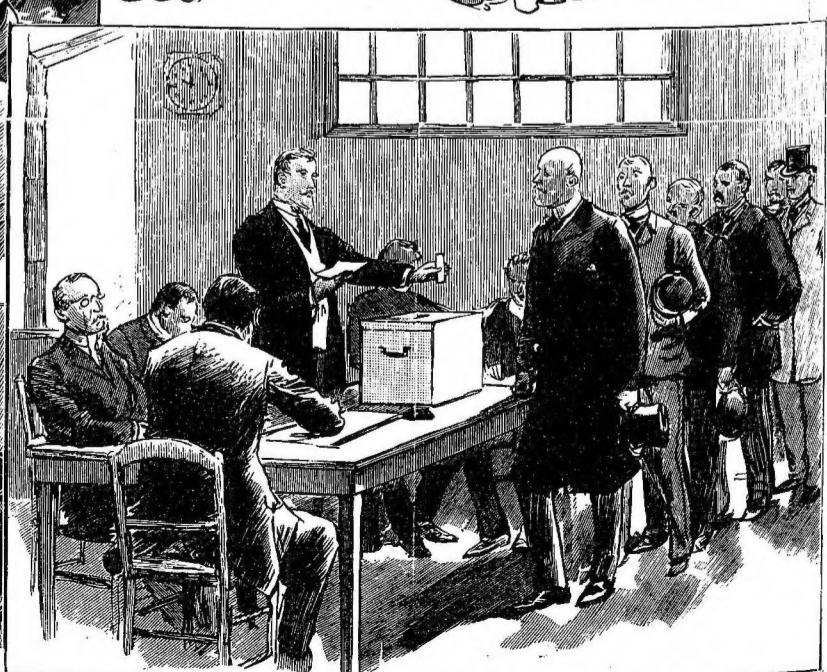
WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS
BORN JANUARY, 1824. DIED SEPTEMBER 23, 1889

THE EVE OF THE ELECTIONS—A POLITICAL MEETING

THE BILLSTICKERS PREPARING FOR THE DAY'S WORK



THE BOULEVARDS IN THE EVENING



THE VOTE

THE GENERAL ELECTIONS IN FRANCE



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

Lionel had just time to get a glimpse of the wounded stag, which was stumbling pitifully along.

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

By WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PHANTOM STAG

BUT if he were so anxious about how he should sing (for his audience of one only) that old Scotch ballad, he was not acting very wisely, or else he had a sublime confidence in the soundness of his chest; for on his host's offering him another day's stalking, he cheerfully accepted the same; and that notwithstanding they had now fallen upon a period of extremely rough, cold, and wet weather. Was this another piece of bravado, then—undertaken to produce a favourable impression in a certain quarter—or had the hunter's hunger really got hold of him? On the evening before the appointed raid, even the foresters looked glum; the western hills were ominous and angry; and the wind that came howling down the strath seemed to foretell a storm. But he was not to be daunted; he said he would give up only when Roderick assured him that the expedition was quite impracticable and useless.

"I hear you are going after the deer to-morrow," said the pretty Miss Georgie Lestrange to him, in the drawing-room after dinner, while Lady Sybil was performing her famous fantasia 'The Voices of the Moonlight,' to which nobody listened but her own admiring self. "And I was told all about that custom of making the stalker's little present on his setting out, for good luck. It was Honnor Cunyngham who did that for you last time; and I think it should be my turn to-morrow morning."

"Oh, thank you!" said he; but 'Thank you for nothing!' he said in his heart; for why should any frivolous trinket—even when presented by this very charming and complaisant young damsels—be

allowed to interfere with the prerogative of Miss Cunyngham's sacred talisman?

"I say," continued the bright-eyed, ruddy-haired lass, "what do you and Honnor Cunyngham talk about all day long, when you are away on those fishing excursions? Don't you bore each other to death? Oh, I know she's rather learned; though she doesn't bestow much of her knowledge upon us. Well, I'm not going to say anything against Honnor; for she's so awfully good-natured; you know, she allows her sisters-in-law to experiment on her as an audience, and she has always something friendly and nice to say, though I can guess what she thinks of it all. Now, what do you two talk about all day long?"

"Well, there's the fishing," said he, "for one thing."

"Oh, don't tell me!" exclaimed this impudent young hussy (while the Voices of the Moonlight moaned and mourned their mysterious regrets and despairs at the far end of the drawing-room). "Don't tell me! Honnor Cunyngham is far too good-looking for you to go talking salmon to her all day long. Very handsome, I call her: don't you? She's so distinguished, somehow—so different from any one else. Of course you don't notice it up here so much, where she prides herself on roughing it—you never met her in London?—in London you should see her come into a drawing-room—her walk and manner are simply splendid. She'll never marry," continued this garrulous little person with the coquettish pince-nez perched on her not too Grecian nose. "I'm sure she won't. She despises men—all of them except her brother, Sir Hugh. Lord Rockminster admires her tremendously; but he's too lazy to say so, I suppose. How has she taken such a fancy to you?"

"I was not aware she had," Lionel discreetly made answer, though the question had startled him, and not with pain.

"Oh, yes, she has. Did she think you were lone and unprotected, being persecuted by the rest of us? I am quite certain she wouldn't allow my brother Percy to go fishing a whole day with her; most likely Lord Rockminster wouldn't care to take the trouble. I wonder if she hasn't a bit of a temper? Lady Rosainund is awful sometimes; but she doesn't show that to *you*—catch her! But Honnor Cunyngham—well, the only time I ever went with her on one of her storking expeditions, the water was low, and she thrashed away for hours, and saw nothing. At last a stot happened to come wandering along; and she said quite savagely 'I'm going to hook something!' You don't know what a stot is?—it's a young bullock. So she deliberately walked to within twenty yards or so of the animal, threw the line so that it just dropped across its neck, and the fly caught in the thick hair. You should have seen the gay performance that followed! The beast shook its head and shook its head—for it could feel the line, if it couldn't feel the fly; and then, getting alarmed, it started off up the hill, with the reel squealing just as if a salmon was on, and Honnor running after him as hard as she could over the bracken and heather. If it was rage made her hook the stot, she was laughing now—laughing so that when the beast stopped she could hardly reel in the line. And old Robert—I thought he would have had a fit. 'Will I gaff him now, Miss Honnor?' he cried, as he came running along. But the stot didn't mean to be gaffed. Off it set again; and Honnor after it, until at last it caught the line in a birch-bush and broke it; then, just as if nothing had happened, it began to graze as usual. You should have

seen the game that began then—old Robert and Honnor trying to get hold of the stot, so as to take the casting-line and the fly from its mane—it isn't a mane, but you know—and the stot trying to butt them whenever they came near. The end of it was that the beast shook off the fly for itself, and old Robert found it; but I wonder whether it was real rage that made Honnor Cunyngham hook the stot—”

“Of course not!” he said. “It was a mere piece of fun.”

“It isn't fun when Lady Rosamund comes down-stairs in a bad temper—after you gentlemen have left,” remarked Miss Georgie, significantly; and then she prattled away in this careful undertone. “What horrid stuff that fantasia is: don't you think so? A mixture of Wagner, and Chopin, and ‘Home, sweet home.’ Lady Adela has put you in her novel. Oh, yes, she has; she showed me the last pages this morning. You remember the young married English lady who is a great poetess?—well, she is rescued from drowning in the Bay of Syracuse by a young Greek sailor, and you are the Greek sailor. You'll be flattered by her description of you. You are entirely Greek and god-like—what is that bust?—Alcibiades?—no, no, he was a general, wasn't he?—Alcinous, is it?—or Antinous?—never mind, the bust you see so often in Florence and Rome—well, you're described as being like that; and the young English lady becomes your patron, and you're to be educated, and brought to London. But whether her husband is to be killed off, to make way for you; or whether she is going to hand you over to one of her sisters, I don't know yet. It must be rather nice to look at yourself in a novel, and see what other people think of you, and what fate they ordain for you. Lady Adela has got all the criticisms of her last novel—all the nice ones, I mean—cut out, and pasted on pages, and bound in scarlet morocco. I told her she should have all the unpleasant ones cut out and bound in green—envy and jealousy, don't you see?—but she pretends not to have seen any besides those she has kept. The book is in her own room; I suppose she reads it over every night, before going to bed. And really, after so much praise, it is extraordinary that she is to have no money for the book—no, quite the reverse, I believe. She was looking forward to making Sir Hugh a very handsome present—all out of her own earnings, don't you know; and she wrote to the publishers; but instead of Sir Hugh getting a present, he will have to give her a cheque to cover the deficit, poor man. Disappointing, isn't it?—quite horrid, I call it; and every one thought the novel such a success—your friend, Mr. Quirk, was most enthusiastic—and we made sure that the public would be equally impressed. It isn't the loss of the money that Lady Adela frets about; it is the publishers telling her that so few copies have been sold; and we made sure, from all that was said in the papers—especially those that Mr. Quirk was kind enough to send—that the book was going to be read everywhere. Mind you don't say anything of the young Greek sailor until Lady Adela herself shows you the MS.; and of course you mustn't recognise your own portrait; for that is merely a guess of mine. Oh, thank you, thank you! ”

The last words were a murmur of gratitude to Lady Sylvia Bourne for her kindness in playing this piece of her own composition; and thereafter Miss Georgie's engaging and instructive monologue was not resumed; for the evening was now about to be wound up by a round or two of poker, and at poker Miss Georgie was an eager adept.

All that night it poured a deluge; and the morning beheld the Aivron in roaring spate; the familiar landmarks of the banks having mostly disappeared, and also many of the mid-channel rocks; while the blue-black current that came whirling down the strath seemed to bring with it the dull, constant thunder of the distant falls. The western hills looked wild and stormy; there was half-a-gale of wind tearing along the valley; and if the torrents of the night had mitigated, there were still flying showers of rain that promised to make of the expedition anything but a pleasure excursion.

“Tell me if it is any use at all!” Lionel insisted, for it must be confessed that the keepers looked very doubtful.

“Well, sir,” said the bushy-bearded Roderick, “the deer will be down from the hills—oh, yes—but they'll be restless and moving about—”

“Do you expect I shall have a chance at one?—that's all I want to know,” was the next demand.

“Oh, yes, there may be that; but you'll get ahfu wet, sir—”

“I'm going,” said he, definitely; whereupon the pony was straightway brought up to the door.

And here was Miss Georgie Lestrange, in a charming morning costume which the male pen may not adequately describe; and she held a small packet in her hands.

“I told Honnor Cunyngham it was my turn,” she said, with a kind of bashful smile, as she handed the little present to him, “and she only laughed—I wonder if she thinks she can command all the luck in Ross-shire: has she got a monopoly of it? Well, Mr. Moore, they all say you'll get fearfully wet; and that is a silk handkerchief you must put round your neck: what would the English public say if you went back from the Highlands with a hoarse throat!”

“I'm not thinking of the English public just at present,” said he, cheerfully. “I'm thinking of the stag that is wandering about somewhere up in the hills; and I am certain your good wishes will get me a shot at him. How kind of you to get up so early!—good-bye!”

This, it must be admitted, was a most hypocritical speech; for although, as he rode away, he made a pretence of tying the pale pink neckerchief round his throat, it was on the influence of Miss Cunyngham's lucky sixpence—the pierced coin was secretly attached to his watch-chain—that he relied. In fact, before he had gone far from the lodge, he removed that babyish protection against the rain, and stuck it in his pocket; he was not going to throw out a red flag to warn the deer.

After all, the morning was not quite so dismal as had been threatened; for now and again, as they went away up the strath, there was a break in the heavy skies; and then the river shone a deep and brilliant purple-blue—save where it came hurling in ale-hued masses over the rocks, or rushed in surging white foam through the stony channels. Sometimes a swift glimmer of sunlight smote down on the swinging current; but these flashes were brief; for the lowering clouds were still being driven over from the west; and no one could tell what the day would bring forth.

“What will Miss Honnor do in a spate like that?” Lionel inquired of the head-keeper. “Will she go out at all?”

“Oh, ay, Miss Honnor will go out,” Roderick made answer; “but she will only be able to fish the tail-end o' the pools—ay, and it will not be easy to put a fly over the water, unless the wind goes down a bit.”

“But do you mean she will go out on a day like this?” he demanded again—as he looked at the wild skies and the thundering river.

“Oh, ay, if there's a chance at ahl Miss Honnor will be out,” said Roderick, and he added, with a demure smile, “even if the chentlemen will be for staying at home.”

However, Lionel had soon to consider his own attitude towards this swollen stream, when it became necessary to ford it on the hither side of the Bad Step. To tell the truth, when he regarded that racing current, he did not like the look of it at all.

“I don't see how we are to get across,” he said, with some hesitation.

“Maggie knaws the weh,” Roderick made answer, with a bit of a laugh.

“Yes, that's all very well,” said the mounted huntsman. “I dare say she knows the way; but if she gets knocked over in the middle of the current, what is to become of me, or of her either?”

“She'll manage it, sir,” said the keeper, confidently, “never fear.”

Lionel was just on the point of saying, “Well, you come your self and ride her across; and I'll go over the Bad Step on foot;” but he did not like to show the white feather; so, somewhat apprehensively, he turned the old pony's head to the river-bank. And very soon he found that old Maggie knew much better what she was about than he did; for, as soon as she felt the weight of the water, she did not attempt to go straight across; she deliberately turned her head down-stream, put her buttocks against the force of the current, and thus side-ways, and very cautiously, and with many a thriling stumble and catching up again, she proceeded to forge this whirling Aivron. Never once did she expose herself broadside; her hind legs were really doing most of the fight; and right gratefully did Lionel clap the neck of this wise beast when he found himself on solid land. The ford further up was much less dangerous; and so once again the reunited party held on its way.

Then here was the Geinig—no longer the pretty and picturesque river that he knew, but a boiling and surging torrent sweeping in red wrath down its narrow and rocky channel. The farther heights, too, that now came into view, had lost their wonted pale and ethereal hues: there were no soft cloud-stains on the purple slopes of heather—a darkness dwelt over the land. As he gradually got up into that wilder country, the gloom grew more intense, the desolation more awful. The roar of the Geinig was lost now in this dreadful silence. He seemed to have left behind him all human sympathies and associations—to have forsaken his kindred and his kind—to have entered a strange world peopled only with dark phantoms and moving shadows and ghosts. A voiceless solitude, too, save for the moaning of the wind, that came sweeping in bitter blasts down from the rainy hills. He did not recognise the features of this melancholy landscape; they had all changed since his last visit; nay, they were changing under his very eyes, as this or that far mountain-top receded behind a veil of grey, or a shadow of greater darkness advanced with stealthy tread along one of those lonely glens. There was something threatening in the aspect of both earth and sky; something louring, conspiring, as if some dread fate were awaiting this intruding stranger; at times he fancied he could hear low-murmuring voices, the first mutterings of distant thunder. What if some red bolt of lightning were suddenly to sever this blackness in twain, and reveal its hidden and awful secrets? But no; there was no such friendly, or avenging, glare; the brooding skies lay over the sombre valleys; and the gloomy phantasmagoria slowly changed and changed in that unearthly twilight, as the mists and the wind and the rain transformed the solid hills and the straths into intermingling vapours and visions. A spectral world, unreal, and yet terrible; apparently voiceless and tenantless; and yet somehow suggesting that there were eyes watching, and vaguely moving and menacing shapes passing hither and thither before him in the gloom.

During these last few days he had been assuring himself that he would enter upon this second stalking expedition without any great tremor. It was only on the first occasion, when everything was strange and unknown to him, that he was naturally nervous. Even the keepers had declared that the shooting of the first stag was everything; that thereafter he would have confidence; that he would take the whole matter as coolly as themselves. And yet when they now began to proceed more warily (old Maggie having been hobbled some way back) and when every corrie and slope and plateau had to be searched with the glass, he found himself growing not a little anxious at the thought of drawing the trigger; insomuch, indeed, that those sombre fancies of the imagination went out of his head altogether, and gave place to the apprehension that on such a day it would be difficult to make a good shot. Their initial difficulty, however, was to find any trace of the “beasts.” The wild weather had most likely driven them away from their usual haunts into some place of shelter, the smaller companies joining the main herd; at all events, up to lunch-time the stalkers had seen nothing. It was during this brief rest—in a deep peat-hag, down which trickled a little stream of rain-water—that Lionel discovered two things: first, that he was wet to the skin, and, second, that the wind in these altitudes was of an Arctic keenness. So long as he had been kept going, he had not paid much attention; but now this bitter blast seemed to pierce him to the very marrow; and he began to think that these were very pleasant conditions for a professional singer to be in—for a professional singer whose very existence depended on his voice.

“Here goes for congestion of the lungs,” he philosophically observed to himself, as he shiveringly munched his wet sandwiches.

Presently Roderick came along the peat-hag.

“Would you like to wait here, sir, for a while?” said he in his accustomed undertone. “I'm thinking Alec and me will go aweh up to the top of Meall-Breac and het a look round there; and if we are seeing nothing, we will come back this weh, and go down the Corrie-nam-Miseag—”

“And I am to wait here for you?” Lionel exclaimed. “Not if I know it! By the time you come back, Roderick, you would find me a frozen corpse. I've got to keep moving somehow, and I may as well go on with you. I suppose I cannot have a cigarette before setting out?”

“Aw naw, sir!” Roderick pleaded. “In this weather, you cannot say where the deer may be—you may happen on them at any moment—and there will be plenty of time for you to smok on the weh hom.”

“Very well,” Lionel said; and he got up and tried to shake his blood into freer circulation; then he set out with his two companions for the summit of Meall-Breac.

This steep ascent was fatiguing enough; but at all events it restored some warmth to his body. He did not go quite to the top; he sat down on a lichen-covered stone while Roderick proceeded to crawl inch by inch until his head and glass were just over the crest of a certain knoll. A long scrutiny followed; then the forester slowly disappeared—the gillie following in his serpent-like track; and Lionel sat on in apathetic patience, slowly getting chilled again. He asked himself what Nina would say to him if she knew of these escapades. He held his back to the wind until he was frozen that way; then he turned his face to the chill blast, folding his arms across his chest. He took a sip from Percy Lestrange's flask; but that was more for employment than anything else; for he discovered there was no real warmth to be got that way. He thought Roderick was never coming back from the top of the hill. He would have started off down the ascent again, but that they might miss him; besides, he might do something fatally wrong. So he sat on this cold stone and shivered; and began to think of Kensal Green.

Suddenly he heard footsteps behind him; he turned and found the two men coming towards him.

“Not a sign of anything, sir,” was Roderick's report. “It's awfu' dark and difficult to see; and the clouds are down all along Glen Bhoideach. We'll just step along by the Corrie-nam-Miseag. They very often stop for a while in the corrie when they're crossing over to Achnadruim.”

Lionel was not sorry to be again in motion; and yet very soon he found that motion was not an unmixed joy; for these two

fellows, who were now going down wind along the route they had come, and therefore walking fearlessly, took enormously long strides, and held straight on, no matter what sort of ground they were covering. For the sake of his country, he fought hard to keep up with them; he would not have them say they could outwalk an Englishman—and an Englishman considerably younger than either of them; but the way those two went over this rough and broken land was most extraordinary. And it seemed so easy; they did not appear to be putting forth any exertion; in spite of all he could do, he began to lag a little; and so he thought he would mitigate their ardour by engaging them in a little conversation.

“Roderick,” said he, “do you think this neighbourhood was ever inhabited?”

“Inhabited?” said Roderick, turning in surprise. “Oh, ay, it was inhabited ahlways—by foxes and eagles.”

“Not by human beings?”

“Well, they would be ferry clever that could get a living out of land like this,” Roderick said, simply.

“But they say in the House of Commons that the deer-forests are depriving a large portion of the population of a means of subsistence,” Lionel observed—rather breathlessly, for these long strides were fearful.

“Ay, do they say that now?” Roderick made answer, with much simplicity. “In the House of Commons? I'm thinking there is some foolish men in the House of Commons. Mebbe they would not like themselves to come here and try to get their living out of rocks and peat-hags.”

“But don't you think there may have been people in these parts, before the ancient forests rotted down into peat?” Lionel again inquired.

“I do not know about that,” Roderick said, discreetly: perhaps he knew that his opinions about prehistoric man were not of great value.

But what Lionel discovered was that talking in nowise interfered with the tremendous pace of the forester; and he was just on the point of begging for a respite from this intolerable exertion when a change in their direction caused both Roderick and the gillie to proceed more circumspectly: they were now coming in view of the Corrie-nam-Miseag, and they had to approach with care, slinking along through hollows and behind mounds and rocks.

By this time, it must be confessed, Lionel was thoroughly dead-beat: he was wet through, icily cold, and miserable to the verge of despair. The afternoon was well advanced; they had seen no sign of a stag anywhere; the gloomy evening threatened to bring darkness on prematurely; and but for very shame's sake, he would have entreated them to abandon this fruitless enterprise, and set out for the far-off region of warmth, and reasonable comfort, and dry clothes. And yet when Roderick, having crawled up to the top of a small height, suddenly and eagerly signalled for Lionel to follow him, all this hopeless lassitude was instantly forgotten. His heart began to burn, if his limbs were deadly cold; and quickly he was on the ground, too, moving himself up alongside the keeper. The glass was given him, but his trembling fingers could not hold it straight; he put it down, and by and by his natural eyes showed him what he thought were some slightly moving objects.

“There's two of them—two stags,” Roderick whispered, “and we can get at them easily if there's no more wandering about that I cannot see. Mebbe the others are over that hull. There's one of them is a fine big beast, but he has only the one horn; the other one, his head is not ferry good. But a stag is a stag whatever; and the evening is wearing on. Now come aweh with me, sir.”

What Roderick meant by getting at them easily Lionel was now to find out; he thought he would never have done with this agonising stooping, and crawling, and wading through burns. Long before they had got to the neighbourhood of the deer, he wished heartily that the night would come suddenly down, or the stags take the alarm and make off—anything so that he might be released from this unspeakable toil and suffering. And yet he held on, in a sort of blind, despairing fashion; the idea in his head being that if nature gave way he would simply lie down and fall asleep in the heather—whether to wake again or not he hardly cared. But by and by he was to have his reward. Roderick was making for a certain cluster of rocks; and when these were reached, Lionel found, to his inexpressible joy, not only that he was allowed to stand upright, but that the stag had been accomplished. By peering over one of the boulders, he could see both stags quietly feeding at something like seventy yards' distance. It was going to be an easy shot in every way: himself in ample concealment: a rock on which to rest his rifle: the deer without thought of danger. He would take his time, and calm down his nerves.

“Which one?” he whispered to Roderick.

“The one with the one horn is a fine beast,” the keeper whispered in return; “and the other one, his head is worth nothing at all.”

With extremest caution Lionel put the muzzle over the ledge of the rock, and pushed it quietly forward. He made sure of his footing. He got hold of the barrel with his left hand, and of the stock with his right; he fixed the rifle firmly against his shoulder; and took slow and steady aim. He was not so nervous this time; indeed, everything was in his favour: the stag standing broadside on, and hardly moving; and this rock offering so convenient a rest. He held his breath for a moment—concentrated all his attention on the long, smooth barrel—and fired.

“You've got him, sir!” exclaimed Roderick in an eager whisper, and still keeping his head down; but seeing that the other stag had caught sight of the rifle-smoke and was off at the top of his speed, he rose from his place of concealment, and jumped on to the rock that had been hiding him.

“Ay, ay, sir; he'll no go far,” he cried to Lionel, who was scrambling up to the same place. “There, he's down again on his knees. Come aweh, sir; we'll go after him. Give me the rifle.”

Lionel had just time to get a glimpse of the wounded stag, which was stumbling pitifully along—far behind its now disappearing companion—when he had to descend from the rock in order to follow Roderick. All three ran quickly down the hill and rounded into the hollow where they had last seen the stag, following up his track, and looking out everywhere for his prostrate body. But the further they went, the more amazed became Roderick and the gillie: there was no sign of the beast that both of them declared could not have run a couple of hundred yards. The track of him disappeared in the bed of a burn, and could not be recovered, search as they would; so they proceeded to explore every adjacent hollow and peat-hag, in the certainty that within a very few minutes they must find the lost quarry. The few minutes lengthened out and out; half-hours went by; and yet there was no sign. They went away down the burn; they went away up the burn; they made wider casts, and narrowed in, like so many retrievers; and all to no purpose. And meanwhile darkness and the night were coming on.

“He's lying dead somewhere, as sure as anything can be,” Roderick said, looking entirely puzzled and crest-fallen; “and we'll hef to bring up a terrier in the morning, and search for him. I never sah the like o' that in my life. When he fell where he stood I made sure he was feenished; then he was up again, and ran a little weh, and again he went down on his knees—”

“It was then I saw him,” Lionel exclaimed, “and I expected him to drop the next moment. Why, he must be about here, Roderick, he couldn't vanish into the air—he wasn't a ghost—for I heard the thud of the bullet when it struck him—”

“Ay, and me too,” Roderick said, “but we will do no good now, for it is getting so dark; and you hef to cross the two fords, sir—”

"The fords!" said Lionel. "By Jove, I forgot them. I say, we must hurry on. I suppose you are sure to find him in the morning?"

"We will bring up a terrier whatever," Roderick said doubtfully; for he seemed to have been entirely disconcerted by the disappearance of the phantom stag. "Ay, I hef known them rin long weh after being wounded—miles and miles they will go—but this wan was so hard hit, I thought he would drop directly. The teffe tek him—I could hef given him the other barrel myself!"

And still they seemed loth to leave the ground, notwithstanding the gathering darkness. They kept wandering about, examining and searching; until it was quite obvious that even if the stag were lying within easy distance of them they could hardly distinguish it; so finally they withdrew beaten and baffled, and made away down to the lower country, where the old pony Maggie was probably wondering at their unusual length of absence.

That was a sombre ride home. It was now raining heavily; and all the night seemed to be filled with a murmuring of streams and a moaning of winds among the invisible hills. Roderick walked by the pony's head; and Lionel could just make him out, and no more, so pitch dark it was. Of course he had no idea of the route he was taking or of the nature of the ground they were getting over; but he could guess from Maggie's cautious steps when they were going over rough places, or he could hear the splash of her feet when they were crossing a swamp. Not a word was uttered; no doubt all the forester's attention was bent on making out a path; while as for Lionel, he was too wet and cold and miserable to think of talking to anybody. If he had certainly known that somewhere or other he had left up there a stag, which they could bring down in the morning, that would have consoled him somewhat; but it was just as likely as not that all this privation and fatigue had been endured for nothing. As they trudged along through the gloomy night, the rain fell more heavily than ever, and the bitter wind seemed to search out every bone in his body.

And then when at length they came within sound of the Geinig, that was no longer a friendly voice welcoming them back to more familiar regions; it was an angry and threatening roar; he could see nothing; he could only imagine the wild torrent hurling along through this black desolation.

"Look here, Roderick," he said, "mind you keep away from that river. If we should stumble down one of the steep banks, we should never be heard of again."

"Oh, ay, we're a long distance from the ruvver; and it is as well to keep aewh; for if we were to get into the Geinig to-night, we would be tekken down like straws."

And how welcome was the small red ray that told of the shepherd's cottage just below the juncture of the Geinig and Avron! It was a cheerful beacon; it spoke of human association and companionship; the moan of the hurrying Avron seemed to have less of boding in it now. It is true they still had the two fords to encounter, and another long and weary tramp, before they got back to the lodge; but here at least was some assurance that they were out of those storm-haunted solitudes where the night was now holding high revel. That ray of light streaming from the solitary little window seemed to Lionel a blessed thing; it served to dissipate the horrors of this murmuring and threatening blackness all around him; it cheered and warmed his heart; it was a joyful assurance that they were on the right way for home. When they reached the cottage, they knocked at the door; and presently there was a delightful ruddy glow in the midst of the dark. Would the gentleman not come in and warm himself at the fire, and get his clothes dried? No: Lionel said that getting wet through once was better than getting wet through twice; he would go on as he was. But might he have a glass of milk? The shepherd disappeared, and never returned with a tumbler of milk and a piece of oatcake; and never in his life had the famous baritone from the far City of London tasted anything sweeter, for he was half-dead with hunger. Greatly refreshed by this opportune bit and sup, the tired and "drouikit" rider cheerfully resumed his way; and it was with a stout heart that, after a certain time, he found Roderick cautiously leading the pony down to the water's edge. And then a sudden thought struck him.

"Look here, Roderick," said he, "I suppose I can get across this ford safely enough; but how on earth am I to know when I get to the next one? I can't see a yard in front of the pony's head."

"I'm coming with ye, sir," was the simple answer; and at the same moment there was a general splashing which told him that both Maggie and the tall keeper were in the rushing stream.

"Well, I suppose you can't be wetter than you are," he said.

"Indeed that's true," Roderick answered, with much composure.

Now this first ford, though a ticklish thing in the pitch darkness, they managed successfully enough; but the next one proved a terrible business. Roderick went by the pony's head, with his hand on the bridle; but whether he helped Maggie, or whether Maggie helped him, it would be hard to say. Lionel could only guess what a mighty floundering there was going on; but Roderick kept encouraging his four-footed companion to hold up; and more than once, when they attained a safe footing, he called a halt to let the faithful Maggie recover her breath.

"Take your feet out o' the stirrups, sir," he said, when they were about half-way across; "there's some nasty sharp ledges the other side, and if she loses her footing, you'll chist slip off before she goes over; and it will not tel ye above the waist whatever, so that you can get ashore by yourself."

When they did reach those ledges, Maggie seemed to understand the awkwardness of the situation quite as well as he; she went forward only an inch or two at a time; and if her hind feet occasionally skated a little, her forefeet remained firm where she had planted them. As for Lionel, he was of course quite helpless; he did not seek to interfere in any way; he was merely ready to slip off the saddle if Maggie rolled over. But presently a sudden red flash revealed to him that they were near land (this was Alec striking a vesuvian to give them a friendly lead); there was some further cautious sliding and stumbling forward; then the uplifting of Maggie's neck and shoulders told him she had gained solid ground and was going up the bank. Never was soft and sure foot-fall more welcome!

The arrival of this belated and bedrenched little party at the lodge created no little surprise; for it had been concluded that, having been led away by a long stalk, or perhaps following a wounded deer into unexpected regions, and finding themselves overtaken by the dark, they had struck across country for the Avron-Bridge Inn, to pass the night there. However, Sir Hugh bustled about to have his guest properly looked after; and when Lionel had got into dry clothes, and swallowed some bit of warmed-up dinner, he went into the drawing-room, where they were all of them playing poker—all of them, that is to say, except Lord Fareborough, who in a big easy chair by the fire was nursing his five-and-twenty ailments, and no doubt inwardly cursing those people for the chatter they were keeping up. They stopped their game when Lionel entered, to hear the news; and when he had told his heart-rending tale, Lady Adela's brother lazily called to her—

"I say, Addie, there's a chance for you to try that terrier of yours. If he's as intelligent as you say, send him out with the gillies tomorrow, and see if he can find the stag for them."

"Why, of course," Lady Adela instantly responded. "Mr. Moore, I have just become possessed of the wisest little terrier in the whole world, I do believe. He only arrived this evening; but he and I have been friends for a long time; I bought him only

yesterday from a shepherd down the strath. Oh, I must show you the letter that came with the dog. Georgie, dear, would you mind running into my room and bringing me a letter you will find on the dressing-table?"

Miss Georgie was absent only a couple of seconds; when she returned she handed Lionel the following epistle, which was written on a rather shabby sheet of paper. Its contents, however, were of independent value.

"Altnashielach. Tuesday moarning.

Lady Addela Cunningham,—

Honnerd Lady, I am sendin you the terrier by my sin Jeames that was takking the milk from Bragla to your ladyship's house the last year when he was bitten by the red dog and your ladyship so kind as to giv him five shillings the terrier's name is Donacha bit he will soon answer to his English name that is Duncan Honnerd Lady, you must be kind to him for he will be a little shy the first time he is awa from home and because he will not understand your languish as he was taught Gealic he got plenty of Blood on the foxes he can warry wan with himself alone let me no how you will be please with him and if he is behaved and obadient I will be glad to have the news

from your ladyship's humble servant
MAGNUS Ross, Altnashielach."

"A wee terrier that can worry a fox all by himself must be a gallant little beast, mustn't he?" said Lady Adela, who seemed quite proud of her new acquisition. "And I know he will find that stag for you, Mr. Moore, if he is to be found; for Donacha, or Duncan, is the wisest little creature you ever saw. I wish I could talk Gaelic, just to make him feel at home the first few days." Then she turned to her companions. "Who began this round—Mr. Lestrance? Very well, when it comes to Sybil, I propose we let you gentlemen go off to your cigars in the gun-room; for poor Mr. Moore, I know, hasn't been allowed to smoke all day; and I am sure he must be far too tired to think of playing poker. How many do you want, Rose?"

When this round of poker was finished, the gentlemen did not seem to resent being dismissed to the so-called gun-room, where, round the great, blazing peat fire, and with cigars and pipes and whiskey-and-soda to console them in their banishment, Lionel was called upon to give them more minute details regarding his day's adventures. And very various were the opinions expressed as to the chances of that stag being found. Some ominous stories were told of the extraordinary distances deer were known to have run even when mortally wounded; and there were possibilities suggested of his having fallen into a rapid water-course and been carried down to the rushing river; while Sir Hugh ventured to hint that, if he were not found on the morrow, the probability was that some shepherd in his remote and lonely shieling just outside the forest would be feasting on venison for a considerable time to come. Lionel cared less now; heat and food had thawed him into a passive frame of mind; he was tired, worn-out, and sleepy; and very glad was he when he was allowed to go to bed.

As a matter of fact, that magic one-horned stag was not found on the next day; no, nor any following day; nor has it ever been heard of since in those parts. And if it vanished from the earth through some evil enchantment, be sure that Lionel—who had picked up some of the superstitions of the neighbourhood, and who had profited on a former occasion by the possession of a lucky six-pence—be sure he attributed his cruel ill-fortune, solely and wholly, to that wretched red rag that had been given him by Miss Georgie Lestrance.

(To be continued)



NOTHING but good is to be said of "An Irish Cousin" (2 vols.: Bentley and Son), by Geilles Herring and Martin Ross. The novel is as bright and natural as it is unpretending, and the characters are photographs in their impression of reality, or, rather, to what photographs ought to be. One feels at once as if one knew the originals; and originals some of them are, in all conscience. And the same may be said of many of the scenes which, if not true, beat truth itself upon her own ground. Some of them recall the best days of Irish fiction before it forgot how to laugh, such as the descriptions of the dance and of the fox-hunt, which are irresistibly amusing. The scene is laid not very far from Queenstown; but there is nothing—welcome relief!—about politics, or agrarian outrages, or the Coercion Act. It has nothing but that true flavour of the soil with which we all hope to be familiar again some day. The authors have not aimed high, but, in spite of well-known authority to the contrary, have hit higher than they intended; and if it be a first novel from their hands it promises a still higher hit in the future. It contains plenty of humour and of human interest, and is healthily free from sentimentality. The plot is slight, and, if stated baldly, would not appear very promising; but that usually excellent test of the merits of a plot is not uniformly infallible. At any rate, the authors have coloured their picture so well as to have effectively concealed any original faults in outline. Irish fiction is at present so much at a discount, and with such good reason, that we have very special pleasure in calling attention to this new departure on the good old lines, as well as to its own freshness and certainty of affording amusement and pleasure.

"The Story of a Marriage" (3 vols.: Ward and Downey), by L. Baldwin, is also the story of an exceedingly "viewy" young man; an amiable and earnest if somewhat foolish sort of general reformer. He has no end of fads and cranks; is a teetotaller, an anti-tobacconist, and a vegetarian on the singular ground that when we eat flesh we are "repairing ourselves with the material of which we are made." Of course he imagines that working men are a race apart, and so, in order to become acquainted with them, he becomes one himself, first as a mill hand and afterwards as a journeyman carpenter. But his crucial craze is to break down class prejudice by intermarriage; and the result of his putting this theory into practice is the foundation of the story, which has many good points, especially in the matter of humorous portraiture. The novel may be regarded as a collection of really excellent sketches, and is very decidedly above the average.

"Tumbledown Farm" (2 vols.: Spencer Blackett), by Alan Muir, has also decidedly good points, and some very effective and touching scenes, which go far to redeem the long-windedness of a plot much too meagre to be spun out into two volumes. A great deal of the general prosiness is due to the scheme of the work, which unfortunately includes interpolated comments between the village chemist, who is supposed to tell the story, and his lady-secretary, headed, as they occur, "Miss and I talk things over." This story is in two parts; the first is so far as it falls within the knowledge of the chemist, and the second the continuation of what he mistakenly believes to be a finished tale. There is a certain amount of novelty about the old man's getting hold of his part of the story entirely by the wrong end, and misreading the characters, misjudging their motives, and doing his best to mystify the reader. Its novelty, however, by no means renders it an improvement upon the ordinary methods of construction.

We suppose that Mrs. G. Lewis Leeds's "The Master of Rylands" (1 vol.: Ward and Downey) is intended to be a study of that not very attractive subject, homicidal mania. About the stark, staring madness of her hero there is no sort of compromise; but the mother and brother of the wife whom he had murdered before the story opens, instead of having him sent to a madhouse, use him for their own purposes, and, when they have ruined him, succeed in marrying him to a foolish widow with money so that they may thus get fresh plunder. Her, when she is no longer of any use, they proceed to poison; and would have succeeded, had not her daughter Vera, the girl who tells the tale in her own person, and Vera's lover, prevented it just in time; the curtain coming down upon the deaths of both madman and villain by tumbling down stairs together in a scuffle. Of course the story is brimful of mysteries, blood-curdling noises, and secret chambers. To say the least, it belongs to one of the most elementary types of fiction. But it is quite readable; and the most nervous person might read it without the least fear of disturbance. It is all so frankly fictitious that the more impressive it tries to be the less real it becomes. The earlier portions, dealing with shabby-genteel life at a sea-side town, is by far the best portion, and prove that Mrs. Leeds is better at observing than at imagining.

Mrs. Edward Kennard has by this time acquired recognised rank among sporting novelists; and her volume of sketches called "Our Friends in the Hunting Field" (1 vol.: F. V. White and Co.) will do nothing to diminish it. They are rather newspaperish in manner; but that, at all events, is warrant for their lightness. One after another, Mrs. Kennard introduces us to such types of the hunting field as the melancholy man; the popular woman; the man who blows his own trumpet; the dangerous woman; the sporting horse dealer; the man who goes first; the venerable dandy; the farmer; the "funk-stick"; the good Samaritan; the hospitable man; the jealous woman; the bore; and the man who has lost his nerve. And in each case Mrs. Kennard contrives to suggest a moral which each and all her readers will do well to take to heart—especially if they should recognise any of their own lineaments in the friendly looking-glass held up to them.

SCOTTISH LAKE WORSHIP

THE adoration of lakes, fountains, and rivers was one of the most common elements in early pagan worship. There are traces of it in almost every part of the globe. Nor need we wonder that such worship should be so widespread. In Nature there are perhaps few things that are more beneficent, and more instinct with life and beauty, than water. It has strength to revive the weary, virtue to quench the thirsty, power to heal certain diseases and to cure or alleviate certain wounds, and everything that grows needs, in some form or other, its blessed influence.

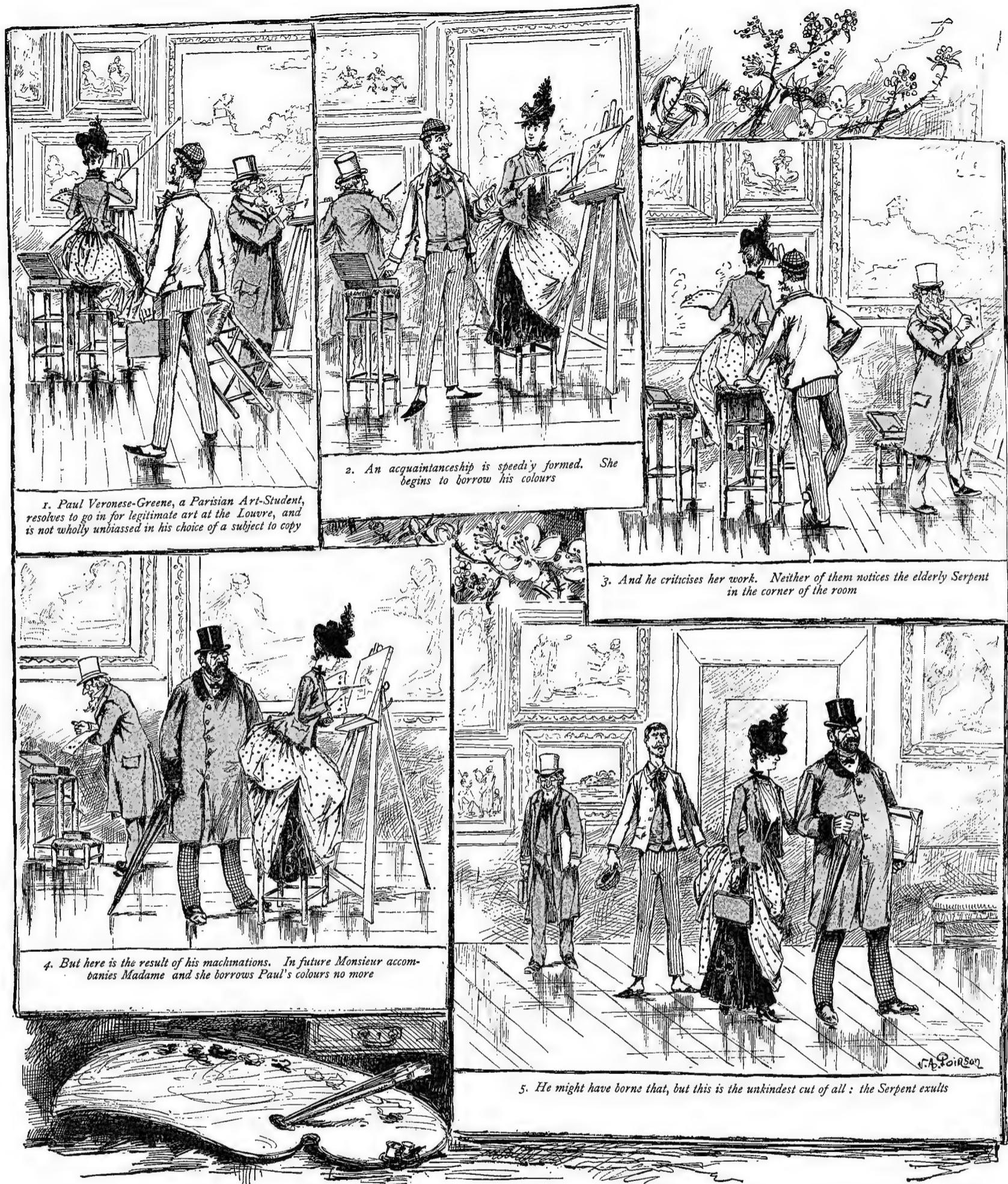
But whatever were the motives that led men to pay homage to water, of the fact that such homage was paid, and is still paid, there need be no doubt. In India, Persia, and Egypt this kind of worship is practised at the present day even as it has been for untold centuries. And it is not so long since the same thing prevailed in almost every part of Western Europe. In our own British Isles, about a century ago, there were few places of any importance that had not their sacred wells, or lakes, or rivers. These have in many cases only within recent times ceased to be adored. Indeed, in a few of the remoter centres they are still believed in, and are occasionally visited. To this class belongs the famous Loch-mo-Naire, in Strathnaver, Sutherlandshire. As the annual observances in connection with this lake are fast becoming extinct, an account of them may perhaps have something more than a merely archaeological interest.

Loch-mo-Naire, which has obtained such a curious notoriety, possesses scarcely any features to distinguish it from the countless lakes to be seen in that northern land of lochs and mountain tarns. It is a small, almost square, sheet of black mossy water, near the highway, on the Skelpick side of the River Naver, and about six miles from Bettyhill. In summer its otherwise somewhat commonplace appearance is relieved by a most magnificent display of water-lilies.

Tradition, as usual, has its easy explanation as to the manner in which the loch obtained its peculiar virtues and the name which it now bears. A woman had somehow become the possessor of bright crystal stones which, when placed in water, had the power of rendering the liquid an infallible cure for all "the ills to which flesh is heir." The fame of the wonder-working pebbles soon spread far and wide. As it spread, it excited the cupidity of a member of the neighbouring Clan Gordon, who determined to secure the miraculous crystals for the exclusive use of himself and his kin. To make sure of his purpose he feigned sickness. As soon, however, as he presented himself the woman divined his intention and fled. But escape was impossible, as she was advanced in years and her pursuer had youth and swiftness on his side. Yet rather than surrender her charm-stones she threw them into the first lake to which she came, exclaiming as she did, *mo naire!*—i.e., shame!—and declaring that its waters should heal all who dipped in them or drank of them excepting such as belonged to the accursed Gordon tribe.

This tradition, like many a similar one, is evidently very much more recent than the superstition connected with the lake. Loch-mo-Naire does not really mean "the loch of shame," but "the serpent's loch"—the word for serpent, *nathair*, being pronounced exactly in the same way as *naire*, shame. This manifestly points to the great archaeological fact that almost everywhere the serpent is represented as the guardian of waters supposed to possess curative virtues. It is also the recognised emblem of Esculapius—the god of the healing art—who, himself, sometimes appeared in the form of a serpent.

Loch-mo-Naire used to be visited regularly on the first Monday of O.S. of each season of the year, but especially during May and August, which were considered the most favourable months. Those who went in order to be cured had to be there before midnight. When the hour of twelve arrived, the voices that till then were loud in conversation became at once silenced, and the ceremonies began. The candidates for healing—the paralytic and the halt, the nervous and the insane—had first to go, sunwise, thrice round a well which springs up in a small belt of sand that fringes the north end of the lake, and to drink a copious draught of its clear, cooling water. After this preliminary rite, it was further necessary that they should strip, and be led out backwards into the lake. They had then to be dipped three times, to drink some of the water, to throw behind them a silver coin as a thank-offering to the spirit of the loch, and to be away from the spot before the break of day. It not unfrequently happened that, while this part of the observance was being enacted very painful sights were witnessed. A spectator, writing in August, 1871, gives the following sad picture of what he saw on that occasion. "About twelve stripped, and walked into the loch, performing their ablutions three times. Those who were not able to act for themselves were assisted, some of them being led willingly, and others by force, for there were cases of each kind. One young woman, strictly guarded, was an object of great pity. She raved in a distressing manner, repeating religious phrases, some of which were very earnest and pathetic. She prayed her guardians not to immerse her, saying that it was not a communion occasion, and asking if they could call this righteousness or faithfulness, or if they could compare the loch and its virtues to the right arm of Christ. These utterances were enough to move any person hearing them."



AN INTERRUPTED ROMANCE AT THE LOUVRE

The loch has been worshipped in this manner from time immemorial. What its early, prehistoric reputation may have been we have no means of judging. That it was powerful, and exercised a tremendous sway over the minds of old and young, we can readily infer from the events of modern times. About eighty years ago many hundreds of sick persons were brought to it from various parts of Scotland. Even as late as 1845, the Rev. David Mackenzie, writing in the "New Statistical Account of Scotland," states that "in May and August numbers from Sutherland, Caithness, Ross-shire, and even from Inverness-shire and Orkney come to this far-famed loch." It is within my own knowledge that ten years ago the loch was visited by about thirty persons—some, no doubt, being led thither by curiosity, but the greater number by a very different motive. There is also evidence that in 1887 it was frequented by four persons—a sickly child, an invalid woman, and their respective guardians.

During August of this year I had the good fortune, along with a friend, to visit this famous resort. We started from Bettyhill on the evening of the 11th, at half-past ten o'clock. The night was dark and threatening, with thick, flying clouds to the North, and a faint streak of light towards the east. Our path lay along the centre of the strath, with sloping hills on each side, and the river on our right. The walk was pleasant, yet not without touches of the weird and the romantic. The stillness of the scene, unbroken save by the splash of a salmon in some favourite pool, or by the gog-gog-gog of the startled moorfowl; the black, shifting shadows playing their usual fantastic tricks; the long gray cairns and the circle of standing stones close by the roadway—the memo-

rials that mark the resting-place of the heroes of a far-past age and civilisation; the ruined Pictish towers, darkly outlined here and there against the hill, which have been the witnesses of so many changes and tragedies since the Norsemen first rudely disturbed those peaceful dales; all helped to awaken the imagination, and to give wing to the fancy.

At length, at the witching hour of midnight, "when churchyards yawn" and supernatural visitants are abroad, we sight the loch nestling in a hollow, within a stone-throw of the rising height where we stood. We deem it best to leave the pathway, and creep quietly on that we may, if possible, see all that is to be seen unobserved. But, hush! What is that unearthly sound that comes moaning pitifully along? We pause, and listen! It is the wind sweeping through the tall reeds at the south end of the lake. We go on with our search, round and round the sacred centre, but we find no midnight worshipper engaged in the old-world rites of Paganism. We consult our watches, and make out in the darkness that it is half-past twelve. Possibly we are too soon. There is consolation in the thought, and we lie down in the heather, and wait.

But waiting is cold, dreary work; for the rain falls in torrents, and we have left behind our waterproofs, and there is no shelter to be found anywhere. At a quarter-past one we make a final inspection, and, finding everything quiet and still as before, we determine to stay no longer. This time, at least, the loch has had no devotee, and the knowledge of the fact made us feel that our journey was not altogether in vain. The old order is fast passing away; and, amidst the whirl of other interests, even Loch-mo-Naire is being forgotten and neglected.

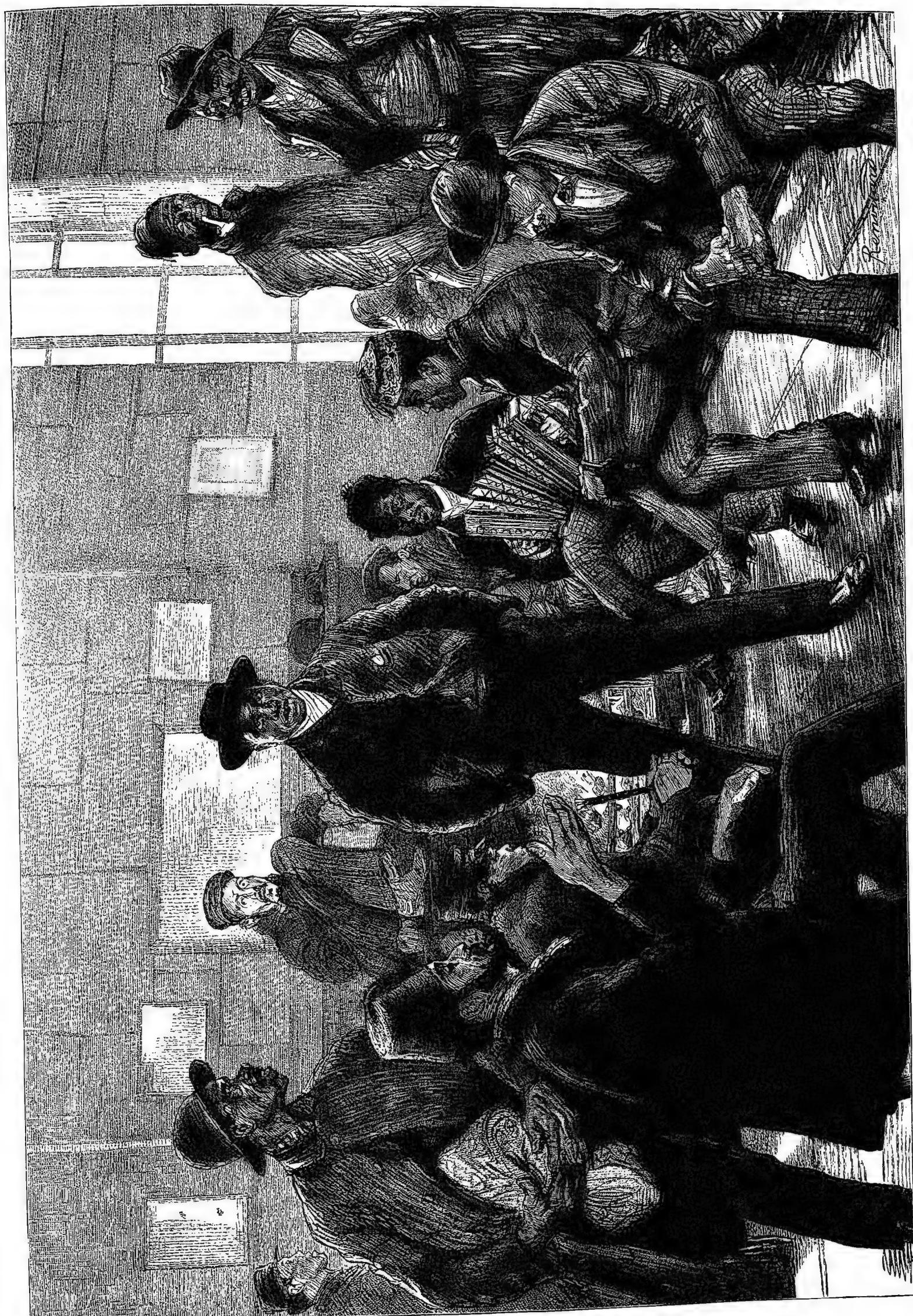
R. M. O. K.

THE STRANGERS' HOME

THE traveller proceeding east along the West India Dock Road will notice on the left-hand side an important brick building approached by a flight of stone steps. This is "The Strangers' Home," and an inscription over the door tells that it is intended for the reception of "Asiatics, Africans, and South Sea Islanders."

Round the huge fire in the great hall are a motley throng of unfamiliar racial types. The small Japanese, with his swarthy countenance and keen black eyes, rubs shoulders with a finely-built native of the Soudan, who could, if an interpreter were there, tell much of recent warfare. A Malay stoker quietly smokes, as a Burmese "A. B." reads a book in letters worse than Greek. The Arab from the Suez Canal, the pseudo Chinaman from Hong-Kong, and the Lascar are side by side; and with that free masonry of signs that exists between those of a trade, and an elementary knowledge of English, something akin to conversation goes on.

The institution has proved of the greatest value to those who had no desire to squander all their hard-earned wages, or to fall victims to those sharks and crimps who wait for a vessel as for prey. Its representatives await the arrivals at the docks, and as Mr. Freeman, the energetic superintendent, remarked, "We try to save the poor, simple-minded fellows from the cruel robberies and incentives to vice and waste that await them on shore. Unless they come to us, they can find nothing but the most hateful, squalid dens, in which they soon lose everything they possess, and are then flung forth destitute."



THE GREAT HALL AT "THE STRANGERS' HOME," WEST INDIA DOCK ROAD
A LODGING FOR SEAFARING ASIATICS, AFRICANS, AND SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS



FRANCE has once more pronounced for a Republic. The elections on Sunday resulted in a decided victory for the Moderate Republicans, and an equally marked defeat for the Boulangists. The numerous second ballots necessary on October 6th may modify the returns, but will hardly alter the main point of the situation—that the great majority of the French people do not wish to change their form of Government. At present the exact figures are—Republicans, 232; Conservatives, 161—subdivided into 86 Royalists, 53 Bonapartists, and 22 pure Boulangists. Owing to the number of candidates who presented themselves, over 180 second ballots are needed to procure the legal majority—half the whole number of votes, *plus* one—and of these the Republicans count upon 135. In that case they would possess a majority of some 350 in the next Chamber, while the Opposition might reckon nearly 230 votes. Nevertheless, the Republicans have lost slightly since the opening of the last Chamber in 1885, when they numbered 390, against 205 Conservatives. Another feature of the elections is the larger return of Moderate Republicans over Radicals. This party had nearly disappeared of late, but now musters strongly under the leadership of M. Léon Say. It has been aptly said that France did not dislike the Republic, but the men of the Republic, and this assertion is proved by many of the most prominent Republican statesmen having either failed altogether, or receiving insufficient support, whilst 166 fresh and untried politicians have gained seats. M. Jules Ferry, for instance, has been beaten in his old Vosges stronghold by a Boulangist; M. Goblet, another ex-Premier, shares the same fate; while MM. Floquet and Clémenceau have to submit ingloriously to a second ballot. Four of the Ministry have been returned—including M. Thévenet, despite his attacks on the Clergy—and two await a second ballot. To the Boulangists, their failure has proved a severe blow, although, from past experience, it would be premature to say that their cause is crushed. They put a good face on the matter, but cannot disguise that twenty-two seats poorly fulfil their hopes of a triumphant majority. True, the General carried all before him in his favourite quarter Montmartre, thoroughly defeating the working-man's candidate, M. Joffrin; but of his 7,816 votes over 2,000 are declared illegal through some curious technicality, and a second ballot must follow. Indeed, it is doubtful whether his election will be admitted at all, though the Revising Commission are inclined to pronounce in his favour. M. Rochefort needs a second ballot at Belleville, and M. Dillon is duly returned; but these three elections will almost certainly be disallowed by the Chamber, in whose hands lies the final validity of all elections. M. Laguerre, the prominent Boulangist, is also elected, but M. Laisant fails, and altogether, since the famous vote of last January in Paris, the Boulangist cause has lost 80,000 votes. Considering the importance of the struggle, the elections passed off wonderfully quietly, especially in Paris. Voters came to the polls in unusual strength, but made no demonstration, and the troops, who were freely posted about the streets, had little to do. The only excitement was shown before the offices of the Boulangist *Presse*, when the Montmartre returns were announced in the evening, and large crowds assembled, singing Boulangist ditties. France, indeed, now hopes for a period of tranquillity, as the extreme parties of both the Republican and Reactionary factions are weak, and the Moderates will muster fully 300 in the new House. Much depends upon the discipline of the Republicans at the second ballots, for unless the various shades unite the Reactionaries will step in. The Royalists, by-the-by, are reaping the fruits of their alliance with the Boulangists, and find themselves sadly unpopular. M. Hervé has come to London to consult with the Comte de Paris, and M. Laguerre goes on the same errand to General Boulanger. The Reactionary journals are loud in their complaints, but the French Press in general preserves a very moderate tone, urging the Republicans to consolidate against the common foe. The Chamber will probably not meet before November, waiting till the electoral agitation ceases, and the Ministers will then offer their resignation as a matter of form. Abroad the result of the elections has given general satisfaction, most countries regarding the advent of General Boulanger to power as certain to lead to war. Germany in particular approves the success of Moderate Republicanism.

In PARIS the elections and the early cold weather have affected the Exhibition, where visitors are already beginning to decline. Much enthusiasm has been exhibited in two patriotic demonstrations—the unveiling of M. Dalou's statue, the "Triumph of the Republic," by President Carnot; and the opening of a new Chamber of Commerce. On both occasions M. Tirard, the Premier, made triumphant speeches on the progress of Republican doctrines, remarking at the latter ceremony that domestic peace was now assured by the Government success.

Once again GERMANY expects the Czar. It was confidently stated that the Russian Monarch would reach Potsdam last (Friday) night, but, as usual, complete mystery surrounds His Majesty's movements, and no one would be surprised if he did not come after all. The Czarina would probably go to Schwerin instead of accompanying her husband to the Imperial Court, and the Czar is not likely to receive a genuinely cordial welcome from the German public, who are strongly anti-Russian just now. This feeling is enhanced by the Russian proposal to raise the duties on goods imported by land, which would materially affect German commerce, and probably lead to serious reprisals. Germany is in no humour to submit to her trade being injured, now that her industrial situation is so unsatisfactory in many respects. All the necessities of life are much dearer than in recent years, coals have advanced in price like food, and the prohibition to import swine from Austria and Russia weighs heavily on the working-classes, who eat so much pork. The Radicals have taken up this subject as a popular complaint against the Government, and are making much capital out of "official oppression" in readiness for the elections. The army manoeuvres have concluded in brilliant style, and the Emperor has been taking a holiday to enjoy deer-stalking. His Majesty and the Empress are expected to join the King and Queen of Italy at Monza on October 14th for three days, afterwards staying *incognito* at Naples before leaving for Greece.

SPAIN and MOROCCO are engaged in a serious dispute. A Spanish coaster was recently wrecked on the Moorish coast, near the island of Alhucemas, in the Mediterranean—one of the four last Spanish possessions in Morocco—and the wild Riff Arabs of the district pillaged the vessel, carrying off the crew as prisoners. For some time past the Spaniards have been very sore against Morocco, and this last straw aroused a storm of popular indignation. Yielding to the public clamour, the Spanish Government sent a peremptory Note, requiring the immediate release of the prisoners, a handsome indemnity for the captured vessel, and the punishment of the aggressors. As the Moorish Foreign Minister replied somewhat evasively, Spain supported her demands by sending a squadron of four war-ships to Tangier. A Spanish gun-boat also went to the Riff coast and tried to parley with the Arabs, but was fired upon, so now the Sultan of Morocco has sent special Commissioners to the spot to endeavour to arrange matters. Morocco

is perplexed how to deal with the Riff mountaineers, who are a lawless piratical race, and, if roughly treated, would probably take their prisoners up-country and murder them. But the Spaniards remain in a most warlike humour, the army authorities announcing that they could land 20,000 men in Morocco on the shortest notice.

SPAIN expects Queen Nathalie at Belgrade to-morrow (Sunday), and the prospect of her return inspires gloomy prophecies of trouble in EASTERN EUROPE. Her Majesty waited until after the elections to the Skuptschina on Thursday—which were expected to favour the Liberals—but no persuasions or obstacles could change her determination to visit her son in his own Palace. The Regents and the Ministry will give her an official welcome, to avoid all cause of complaint, but will preserve as neutral an attitude as possible. Not so King Milan. He is furious against his wife, and writes to the Regents threatening that, if the Queen stays over three weeks in Belgrade, he will come there "to assert the authority which his son's common law of Servia grants to every father respecting his son's education." Or else he will remove his son from the capital. Servia has had less trouble in solving another difficulty—the settlement with the French Company working the railways which the Government lately seized. Thanks to foreign assistance, the Servians have paid the Company an indemnity of 390,000*l.* for the rolling stock, &c. BULGARIA is suspicious whether the death of her eminent statesman, M. Stoianoff, resulted from foul means, and his body is to be exhumed. CRETE appears fairly quiet, but the Turkish troops cruelly oppress the inhabitants, and plunder wholesale. A considerable number of Christians have just been arrested for fresh conspiracies.

In INDIA the Supreme Government are at last dealing decisively with the Bombay native officials convicted of corruption by the Crawford Commission. Much bitterness on this subject has existed between Europeans and natives for the last few months, the former holding that Lord Reay, the Governor, was too lenient in retaining the offenders in office. A Mamluttar Indemnity Act has accordingly been presented to the Legislative Council, enacting that all officials who spontaneously offered bribes shall be dismissed, but shall be compensated for the Bombay Government not fulfilling their pledge to retain them in office, while those who paid bribes under pressure may remain in the service. When speaking upon the measure, the Viceroy complimented Lord Reay upon his integrity of purpose, but pointed out that the Supreme Government could not pass over such flagrant examples of dishonesty among the very men who were appointed to judge others. Eight corrupt Mamluttars have already been dismissed, and others are to follow, so the indignant magistrates intend to sue the members of the Council—including Lord Reay and the Duke of Connaught—for illegal dismissal.

CANADA laments a fatal disaster at Quebec. Without the slightest warning, a mass of rock and earth, nearly from under the citadel, fell on the 19th inst. sheer down upon a street 300 feet below, crushing the houses as completely as an avalanche. The citadel stands high upon the brow of a rock overhanging the Old Town and the River St. Lawrence, and similar landslips have occurred twice before, with loss of life. An extensive wall had been built up, however, and the terraced walk round the face of the rock—Dufferin Terrace—strengthened and improved, so that the ground was considered safe. But severe rains following a protracted drought produced cracks in the rock, and detached a huge portion, which split into solid blocks as it fell, and filled up the roadway with débris 30 feet high. The inhabitants of the houses beneath being at supper when the catastrophe occurred, forty persons were killed on the spot, while many more were seriously injured. Others still lie buried under the ruins, so that the total number of dead cannot be accurately estimated, although rescuers have been working steadily night and day to recover the corpses. Working people mostly inhabited the district destroyed, therefore the houses were thickly populated. Twenty of the victims were buried together on Sunday, and the survivors dread another disaster, for the cliff is reported to be very unsafe. The city authorities propose to build new walls to support the Citadel and Dufferin Terrace. Another Canadian disaster is the loss of H.M.S. gunboat *Lily*, of the North American Squadron, off Point Amour, on the Labrador coast of the Straits of Belle Isle. The *Lily* was driven on a rock by a terrific gale, and seven of her crew perished through a boat capsizing, the remainder being rescued by H.M.S. *Emerald*.

MISCELLANEOUS.—So much sympathy has been felt throughout BELGIUM for the victims of the Antwerp explosion that enough money has been subscribed to secure a comfortable independence for the families of the killed and injured.—The movement to crown the Emperor of AUSTRIA King of Bohemia has collapsed, as His Majesty considered the proposal inopportune. Bitterly cold weather affects Austria, and in several districts the snow reaches to the roofs of the peasants' cottages.—ITALY and Great Britain have signed a slavery convention, which declares the trade in slaves to be piracy, and withdraws the protection of the national flag from all vessels engaged in the traffic. The nineteenth anniversary of the entry of the Italian troops into Rome was kept, last week, as a general holiday.—RUSSIA does not intend to be found unprepared for war. Numerous transports and torpedo-boats are being built secretly for the Black Sea Fleet, while a complete military railway staff is being trained to replace the civil officials in war time. A dynamite explosion which has occurred on the Peterhof Railway is attributed to a plot on the Czar's life, prematurely disclosed.—In the UNITED STATES, four jurors at last been secured for the Cronin trial—all Americans.—In EAST AFRICA, the Sultan of Zanzibar has issued an important slavery edict, chiefly through the influence of the British representatives. Every person entering his territories after November 19th will become free, while Great Britain and Germany are authorised to search all dhows and boats belonging to the Sultan's subjects.—The alarming reports of affairs in the CONGO regions are unfounded. Tippoo Tib remains faithful, and the Aruwimi district is quiet, Arabs and Europeans being on excellent terms.



THE Royal party in the Highlands are experiencing quite wintry weather, snow having fallen heavily around Balmoral on Saturday. The Queen feels much better for the bracing cold, however, and drives out even in the midst of a snowstorm. Her Majesty has been entertaining the Prince of Wales and his sons at Balmoral, in the place of Princess Louise, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Prince Christian Victor, who left at the end of last week. On Saturday, the Queen, with Princess Alix of Hesse, called on the Duke and Duchess of Fife at New Mar Lodge, and took tea with Madame Albani at Old Mar Lodge, returning afterwards to the Duke of Fife's residence to fetch Prince and Princess Henry, who had stayed two days with the Duke and Duchess. The Prince of Wales spent the day deerstalking in Ballochbuie Forest with Prince George, and brought down three splendid stags. Earl Cadogan and Major-General Sir Francis Grenfell dined with Her Majesty in the evening, and a torchlight dance of the gillies and keepers subse-

quently took place before the Castle. Next morning, the Queen and Royal Family attended Divine Service in the Castle, where the Queen Rev. A. Williamson officiated, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife lunched with the Royal party, who afterwards visited the ex-Empress Eugénie. The Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Henry of Prussia are shortly expected on a visit. Madame Albani and the Prince of Wales also received Professor Hoffmann. The Court will not return to Windsor until November, and, after a month's stay at the Castle, will go to the Isle of Wight. By that time, the Royal Pavilion from the Agricultural Society's Show at Windsor will be erected in the Osborne grounds on a knoll overlooking the Solent. One of the rooms is to be made a studio for Princess Beatrice.

The Prince and Princess of Wales start for Athens about ten days hence to attend the Greek Royal Wedding. They will travel from Venice in the *Osborne*, and will arrive several days before the bride-elect and the German Imperial party. The Prince, returned to town with Prince George on Tuesday morning from Balmoral, and will leave with his two sons at the end of the week for Denmark, whence he accompanies the Princess and daughters through Germany to Venice, paying a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland at Gmunden on the way. The family gathering at Fredensborg is gradually dispersing, King Oscar of Sweden and his two sons being the first to leave. The Empress Frederick and her daughters remained until Saturday, and during their stay visited the old Castle of Kronborg, and accompanied the Danish King and Queen, the Princess of Wales, and the other Royal guests to Copenhagen, where they inspected the various sights of the city. On Sunday the King of Greece and family, with the Grand Duke and Duchess Paul, started for home, being seen off at the station by all the members of the Fredensborg party. Prince Albert Victor has rejoined his regiment at York. Prince George has been appointed lieutenant of the *Osborne*.

The Duke of Edinburgh arrived in town from Scotland at the end of last week, and on Saturday night went to the Lyric Theatre. On Monday he left for Coburg to join his family, and on Wednesday would go with his son on a shooting visit to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg at Hinderriss. The Duchess has also returned to Coburg from Russia, as her sister-in-law, the Grand Duchess Vladimir, is now convalescent, and will shortly leave for the Riviera to spend the winter. Athens is busily preparing for the Royal wedding on October 27th. So many Royal guests are expected that the Palaces and public buildings will hardly afford sufficient accommodation, and several of the nobility have lent their villas for the occasion. The German Emperor will stay in the Royal Palace, which has been re-decorated. The chief streets and squares will be gaily ornamented, triumphal arches spanning the route of the bridal procession, and the electric light will be added to the elaborate illuminations at night. The bride and her family, together with the German Empress will come from Genoa in the Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern*, while the Emperor travels on board the ironclad *Kaiser*, with the escorting squadron. Princess Sophie's bridal train has been on view at Berlin, and is quite a work of art. It is white satin, exquisitely embroidered with silver in Renaissance design.—The ex-Empress Eugénie will winter in Italy, probably near Naples.



CARDINAL MANNING has received the Pope's congratulations on his successful efforts for the settlement of the East-End strike.

SEVERAL references have been made in this column to the proposal broached in the report of a joint-committee of both Houses of the Convocation of Canterbury for the establishment of an Anglican Monastic Order, to aid incumbents in large towns in the work of "evangelising" the masses. It has been more or less approved by several prelates and ecclesiastical dignitaries, among them the Bishop of Rochester and Archdeacon Farrar, neither of whom has any sympathy with High Church views of doctrine and discipline. But it is evidently destined to be strenuously opposed within the Church. The editor of *Church and People*, the organ of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, is publishing in it replies to circular in which a number of prominent Churchmen—clerical and lay—were asked to give their opinion on the proposal. In the great majority of the replies a more or less emphatic disapproval of any scheme for the revival of monastic orders and monastic vows is expressed, and among those hostile to the proposal are Lords Fortescue, Grimthorpe, and Kinnaird, Sir Robert Fowler, Mr. Alcroft, President of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Dean of Ripon, the Rev. E. Carr Glyn, Vicar of Kensington, the Archdeacon Blakeney, and Canons Christopher and Tristram. The Bishop of Manchester has also said elsewhere: "I do not think that monastic orders are in accordance with the spirit of the Church of England."

THE BISHOP OF LONDON is understood to have sanctioned the circulation in his Diocese of the programme of the Church of England Burial, Funeral, and Mourning Reform Association, which, among other changes, advocates the substitution of perishable for so-called durable coffins.

THE LOCAL BOARD OF SUTTON, Surrey, having decided that a new cemetery for the parish should be merely dedicated, and not consecrated, the Bishop of Rochester has declined their invitation to officiate at the dedication, and this on the ground that a numerous and influential class of the local ratepayers have expressed a strong desire for the consecration of a least a portion of the cemetery.

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE TURNOR HOSPITAL FOR CLERGY WIDOWS, Wragby, Lincolnshire, asks the *Record* to state that any widow of a clergyman to whom one of its small houses would be an acceptable home should communicate with him.

AT A CONFERENCE OF DELEGATES from the Baptist Churches of the West Midland District, a resolution was adopted to the effect that the time had arrived for the fusion into one body of the two sections of the Baptist Communion.

THE GREAT AMERICAN EXHIBITION OF 1892 to commemorate the landing of Columbus will be held in New York after all. Chicago was most anxious to claim the Exhibition, but New York has been definitively chosen as more central. The site of the display will be between Ninety-Seventh and One Hundred and Twenty-Seventh Streets, Fourth Avenue, and the North River, the southern portion of Central Park being thus available if the original area proves insufficient. Many enterprising New Yorkers have been buying up waste ground in the suburbs, in the hopes of creating a "Site boom," and land has accordingly greatly risen in price. The Exhibition authorities, however, intend to spend three millions sterling on buying the site and erecting the buildings.

MR. PETRIE'S EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES

MR. PETRIE's Exhibition, which last year was housed at the Egyptian Hall, this year occupies two rooms on the ground-floor of Oxford Mansion, that imposing red-brick structure which stands on the site of old Oxford Market. The collection in the smaller of the two rooms is perhaps the most interesting. It appertains to the period of the twelfth Egyptian Dynasty, that is to say, about 2750 B.C., and was procured from the ruins of a very early settlement at a place in the Fayûm, called Tell Kahun. It is conjectured that this settlement was made for the purpose of providing quarters for the architects, artists, and workmen employed in the construction of the pyramid, funerary temple, and funerary shrine of Usertesen II. The town in question forms a quadrangular block, surrounded by a boundary wall, against which the last two houses in each street abut, so that every street is a blind alley. That it was a workman's camp is proved by the large number of tools found. These comprise plumbets, bronze and flint chisels, flint saws, a wooden brick-mould, and some plasterers' "floats" exquisitely like those in use at the present day. Among other

who shifted, at short intervals, the position of sand bags hooked around their nets, so as to ensure filling in fit and proper form, then the slight basket-work cars were carried under, and respectively attached to, the wooden rings that focus the suspending network, and we were summoned to our places. The ballast was adjusted, careful consideration being given to the carrying power, and we were told to look out for our heads; the ring being given to aggressiveness at starting and stopping.

"Time up," said Dale; Brayne bade his attendants let go, and at 4:30 "The Eclipse" left the earth, whilst a minute later I found myself suspended from "The Victoria" in a limp, overgrown sort of clothes basket, whilst the loud-cheering scarf-decked "Ancient Order" and the Palace grounds sank away. My first glance around produced a startling impression—the horizon was rising with tremendous rapidity, the earth had become a vast punch-bowl which must soon close over us; but no, each moment the rate of elevation of the edges grew less and less, and, although the earth continued to appear slightly concave, the impression of the rising rim ceased after we had attained 600 or 700 feet. The reason is, I think, evident. Imagine yourself,



MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT in New South Wales will in future receive a salary, like the French Deputies.

BRITISH MOUNTAINS are fast becoming snow-covered, even at this early season. Heavy falls of snow have occurred on many Scotch peaks, while Snowdon and its neighbours were perfectly white by Sunday morning last.

FASHIONABLE BONNETS in Paris this autumn suggest the great topic of the day. There is the "1789 bonnet" in black felt, with a tiny tricolour ribbon knot; the "election capote," ornamented with white feathers or bouquets of immortelles; and the "provincial voter's bonnet," simply made like the caps worn by old country women.

FEMALE TELEGRAPH CLERKS in Russia are bitterly dissatisfied with their lot. According to the rules of the service, they are not allowed to marry any one but a telegraph official, so that they may replace their husbands at the wire in case of need. Accordingly the feminine employees who have fallen in love outside the service are agitating for reform.

A CANAL BETWEEN LIVERPOOL AND BIRMINGHAM is now being planned, and the proposal will be laid before Parliament next Session. The canal would be sixty-four miles long, from Birmingham through Staffordshire to Winsford, where it would unite with the Weaver Navigation. Vessels of 500 tons would pass through the new water-way, and hydraulic lifts would be used instead of locks.

ONE OF MILLET'S FINEST PICTURES, "Les Glaneuses," has been presented to the Paris Louvre by the widowed Madame Pommeréy, of champagne celebrity. When the "Angelus" went to America, Madame Pommeréy persuaded the owner of the "Glaneuses" to sell her the picture for 12,000 francs, the bargain being concluded only on the condition that the work should become national property.

A GOODLY ASSEMBLAGE OF ROYALTIES were gathered under the King of Denmark's roof at Fredensborg last week. There were three Kings—of Sweden, Denmark, and Greece; one Emperor, the Czar; one Empress, the Czarina; one Empress Dowager, the Empress Frederick; one Queen, of Denmark; four heirs-apparent, of Sweden, Denmark, Russia, and Greece; and thirty-five Princes and Princesses.

ELECTORAL ADDRESSES were even inscribed on the Paris pavements during the past week. As the bill-stickers could not find room enough on the walls, several candidates covered the footpaths of their special constituencies with terse reminders to the electors, such as "Down with the thieves, every one should vote for X—" The letters are so effectually imprinted into the stone that the authorities are puzzled how to efface them.

COLONIAL BARRISTERS are beginning to rebel against wearing wigs in the hot season. The opposition began at Singapore, where one of the chief judges and the Bar quarrelled roundly over the subject, the judge holding that to come into Court without a wig was disrespectful to the Bench. Eventually the Bar triumphed, and the learned counsel now appear wigless. Adelaide has followed suit, and the Attorney-General has been formally asked in Parliament to excuse judges and barristers from wearing the conventional wig in summer-time.

THE CONJUNCTION OF MARS AND SATURN last Friday morning was very well observed, owing to favourable weather. These two planets have not been so close together for 6,000 years, although they come tolerably near to each other about every two years. In 1879 they were 82 seconds apart; but this year the distance was only 55 seconds, and to the naked eye they appeared like a single orb. A Worthing observer saw the conjunction distinctly at 5 A.M. Another astronomical phenomenon occurred on Wednesday, when Venus closely approached Regulus, and was in a line with Saturn; while next Tuesday Venus and Mars will be in conjunction.

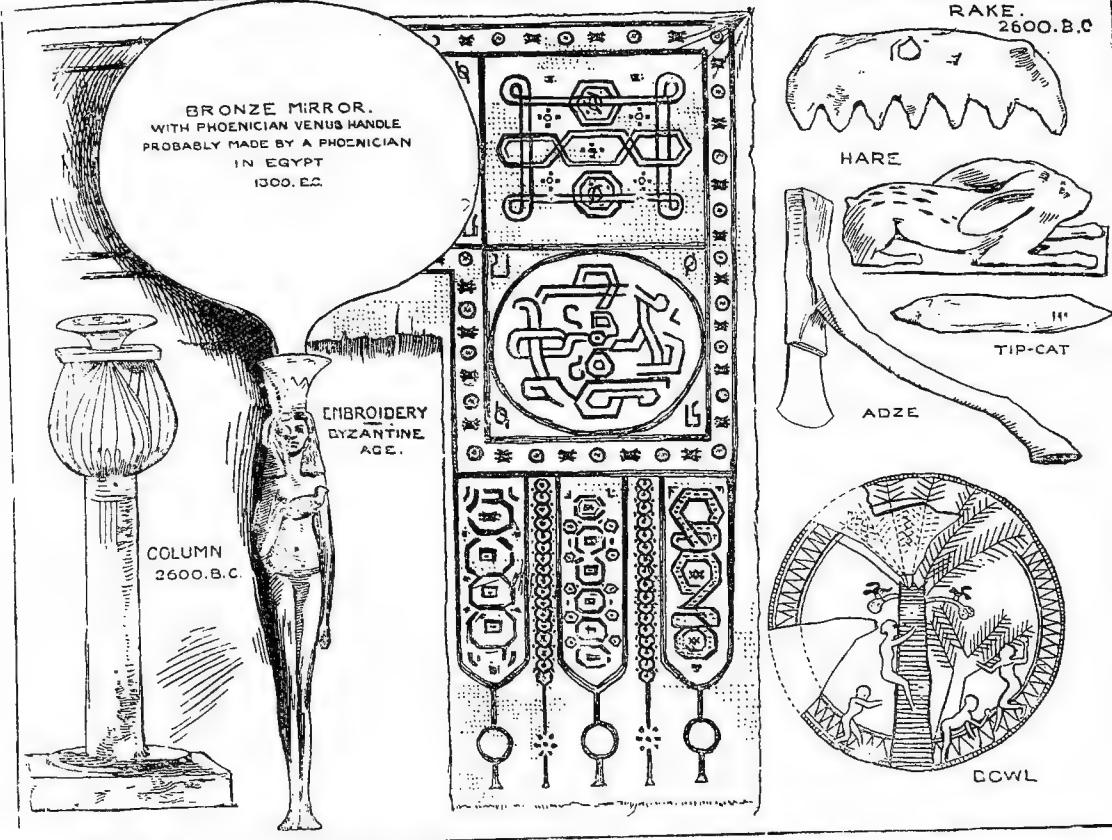
"EXORCISING THE DEVIL" is a favourite remedy with the natives in India, if one of their friends falls ill without any apparent cause. Lately a native was taken ill, when walking home, just outside Bombay, and fell down in the road. He was carried home, and his neighbours came in to exorcise the evil spirit. Two men, who declared that they possessed spirits hostile to the devil, swayed their bodies about violently before the sufferer for some time, uttering mysterious incantations. As the man grew worse, they seized him by his hair and thrashed him vigorously with a thick cane to drive out the malign being. The thrashing, however, only resulted in the man's death. This process is very common throughout the country, and many women in particular have died through the mistaken zeal of their friends.

PARIS EXHIBITION ITEMS.—Though little more than a month remains before the closing day, fresh sections are still being opened.

Thus the Costa Rica Pavilion is only just inaugurated, as though the building has been ready since the early days of the Exhibition, the exhibits have been delayed on the road till now. Minerals, sugar-canies, and different woods—especially mahogany—are the chief objects of note. A Corean Collection has also been opened in the Ethnographical Department at the Trocadéro, gathered together by a French explorer. Wax figures illustrate the Coreans in gala costume; while native ornaments, domestic utensils, ecclesiastical and civil garments, pottery, and fans afford an interesting glimpse of Corean life and habits. Foreign exhibitors are unwilling to take back their wares, or even their buildings; so several of the characteristic national pavilions are being offered for sale. The elegant Finland Pavilion, entirely constructed of wood, will probably be re-erected on some northern plague.

The Government try hard to dispose of the lottery-tickets, and have organised a special body of fascinating feminine vendors to push the sale. Each wears a white silk scarf, with "Tombola" inscribed in gold letters. Up to September 15th the number of admissions reached 17,096,952—nearly nine millions above the corresponding admissions in 1878. The useful Decauville Railway had carried 4,371,181 passengers during the same period—an average of 33,000 daily. Last week the temperature at the summit of the Eiffel Tower was three degrees warmer than at the base. Among the fêtes at the close of the Exhibition, President Carnot will give two grand balls at the Elysée. A Muscovite baron has travelled from Russia to Paris on a small bicycle.

LONDON MORTALITY increased again last week. The deaths numbered 1,267 against 1,236 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 31, although 146 below the average. The death-rate also advanced to 15·2 per 1,000. Scarlet-fever steadily gains ground, and there were 1,171 patients in the London hospitals on Saturday, while the fatalities went up to 25, an increase of 7, yet 17 below the average. Diphtheria also increases, the casualties reaching 44, a rise of 3. There were 73 fatal cases of diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 5), 26 from whooping-cough (a rise of 8), 11 from enteric fever (a fall of 8), 3 from measles (a decline of 7), and 1 from an ill-defined form of fever (a decrease of 1). Deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs declined to 142 from 152, and were 53 below the average. There were 2,344 births registered, a decrease of 88, and 146 below the usual return.



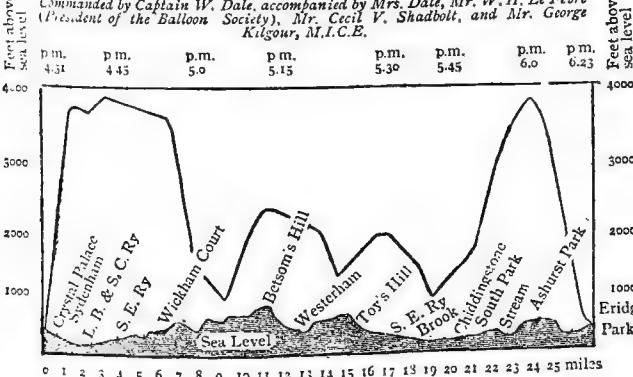
carpenters' tools, there is the handle of an adze, bow-drills mallets, and a beautiful collection of knife and hatchet blades. Special mention must be made of a magnificent bronze mirror mounted in a massive handle of solid ivory carved in the form of a lotus sceptre. Then there are a variety of agricultural implements: hoes in excellent preservation; archaic-looking rake-heads; two grain-scoops; and a splendid specimen of a sickle. Finally, piled about the room, are the clay pots and pans and drinking vessels, the wooden cups and bowls, the clumsy plates and dishes, and the spouted pipkins in which these old-world folk cooked and served their food fifty centuries ago.

The contents of the second and larger room belong to the eighteenth and nineteenth Dynasties, which flourished between the years 1600 and 1300 B.C. These remains were dug from the débris of an ancient town called by the Arabs Tell Gurob. They consist principally of large and beautiful specimens of pottery, interspersed with such small objects as jewellery, ivory carvings, amulets, and scarabs. Round the walls are ranged lids of mummy-cases with sculptured faces.

A FEW IMPRESSIONS OF A FIRST BALLOON ASCENT

I HAD long felt a sneaking fancy to make a balloon ascent, which hardened into a resolve when, on meeting (after many years of separation) my old friend Mr. Le Fevre, the President of the

CHART OF COURSE OF "VICTORIA" BALLOON—CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM, TO ERIDGE PARK, NEAR TUNBRIDGE WELLS, AUGUST 26, 1889



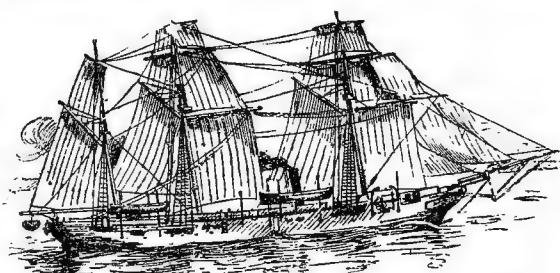
Balloon Society of Great Britain, he made me an offer. A couple of balloons were to ascend from the Crystal Palace, on the occasion of the Foresters' Fête. Accordingly, armed with aneroid, compass, and note book, I found myself at four o'clock, in the lovely afternoon of the 26th ult., on a small enclosed lawn, by the North Tower of the Palace, where were undulating two vast bags of thin varnished Manchester calico, into whose necks hoses, much resembling huge yellow earth worms, were pouring coal gas, at the rate of 30,000 cubic feet per hour. As these bags filled, they assumed the orthodox pear-shape form, "The Eclipse," with a capacity of 27,000, and the "Victoria," of 43,000 cubic feet. Their captains, Brayne and Dale, were directing the labours of some thirty men,

reader, on a lawn near which, hidden by a belt of trees, is a balloon just starting; you see it appear above your sky-line of foliage, and you know it must be ascending; but you and your surroundings similarly appear above the aeronaut's sky-line; he is conscious of no upward movement, and hence the illusion that you, and the country away to the horizon, are rising and hemming him in. The enduring illusion that the earth is concave is equally easy of explanation. In seven minutes we had risen 3,500 feet, getting into a cloud and losing buoyancy a little. Ballast was thrown out, and at 4:43 we were nearly 4,000 feet above sea-level, catching a glimpse of "The Eclipse," higher than ourselves and travelling more rapidly. After passing over West Wickham, Captain Dale opened the valve, which closed to his satisfaction with the correct snap. We now fell quickly, and glad I was, for it is at about 1,000 feet of altitude the earth looks its best, one pretty effect being our shadow gliding over the fields in parallel course. At this height, too, from the perfect stillness around, voices from below are very distinct; and here let me thank those who told us of our whereabouts, and especially that respected Cudhamite who offered us refreshment from a resplendent beer-can. Barking dogs, and crowing cocks, railway whistles, and the circus band at Chiddingstone were also plainly heard. To humanity we were an attraction, hop-pickers stayed their hands, and labourers poured from the kilns with upturned faces; but sheep and cattle were much perturbed, and dashed wildly away. At length, after the ups and downs shown on the chart, we again rose, at 6 P.M., to nearly 4,000 feet above sea level, whence Captain Brayne made a capital descent into Eridge Park, the seat of the Marquis of Abercavenny, where much attention was shown us, and a crowd of willing hands under the direction of Mr. Rust (I believe the head gardener) helped to pack the balloon. We returned from Tunbridge Wells in the same train as "The Victoria," reaching London at 10 P.M. "The Eclipse," I may add, fell safely at Pevensey Bay some 100 yards from the coast, at 7 P.M.

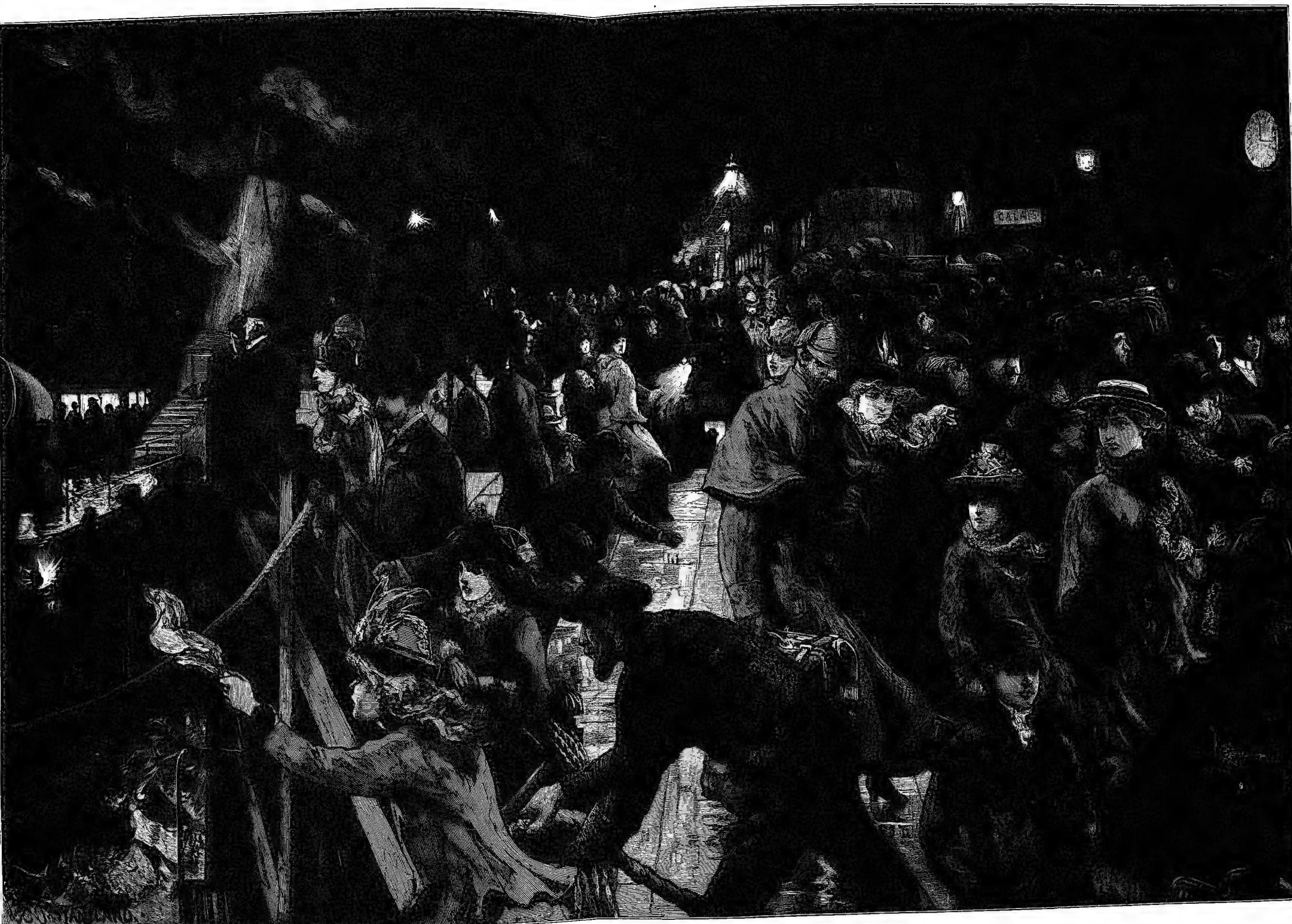
THE LOSS OF H.M.S. "LILY"

SHORTLY before September 20th, H.M. screw gunboat *Lily*, under the command of Captain Sir Baldwin Walker, was, during a terrific storm, driven on the rocks off Amour Point, Forteau Bay, on the Labrador coast of the Straits of Belle

G. K.



Isle. Seven of the crew, including three able and one ordinary seaman, a gunner, a carpenter, and a musician, were drowned through the capsizing of a boat. The survivors were rescued by H.M. cruiser *Emerald*, which conveyed them to Halifax, while H.M.S. *Pylades* proceeded to the scene of the wreck. —Our engraving is from a tracing sent to us by Messrs. Napier, the builders



THE ADMIRALTY PIER AT DOVER—RETURNING FROM THE PARIS EXHIBITION ON A STORMY NIGHT



appropriating them, and the present Maharajah of Ulwar, Mangal Singh, was brought up at that centre of culture the Ajmere Mayo College. Of the interest of the collection there can be no doubt. Mr. Holbein Headley, whose able letterpress adds greatly to the value of the work, calculates its money worth at two millions ; but as probably unique samples of almost extinct arts, some of the objects here figured are invaluable. "Arts follow patronage," says Mr. Headley, "and, if they depend on secret processes, they often wholly die out." Ulwar is rich in temples, tombs, and palaces. The latter are veritable museums of old arms and armour, illuminated MSS., jewellery, jade ornaments, State robes, bandana or "tie and dye" work, &c. The illuminations given in this very handsome volume include portraits of Ulwar chiefs, battles, processions, and scenes from the splendid Ulwar copy of Saadi's "Gulistan;" and these, as well as the other plates, are admirable specimens of Mr. Griggs' chromo-work, the vivid, yet harmonious, colours being reproduced with marvellous exactness.

MINOR NOTICES.—Messrs. Dean and Sons send us "The Amateur's Zoo," by Arthur Patterson, and "Poultry," by Edward Brown, F.L.S. The former comprises particulars on the feeding and general management of the Guinea Pig, Ferret, Hedgehog, and other pet animals; whilst the latter gives a capital account of the varieties, classification, breeding, housing, &c., of poultry. Both books contain useful illustrations.—Major G. F. Morant explains in "Profitable Rabbit-Farming" (L. Upcott Gill) how rabbit-keeping can be carried on so as to realise a profit. The question is thoroughly discussed in this little manual, and all who wish to take up rabbit-farming, either for profit or pleasure, will find the book of much practical value.—Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. have added Francis Galton's "Travels in South Africa" and "Vacation Tours" to the "Minerva Library" of famous books. This volume contains a new map of Ovampoland, and the Appendix brings up the history of Damaraland to a recent date. The biographical introduction is by Mr. G. T. Bettany.—Messrs. G. W. Bacon and Co. send us a copy of their "Bird's-Eye View of the Thames from London to Oxford," including a small guide thereto, giving information relating to locks and lock-dues, angling, distances, tide, current, and some interesting reminiscences of some of the principal towns on the banks of the river. The map is conveniently divided into three sections:—(1) From Oxford to Reading, (2) Sonning to Laleham, (3) Chertsey to London.—Mr. J. Hardmeyer contributes "The Mount Pilatus Railway" (Zurich: Orell Füssli and Co.) to the "Illustrated Europe" Series. This little volume is not only an excellent guide for those who wish to undertake the trip up the Pilatus, but, owing to the many admirable illustrations included in the book, it also forms a delightful souvenir for those who have been fortunate enough to make this ascent.—We have received the third edition of "Rhodes's Steamship Guide and Holidays Afloat" (G. Philip and Son), containing many changes and several additions. The principal new features are a portrait and short biographical sketch of Mr. Thomas Henry Ismay, a leading member of the shipping world, and a directory of the principal passenger steamers.—The September number of "Our Celebrities" (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) includes portraits of Lord C. Beresford, R.N., Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett, and General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby. Mr. Clement Scott contributes the biographical particulars of the last-named "celebrity."—Mr. Paul Murray, 4 and 5, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row, has added "Norway" to his series of Penny Guides.—Another copyright volume has been added to Cassell's National Library, consisting of Professor Palgrave's "Visions of England." This forms the 193rd volume of the library.—Part VIII. of "Celebrities of the Century" (Cassell and Co.) concludes with the name of William Rathbone Greg, and comprises several important and well-known personages. The principal are Frederick III., the late German Emperor, Sir Bartle Frere, W. P. Frith, R.A., J. A. Froude, Harry Furniss, Gambetta, President Garfield, Mrs. Gaskell, James Gilray, W. E. Gladstone, U. S. Grant, Henry Grattan, and G. A. Greely.—"A Cosmopolitan Actor," by Mr. J. B. Howe (Bedford Publishing Company), is an amusing and yet painful record of the earlier struggles and privations of one who now holds an acknowledged position in the actors' world. The *brochure* might with advantage have been amplified—we never tire of hearing stories of the footlights, especially when the narrator has been an intimate friend of G. V. Brooke, Phelps, Chatterton, Edwin Booth, Ira Aldridge, Mrs. Sidney, and other stars of the histrionic firmament. We wish the author and his little book every success.

FASHIONS

FOR the next two months the pleasures of country visiting will be at their height for those of our readers who are fortunate enough to escape from the fogs and greasy pavement of London to the bracing air on the mountain-sides of the North ; albeit, even there they will encounter mists and sharp winds. It is well to be prepared to meet them with warm and appropriate clothing. Given a well-made road, and not too many steep hills, there is no more exhilarating amusement for an autumn morning than a good spin on a tricycle, especially when the costume is easy and comfortable. Serge, tweed, or Vicuna cloth, of a light make, are most suitable for cycling ; all shades of stone or grey are preferable to black or dark colours, as the former do not show the dust and splashes so much as the latter. The plain round skirt should be simply trimmed with half-a-dozen rows of braid, or, better still, a conventional design in stitching ; it is well to have the front breadth a few inches longer than the back, so as to fall well over the knees. Sometimes a striped flannel shirt is worn under a loose jacket ; we prefer a natty single-breasted jacket with a row of buttons, as anything that flaps about in the wind is both ungraceful and uncomfortable. The skirt should only reach mid-calf ; cloth gaiters and a close-fitting cap are *de rigueur*. Sometimes a glazed peak is worn to the cap ; it certainly looks stylish, but is apt to make a ugly red mark on the forehead when worn for any length of time.

make an ugly red mark on the forehead when worn for many hours. A very jaunty costume for a shooting-party recently came from Scotland. It was made of Macduff tartan. The short plain skirt was moderately full; a cutaway jacket, with revers of green velvet, fastened with one button on the breast, a chamois leather waistcoat; green velvet Tam o'Shanter cap, with an eagle's pen; gaiters of chamois leather, with pearl buttons. The more trim and neat the costume, the better for this mountain or covert work. Heather mixtures in soft tweed are worn by veritable sportswomen.

mixtures in soft tweed are worn by veritable sportswomen.

With regard to riding habits, we find Frenchwomen introducing all sorts of variations in the bodice. They complain that the plain habit-jacket is stiff and formal, so they wear the jacket fastened with two or three buttons, and cut away to show a fancy waistcoat; or a bodice crossed on the chest with a plastron buttoned diagonally from the shoulder to the waist. The high hat is worn for state occasions, but the soft felt hat is preferable to it for country wear. Where a veil is required, it should be of silk gauze, in preference to

In preparing for a visit to a shooting-lodge or a country house, one or more tailor-made gowns are indispensable; Angola cloth is much used for them. A serviceable and at the same time stylish costume may be made of rifle green, or navy blue, angola.

in front to show folds of white serge ; a narrow panel of the serge on the right side, straps of blue fastened across it, with dull silver buttons ; cut-away jacket ; white serge waistcoat. A great variety of woollen materials have been brought out this month, in many cases old favourites under a new name. Our readers who like to choose their own materials, and to make them up at home, cannot do better than send for sets of patterns to any of the large manufacturers or firms, from whence they will receive an extensive choice. Stripes, large and small, straight and diagonal, are as much worn as they were last season, made up with plain materials of the same, or a contrasting hue. There are, as yet, no specially new colours. For trimmings, the open-work *applique* embroidery is still in favour ; it is most popular in leather colour upon dark blue, green, black, or brown ; sometimes it is put on in two or three wide bands round the skirt, at others, the front of the skirt is covered half way up, and there are panels of the same, but this style is very heavy to wear.

A very pretty costume for a young girl is made of Gobelins blue fine serge, embroidered in a handsome design two or three shades darker than the foundation; above the hem is the embroidery, about half-a-yard deep; skirt full at the back, with close pleatings on the hips; pointed bodice, with pleatings of soft silk back and front, fastened at the waist with a silk sash. A very wide-brimmed blue felt hat, trimmed with silk and ostrich feather tips.

We were recently invited to view a wedding trousseau, which may serve as a guide to any of our readers who are brides-elect:—The bridal dress was of pure white satin brocade, in a running pattern; long train, bordered with a thick ruche of plain satin. The front of the dress is of plain satin, artistically draped with embroidered lisso from bodice to hem, fastened at intervals with tiny knots of orange-blossom; long and ample tulle veil, with floss-silk embroidery forming a border, and bouquets in the corner. A low bodice accompanied the toilette for evening use—a very economical plan. The bridesmaids' costumes were of pure white Pongee silk, made somewhat in the Directoire style, with trimmings of rich orange silk; the skirts daintily draped—a thick pinked-out ruche of the two shades, the orange toning through with charming effect. The waistcoat and front of the collar were of folded orange silk, which also peeped out of the cuffs, and formed a sash with tasselled ends, knotted gracefully in front. The three elder bridesmaids wore tiny head-gear of white heather (good luck), with orange Alsatian bows. The six children had white Liberty silk hats, with orange knots; for the seniors were posies of yellow and white blossoms, tied with long orange ribbons, which similarly ornamented the baskets carried by the juniors. The travelling dress was of navy-blue cloth, trimmed with black *passementerie* in deep vandykes; skirt simply draped; habit bodice open a little below the throat to show a waistcoat either of white, red, or black *passementerie*, a short double-breasted jacket to match, trimmed with gold cord; blue straw hat, with cornflowers and a poppy-red ribbon bow as a relief in colouring. One of the most elegant toilettes in the trousseau was a dinner-dress of an exquisite shade of salmon-pink, with a long, plain train; a thick ruche was lined with moss-green velvet; a broad band of velvet across the hem in the front. The bodice was cut square, with a Medici collar, glimpses of green velvet showing amongst the folds of the waistcoat, and elbow sleeves, which were put in very high on the shoulders, with puffed epaulettes. A day dress was of terracotta woollen, plain and fancy, with which was to be worn a dainty bonnet of roses nestling among autumn leaves. Amongst the wedding guests at the ceremony were some very pretty dresses of plain Ottoman silk, mostly trimmed with the coffee-coloured vandyke lace which is now so much worn. An effective toilette was of nut-brown silk; the skirt was made in plain full folds; a deep band of the above-named lace veiling the hem in front; the bodice had a lace waistcoat, with a fold of lace crossing from the right shoulder, and a capel edged with lace on the left shoulder; a vandyke of lace was let into the top of the sleeves; moss velvet bonnet, with wing matching the coffee-coloured lace.

This antique lace is invaluable for renovating and refashioning evening dresses.

Terra cotta and brown are to be the leading winter shades. Green is still in favour, although it has been worn so long; at the present season most people have a navy-blue cloth or serge in their wardrobe, which is invaluable for seaside wear or travelling; black *bassementerie* and a white waistcoat freshen them up.

It would be quite a relief to see a plain bodice, as waistcoats are still so universal; they afford so much opportunity for variety in a toilette that they will die hard. Although not of the first fashion, the Directoire style will linger throughout the winter, being so becoming to most figures.

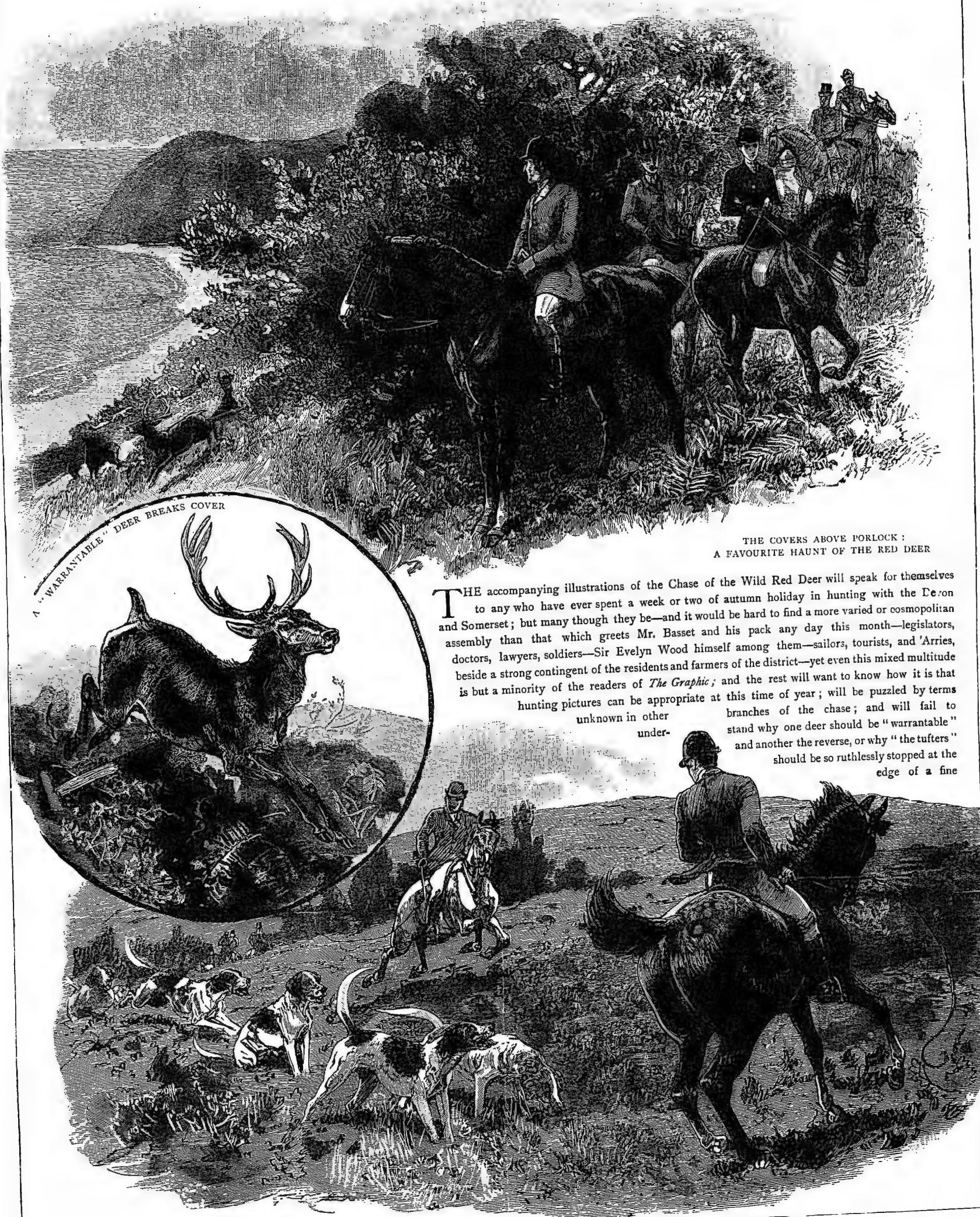


MESSRS. PATEY AND WILLIS.—A group of songs of more than ordinary merit comes from this firm. Three of them are written and composed by Michael Watson, who will be found at his best. "The Spanish Gipsy" is a bright and characteristic song, *alla bolero*, of medium compass. Cheerful, as its name would imply, is "A Song of Sunshine," published in three keys. Lightest and most *pizzante* of the three is "The Willow Copse," a tale of rustic courtship.—"Under Blue Skies" is a simple and taking song, written and composed by Clifton Bingham and Joseph L. Roeckel.—"All In the Wild March Morning," words by William Swanley, music by G. F. Horan, is a love tale of the sea with a tragical ending.—One of the late Mary Mark Lemon's pathetic poems, "Stories," has been pleasingly set to music by A. H. Behrend, published in three keys.—A merry song, which will please wherever it is sung, and is well adapted for a people's concert or a musical reading, is "Three Little Maids of London Town," written and composed by G. C. Bingham and Lovett King.

MESSRS. REID BROTHERS.—A pathetic song is "Mary Queen of Scots," written and composed by G. Hubi Newcombe and Gerard F. Cobb; the sorrows and trials of this ill-fated Queen always arouse deep sympathy.—By the above *collaborateurs* is "Look Before You Leap," an idyll of a lively type, but which contains a good moral; it will take greatly at a country merry-making.—Two songs of the same cheerful type as the above are, "The Silver Sea," written and composed by William Jones, and "Do You?" a ballad, words by Fred Beresford, music by W. H. Jude.—There is spirit and go in "The Amphion March," by H. Hawkins, which is arranged both for the pianoforte and the organ.—"Salamanca," a Spanish waltz, by William A. Bettridge, has already made a favourable impression; it is arranged for the pianoforte, the orchestra, and as a septett.—"Our Children's Polka," by Fritz Seume, is singable as well as danceable. Some of our readers have doubtless come across Mr. and Mrs. Warwick Gray's Juvenile Opera Company, for which this pretty vocal polka was composed; two dainty little maidens with skipping-ropes adorn the frontispiece.—"The Union Jack Polka," by F. Beauchamp, is a very commonplace composition,

MESSRS. AGATE AND CO.—“Dorina,” a graceful dance for the pianoforte, by Michael Watson, is worthy of its name; it should be learnt by heart, and will be found useful for after-dinner execution.—“Summer Twilight,” a waltz, by Sybil Palliser, cannot lay claim

The Chase of the Wild Red Deer on Exmoor



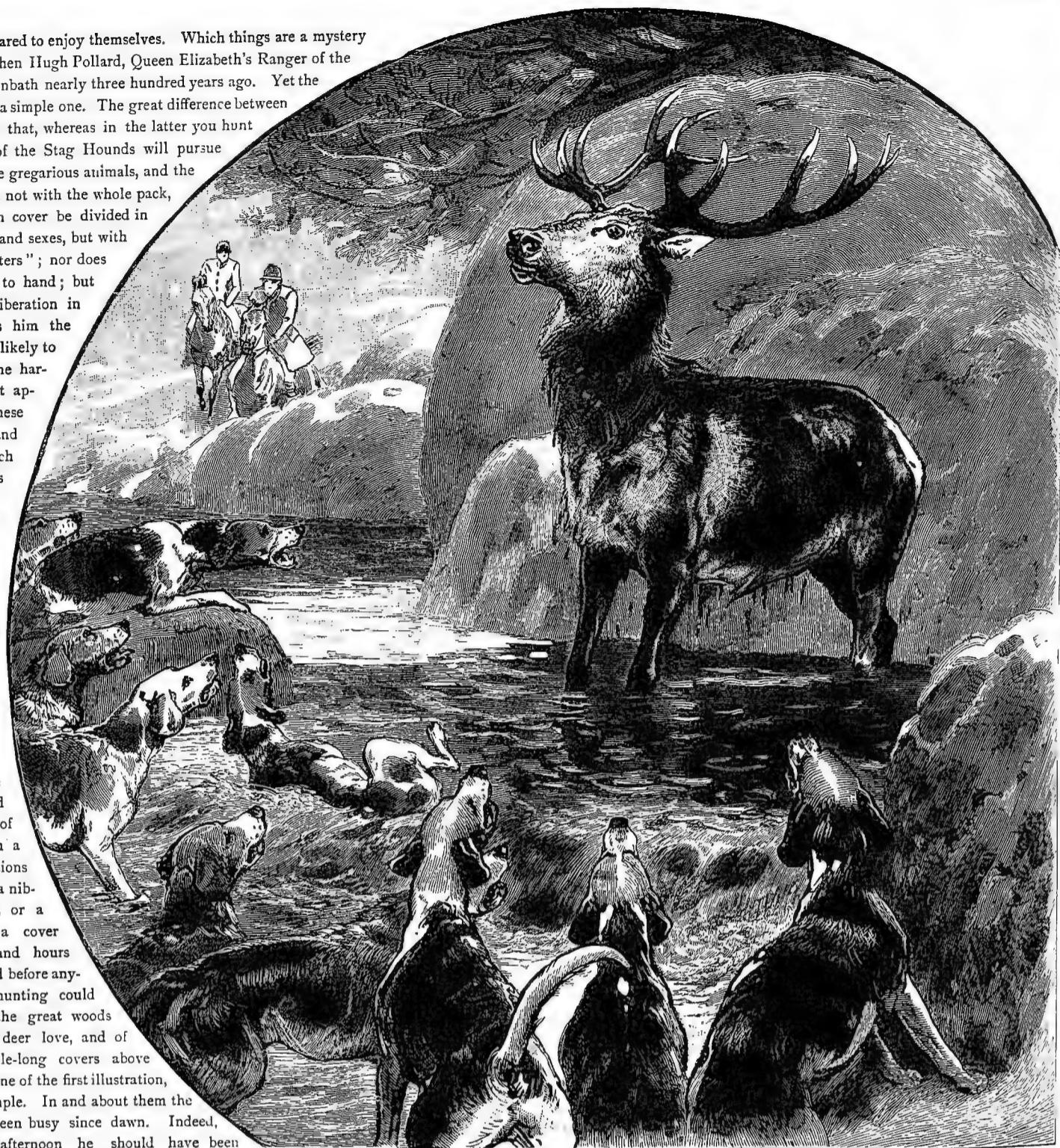
THE COVERS ABOVE PORLOCK :
A FAVOURITE HAUNT OF THE RED DEER

THE accompanying illustrations of the Chase of the Wild Red Deer will speak for themselves to any who have ever spent a week or two of autumn holiday in hunting with the Devon and Somerset; but many though they be—and it would be hard to find a more varied or cosmopolitan assembly than that which greets Mr. Basset and his pack any day this month—legislators, doctors, lawyers, soldiers—Sir Evelyn Wood himself among them—sailors, tourists, and 'Arries, beside a strong contingent of the residents and farmers of the district—yet even this mixed multitude is but a minority of the readers of *The Graphic*; and the rest will want to know how it is that hunting pictures can be appropriate at this time of year; will be puzzled by terms unknown in other branches of the chase; and will fail to stand why one deer should be "warrantable" and another the reverse, or why "the tufters" under-

should be so ruthlessly stopped at the edge of a fine

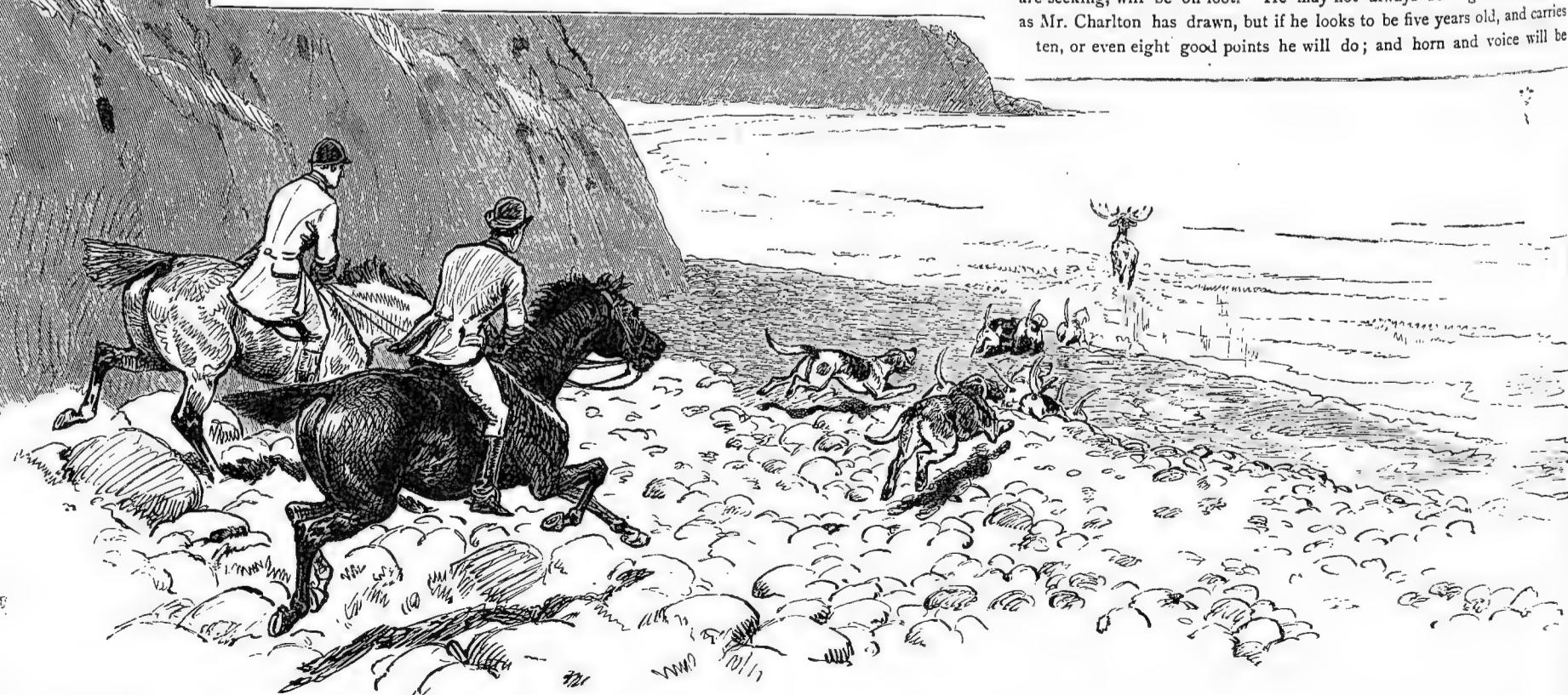
piece of open country, just as the field seem prepared to enjoy themselves. Which things are a mystery to the uninitiated, and have been since the days when Hugh Pollard, Queen Elizabeth's Ranger of the Forest of Exmoor, kept the Stag-hounds at Simonbath nearly three hundred years ago. Yet the explanation, like that of many other mysteries, is a simple one. The great difference between stag-hunting and fox-hunting or hare-hunting is that, whereas in the latter you hunt the first fox or hare you can find, the Master of the Stag Hounds will pursue none but a "warrantable" deer; and as deer are gregarious animals, and the woodlands of the district are enormous, he draws, not with the whole pack, which might before they had been half-an-hour in cover be divided in pursuit of half-a-dozen different deer of all ages and sexes, but with four or five couple of selected hounds, called "tufters"; nor does he throw these into the first cover that comes to hand; but rather seeks his game with great care and deliberation in the special one where the "harbourer" tells him the

right animal is likely to be found. The harbourer does not appear in these sketches, and there is not much either in his outward appearance or in the routine of his work to supply subjects for an artist's pencil; yet is his office a most important one, and without his skill, his minute knowledge of woodcraft and his power of reading as from a book the indications given him by a nibbled ash-shoot, or a footprint in a cover path, hours and hours might be wasted before anything worth hunting could be roused in the great woods which the red deer love, and of which the mile-long covers above Porlock, the scene of the first illustration, are a good example. In and about them the harbourer has been busy since dawn. Indeed, the previous afternoon he should have been round to examine the fields where deer have been feeding and the fences they have jumped between them and the wood. He may have been fortunate enough to find where a good stag has made his breakfast, and gone back alone to his bed in some leafy combe; or heavy rain or dry ground may either of them have made his skill in slotting of no avail, and the best report he can bring to the Meet may be that a good stag has been "using" in the cover, but he cannot say exactly in what part of it he is, while there are hinds and young things there as well. In either case the pack will be shut up at some convenient spot, probably in the barn or stable of a friendly farmer, and a few



A BEATEN STAG AT BAY IN A STREAM

couples will be taken out as "tufters" to draw the cover. All is eagerness among the hounds when the huntsman opens the door to draft them out; for the tufters are not animals *sui generis*, they are simply hounds that can be depended on to draw and to speak to a line in cover, and most of the pack take their turn at it in the course of the season; though, as the work is very hard, hounds of strong constitution, which are likewise well under control, are the most usually selected. With these the huntsman betakes himself to the cover, and time after time he may be plagued and the field disappointed by hinds and young deer; but, sooner or later, if the harbourer has done his work faithfully, the rattle of horns will be heard in the oak coppice, a quick eye will detect the movement among the bushes of a great red body, too big and too dark for a hind, and the stag, the warrantable deer, for whom we are seeking, will be on foot. He may not always be so grand an animal as Mr. Charlton has drawn, but if he looks to be five years old, and carries ten, or even eight good points he will do; and horn and voice will be



TOWARDS THE END OF THE CHASE : A STAG TAKES TO THE SEA



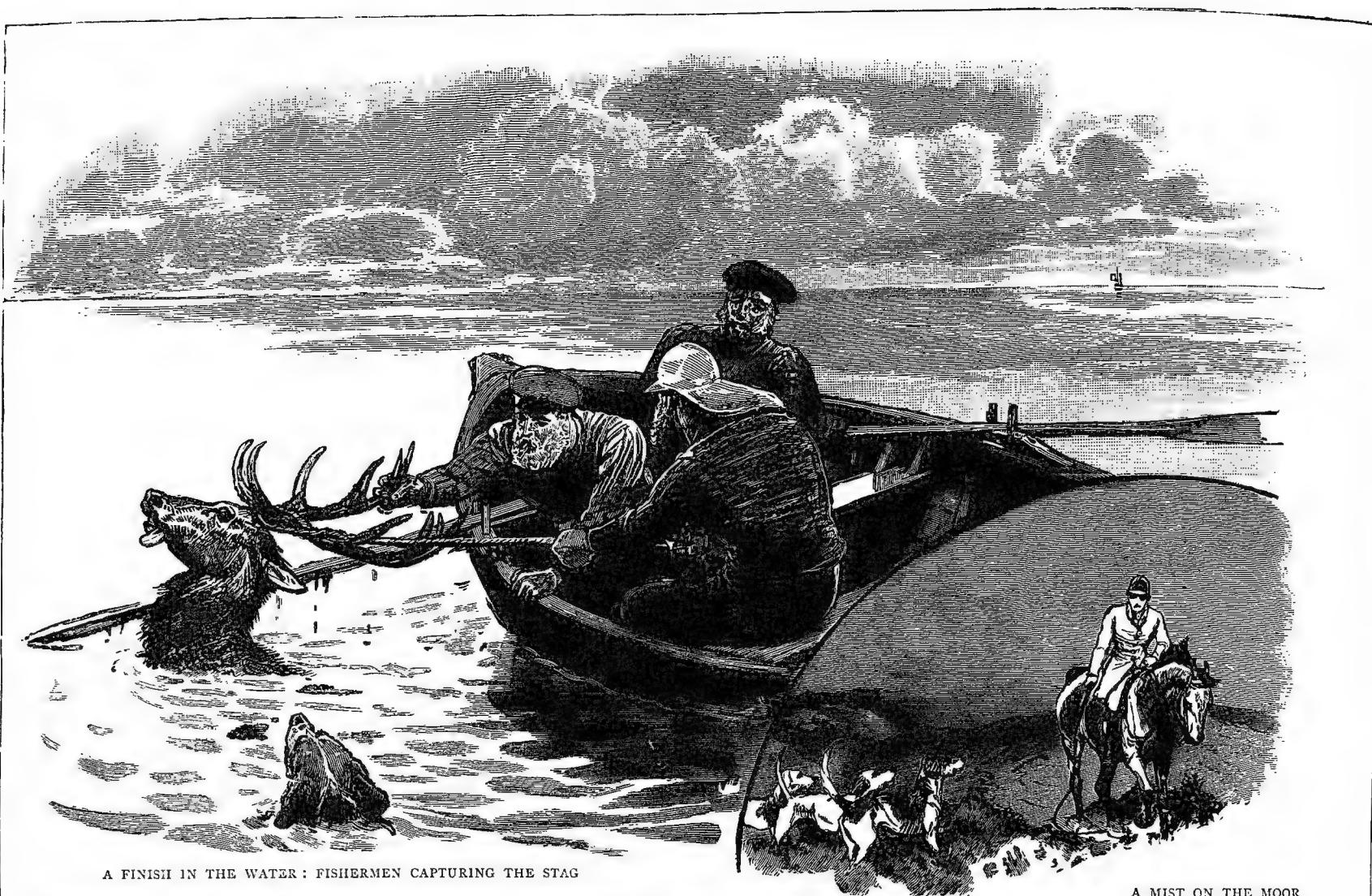
raised to cheer all the tufters upon his tracks.

The stranger may theretupon tighten his girths and cram his hat down on his head preparatory for the gallop he has come so far to see—but the time may not be yet. An old stag will often beat a cover for an hour or more, seeking either to rouse a substitute or to evade his pursuers; and sometimes will do this so persistently that the pack has to be laid on in the woodland. But generally, sooner or later, the tufters will force him to break and seek refuge elsewhere; and then they are stopped as soon as possible in order that the pack may be brought up and laid on. With some hounds this is an easy task; that one sitting down in the picture is evidently an old hand, and knows that twenty couple will kill a deer sooner than five—but the one in front is of a different opinion. He has got his lead, and he thinks it hard he should not keep it, and is only restrained by the threat of whipcord. Yet he will not generally have to wait long, for the huntsman hearing the glad holla of "Gone away," and knowing instinctively that some one will be in the right place to stop the tufters, has galloped off to make his report to the master and bring up the rest of the pack. Then he draws them across the line—an electric shock seems to pass through them, and away they dash with a whimper; the great twenty-five-inch dog-hounds striding over the heather and rough grass at a pace which soon makes any but a well-bred horse, in real condition, look foolish.

Though staghounds are simply big foxhounds, yet, owing to some peculiarity in the scent of the nobler animal, they nearly always run in single file instead of carrying a head. The field with a wholesome, if exaggerated fear of wet places and pitfalls, generally adopt the same formation. On Exmoor, as elsewhere, there are various methods of riding to hounds. There are those who, as soon as they see a deer, gallop after him, as though they would examine his teeth. This does not last long, though a little of it is often enough to do irreparable mischief. Again, there are those who do their best to keep near the pack all day in sportsmanlike fashion. Even for the best-mounted man this is not always practicable, for hounds have a terrible

John Charlton

A STRAIGHT FAST RUN ON THE OPEN MOOR NEAR DUNKERY BEACON



A FINISH IN THE WATER : FISHERMEN CAPTURING THE STAG

A MIST ON THE MOOR

advantage over horses in crossing deep ground, or in ascending a long, steep hill ; but it is possible for those who combine knowledge of the country with keen eyesight and experience of the sport. And there is nothing like it if your horse is good enough ; but it may be doubted whether the enjoyment of the few who do it successfully is greater than that of the cunning band who, now watching, now waiting, gathering a hint now from a startled pony, and again from a frightened bird, ride with judgment from point to point ; and often succeed, from some post of vantage, in seeing deer-hounds and field at once passing along the opposite hillside; and finally cut in with the hounds when the deer is sinking, with horses comparatively fresh, far ahead of many of those who have been conscientiously riding the line, without seeing anything more than an occasional tail-hound. Yet if hounds run fast and straight over the wide space of open moor that stretches from Dunkery Beacon to the source of the Exe, it is no use riding to points. You must get after them as well as you can, and trust, if you fall behind, to a check at some water to catch them up. In England, as in Palestine, "the hart desireth the water-brooks," and it is seldom indeed that a deer is brought to hand without a check on some river or stream making it necessary for the huntsman to use all his skill and woodcraft ; for the running water carries no scent, and the deer will sometimes go quite long distances up or down, wading and swimming, without touching either bank. For those who love either scenery or hounds, there are few prettier sights than a cast down or up one of the moorland streams ; the huntsman trots along with a watchful eye on every boulder and patch of shingle, where a splash of water may show sign of the deer having passed. Some of the hounds take one side, some the other, while others again make their

though in the act of tossing an adversary, but Mr. Charlton's picture is true to nature—the beaten stag stands with his mouth shut and his head erect, and only lowers his antlers to make lightning-like stabs at any hound that may come too near. Hounds get hurt not unfrequently, but on the whole they suffer much less from the horns of the deer than from the horses of the field, for every effort is always made to secure the stag and despatch him with as little delay as possible. A finish in the water is much more satisfactory than one in the sea, though the latter is not uncommon. It is pretty in fine weather to stand on the cliffs and see deer and hounds swimming below, and sometimes there is an exciting race between the boat despatched by the master and the piratical craft of a passing coaster ; but there is nothing romantic in seeing a deer hauled ignominiously into a boat, and if it is blowing a westerly gale, with storms of rain, as it often does in the winter, it is wretched work waiting for the fishermen to do their part,



DEATH OF A STAG ON THE BEACH

way in the bed of the stream, sniffing every rock, and even rearing up on their hind legs to wind the overhanging bushes which the deer may have touched as he went by.

Presently the stag will be fresh found in some pool, or they will hit the line where he has gone out ; but in either case, unless he saves himself by getting among fresh deer, the day will generally end with one or other of the scenes shown in the illustration. The received idea of a stag at bay is that he should be drawn with his head down, as

for the chase of the wild red deer is not merely a fine-weather amusement. When the stag season is over hind-hunting begins, and there are scarcely three months in the year when hounds and horn may not be heard on Exmoor. The hinds show even better runs than the stags, though the weather in the winter is often very wild, and fog sometimes joins with frost to keep the hounds idle and bring days otherwise hopeful of sport to an untimely end.

ON A CAR AMONG THE BOGS

"I am sure, now, that Paris is a very nice spot," said our driver, in a pensive meditative tone, and the quaint incongruity of his epithet seemed to be heightened by the fact that he made the remark in the middle of the wildest bog between Letterfrack and Leenane. Far and wide around us stretched the level expanse—neither green, brown, nor purple, but bog-colour, which is an indescribable mingling of all three, diversified here and there by pyramidal black turf-stacks, by patches over-whitened with the silken-tufted bog-cotton, and by the steel-blue gleam of some distant lough. The prospect was bounded in all directions by ranges of dark fantastically-shaped mountains, and no human habitations were to be seen; upon the whole, one could scarcely have imagined a sharper contrast to that "nice spot," Paris. Our driver, a northerner from Ballymena, was a youth of aspiring mind, divinely discontented with his rural surroundings; one of his grievances being that he, though a Presbyterian, was often obliged in the course of his duties to drive Catholics to Mass. All his wishes pointed towards a town-situation, and hence, perhaps, the curiosity which he showed about the chief cities at home and abroad; but his speculations touching the French capital were here cut short by the conduct of his horse, who very suddenly wheeled round, and began to trot homewards with an almost overdone air of innocent unconcern.

"Sure she'll go quite and contint the length of the day after that," he said, confidently, when the grey mare had been induced by mingled blandishment and invective to resume her journey in the desired direction; and his prophecy was fulfilled.

The car-horses of Galway are, as a rule, a worthy race—not handsome, but endowed with great going and staying powers, and very good tempers; in the latter point, strangely enough, differing from their Mayonian neighbours, who frequently indulge in a disconcerting habit of standing on their hind legs and screaming when requested to make a start. Their merits are, moreover, generally recognised by their drivers, who treat them with much kindness and consideration, no small addition to the comfort of any traveller whose impedimenta may comprise "some certain dregs of conscience."

As for the cars themselves, although the history of their evolution is lost among the ages, there can be little doubt that they are vehicularly a survival of the fittest. There is certainly something about them peculiarly appropriate both to the country and the people; something of the happy-go-lucky, makeshift element which is congenial to every true-born Irishman. They can be driven in so many different ways—from the front, from the side, with one seat folded in, with most heterogeneous baggage piled up and slung on in all manner of unexpected places; and they can be made to carry, upon occasion, such an indefinite number of persons. They are also light-running, and, when properly balanced, not easily upset. (These remarks apply to the small private cars; the public "long cars" are more formal and less rapid conveyances, having the disadvantage of affording the traveller a very lopsided-view of the landscape through which he passes, as the lofty heap of luggage, which usually rises between the two rows of *dos-à-dos* seats, will prevent him from looking behind him.) It is true, that only long use and wont enable us thoroughly to enjoy an outside car upon a rough or deep-rutted road, since we should otherwise be distracted, like Xenophon's cavalry, with "fearing the to-fall-off." But this drawback need not be apprehended in Connemara, where the roads, mainly of military origin, are remarkably good and smooth.

The patron of outside cars must, of course, be prepared to take, with approximately equal thanks, his portions of moist and dry—shall the annual rainfall abate its inches if he pass by? It is, indeed, a popular fallacy to suppose that in the West of Ireland the moist will inevitably preponderate; for the summers there are not seldom beautifully fine. Still, it cannot be denied that Western wet weather is very wet, the climate not favouring those half measures which the inhabitant calls "neither raining nor letting it alone." It can, however, be affirmed that the violent downpours which occur are often quite as sudden and quick in departure as in approach, and likewise exceedingly limited in their area; so that a pleasant excitement may sometimes be lent to a drive by following, always through clear sunshine, in the wake of the last cloud of an expiring storm, and tracing its progress under triumphal arches of rainbow and over carpets of trailing purple shadow, until we reach a place where the stones are still glistering, and where the puddles must have been dancing a minute before, yet without ourselves encountering the slightest sprinkle of the capricious shower. Similarly it may befall us to flee in front of a menacing murkiness lumbering up behind, while we watch the slate-coloured mist-streaks blotting out the hillsides nearer and nearer, and calculate chances of getting under cover before the drops began to drum, myriad-fingered, upon our umbrellas. Another extenuating circumstance, albeit one that affects rather the journeyer upon foot than upon wheels, is the marvellous rapidity with which the roads dry up after a fall of rain. In one of his epigrams, Goethe accurately describes what takes place at such times on a Connemarese highway:—"When the heavens," he says, "open and rain, the water trickles alike over rocks and grass, over walls and trees. When the sun returneth, then the benefit evaporateth from the stone;" and in the composition of these roads, "the stone" predominates sufficiently to render the dispersion of that somewhat doubtful benefit a short and simple process. The moral which the poet draws is, that "Only the living holds fast gifts of the Immortals;" but no one who has plodded day after day through the slowly-stiffening stickiness of a clay-soiled district—not to take the extreme instance of a red-mired Devonian lane—will be disposed to quarrel with the inanimate nature of the Western thoroughfares.

No need any one fear lest this excellence of the roads, while permitting us to contemplate the wild beauties of Nature untroubled by those jerks and jolts which too commonly attend that pursuit, may at the same time detract something from their charm by introducing a sophisticated element into the scene. For, on the contrary, that thin white line of civilisation drawn through the surrounding savagery does but heighten the effect of the latter with a contrast piquant, yet unobtrusive. All vestiges of commonplace

look like coarse lace-work when seen against a strong light upon the ridges. But they are often replaced by hedges whose like will seldom be found in our latitudes, as they consist of tall fuchsias, ablaze with sheets of brilliant blossom. The scarlet tassels have an outlandish, not to say tropical, air, as they droop to embower a pigsty, or to mingle with the brambles and thorns which we are accustomed to see surmounting our ditches.

Stranger boundaries than these, however, are frequently to be observed in the immediate vicinity of some wayside cabin, the occupiers of which must, one would think, devote considerable search to the collection of not obviously appropriate materials. We have passed by fences constructed of old tin canisters, pots, kettles, hampers, packing-cases, broken chairs and tables, churns, dilapidated wheelbarrows, and even fragmentary cars, with a variety of other ingredients too miscellaneous for exhaustive enumeration. On the way from Letterfrack to Renyke we were rather taken with an example of this ingenuity in the shape of a large cartwheel set up between two stone posts, and converted into a gate. The mingled originality and simplicity of the device struck us as quaintly, and not unhappily, conceived.

But the cabins themselves, often chimneyless, and sometimes windowless, abode, with their poor little "praties" patches, or boulder-encumbered fields, sparsely filled over with the stunted stalks of weather-beaten grain—the most joyful of laughing philosophers could hardly find any theme for mirth in their aspect; if he did so, there would surely be a grimness in his jests and a ghastliness in his smiles. And his weeping friend would perhaps derive his chief consolation from the fact that the pretty children who run out of these dark doors, though complexly and intricately ragged, look neither hungry nor dirty, their general appearance and demeanour tending to justify the opinion of those people who reckon as not the least among Paddy's virtues his habitual kindness to "the ould folks an' the childher."

O. B.

THE HOUSE SPARROW

WERE it not for the serious interests involved, the recent history of the sparrow would almost be diverting. From the time when Catullus lamented the death of Lesbia's pet up to now, the common little bird, whether leading a sooty existence "on the house-top lonely" or out in the open, has inspired a certain semi-contemptuous affection, a diminished form of the feeling that made Burns turn the weeder-clips aside and spare the thistle. It has always been associated in the mind of the English and Scotch colonist with home. Far away in Australia and New Zealand, as well as in America, the exiled European used forty years ago to long in vain for the sound of its cheerful chirp and a sight of its familiar feathers. Indeed, this patriotism went so far that a vast amount of energy was expended in order to acclimatise it—the amateur naturalist little dreaming of the plague it promised to become. During the thirty years intervening between 1831 and 1881, no fewer than sixteen attempts were made in as many different places to introduce the bird to the States. Nor was sentiment the only motive at work. It was vigorously asserted that the sparrow was a faithful ally of the farmer, and a wholesale devourer of insects. For a length of time the experiment proved an utter failure, but in 1852 the Brooklyn Institute took the matter up, a Committee was formed, and over forty pounds subscribed to induce the sparrows to emigrate. Probably encouraged by such an overflow of kindness, this time they settled down in real earnest to the work of colonisation. As soon as a few of them became accustomed to the climate, they built nests and spread and multiplied over the face of the earth, until, in the words of a recent official Agricultural Report, they, in 1886, occupied an area of 886,000 square miles, and were still increasing. From Maine to Kansas the sparrow holds the field, in Salt Lake City it consorts with the Mormons, it flutters round the home of the copper-miner in Arizona, and it is familiar among the ranches of Mexico. Ornithological history does not record any other such swift multiplication as that of the sparrow between 1875 and the present time. One of the most curious things about it is that once it gets established in a foreign land it adapts itself with wonderful rapidity alike to extremes of heat and cold. And it is one of those birds which are not easily flurried by an accident. It will go to sleep in an empty railway carriage, to be transported hundreds of miles without visible discomposure. Unlike birds which have well-marked haunts, the sparrow makes no attempt at housing. It settles quietly where the train stops, and establishes a colony there. To this habit New Brunswick owes its present wealth of sparrows.

The development of such an abnormal aptitude for reproduction has had the effect of entirely changing the attitude of the public towards the sparrow. Whereas, a few years ago, it was cheaper to import the bird from England than to buy it in New York, a reward is paid for their destruction. For it has been proved beyond question that, far from being a friend of the farmer, the sparrow is his bitter enemy. Indeed, there is no longer any doubt of that, even at home, where gardeners and farmers complain of an increase almost as noteworthy as that in America.

The farmers of the North of England have combined to pay the destroyers of their eggs, and the necessity for a similar organisation in the Midlands has been mooted. Where they are in large numbers, there is scarcely any limit to the mischief they are capable of doing; and men who are not prone to exaggerate declare that on the headlands, which are in proximity to such cover as a thick hedge, the crop is frequently reduced to the extent of fifty per cent. Their breeding season is over just before the corn begins to grow yellow, and brood joins to brood till the flock is numerable by thousands. When disturbed in one part, they remove to another; and, although a tremendous slaughter may sometimes be accomplished by a wide-muzzled gun charged with sparrow-drift, they soon get too artful to expose themselves to many shots of that kind, the old cocks giving the alarm as soon as an approach is made.

In Great Britain the increase seems to be due to two causes. Although the sparrow is not included in the schedule of the Wild Birds Protection Act, it shares indirectly in the immunity provided by that measure, as country people who have never seen the Act commonly interpret "wild birds" as meaning all wild birds. Secondly, in the days anterior to the issue of gun-licences, cottagers reduced the number to protect their own little gardens; and there were plenty of humble sportsmen ready, for the fun of the thing, to shoot them for the farmer. Besides, sparrow-shooting from traps was the ordinary rural sport of holidays. Then, again, facilities for their breeding are enlarged by the gradual depopulation of the remote districts.

It is not in the fields alone, however, that the sparrows are mischievous. The gardener has even more reason than the farmer to desire, if not their extermination, at all events a diminution of their number. During early spring they seem to have a special liking for the tender young vegetables, and pull them up immediately they thrust their first shoots through the mould—peas, lettuces, cabbage plants, and beets being especial favourites. They also play havoc with the fruit-trees, and delight to nip the buds of gooseberry bushes, peach and pear trees. Indeed, they are naturally so restless that, if they have nothing else to do, and are not hungry, a flock will destroy fruit or vegetables apparently for mere amusement.

In California they are charged with an offence even more dire. They do so much harm to the vines in the grape-growing districts, that, we are told, "unless steps are taken to wipe out the pest at the earliest possible moment, the result probably will entail a loss to the State of many thousands, if not millions, of dollars."

Nor can it be said that the case against the sparrow rests on indefinite evidence or careless observation. Some time ago Professor Riley examined the crops of 522 birds sent to the American Department of Agriculture; and, as a consequence, found nothing whatever to say for them. In only 47 did he find noxious insects, while useful insects were found in 70, and harmless insects in 31; but 327 had been dining off oats, 71 on maize, 57 on fruit, and 219 had "undetermined vegetable matter" in their stomachs. Nor is that all. While the examination was going on, America was suffering from a number of baleful insect pests, with none of which did the sparrow seem to have interfered—not elm-leaf beetle, no bagworm, no hissoch-moth had formed part of their food. The case against the sparrow in America seems to be, therefore, that it exacts a maximum of wages for a minimum of useful work. Not only so, but it attacks the nests of the swallow, and is blamed for the diminution of this beautiful and unquestionably insectivorous bird in the United States.

The consequence of all this is that there is a call to arms, and every imaginable device is to be put in motion to drive this terrible pest away from the States. But before gun, trap, and poison can do this work it is evident that the legislative gear must be set right. An amusing accompaniment to the swift change which has come over the attitude of Americans to the sparrow is that, simultaneously with Acts in Michigan and Massachusetts rewarding those who kill sparrows, there are in operation in other States enactments making it penal to do so. But it may be assumed that these will now be regarded as dead letter, and that there will be a general approximation to that enactment passed in 1886 in New York State, by which "it shall be considered a misdemeanour to give food or shelter" to our dear little friend of the housetops.

P. A. G.

OLD CLUBS

"MAN," wrote Addison, in an early number of the *Spectator*, "is said to be a sociable animal, and as an instance of it we may observe that we take all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies which are commonly known by the name of clubs." In this passage we see the modern club in its embryonic stage. A number of men, or of "good fellows," according to the happy definition of Dr. Johnson, "finding themselves in agreement on this or that particular point, established themselves," as the *Spectator* puts it, "into a kind of fraternity," and met "once or twice a week upon the account of such a fantastic resemblance." Those were the days when the coffee-house and the tavern played a large part in general English life, and when, lacking the many social outlets which we of a later generation enjoy, it is to be feared in a somewhat unthankful spirit, men were accustomed, after a fashion not unlike that which prevails so widely on the continent to-day, to make these places of public resort the scenes of friendly meetings of the most diverse character. Over their chocolate or their ale they wrangled about politics, gossiped over love-adventures, discussed the latest topics of the town, exchanged opinions on art, and literature, and the play, and even, upon occasion, snored in concert. Thus it was that the club of modern days took its rise within the coffee-house and the tavern; and it was not until after it had long remained an essential and integral part of those popular establishments that it gradually freed itself from them, and began existence on its own account.

Among the various little associations of this character which arose and took shape in the way described, one of the earliest—certainly the very earliest which merits attention—was the Bread Street, or Friday Street, Club, better known to literary history from its connection with the famous Mermaid Tavern. It was originated by Sir Walter Raleigh, and included upon its roll of membership such bright particular stars as Selden, prince of table-talkers; Donne, theologian and poet; the immortal brother-dramatists Beaumont and Fletcher; and even Will Shakespeare himself. What mark must theirs have been over their flowing flagons of "full Mermaid wine!" Well might Beaumont recall the "nimble" jests of such boon-companions! and well might Keats exclaim—

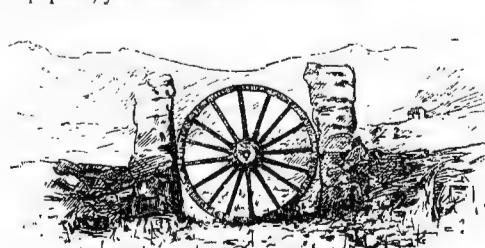
Shades of poets dead and gone,
What elysium have ye known—
Happy field or mossy cavern—
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern!

The example thus set was very speedily and very generally followed in other directions, and clubs of various aims and widely differing characteristics made their appearance one by one here and there about the metropolis. But it was not until after the Restoration that the club became, in Transatlantic phrase, an "institution." It was, indeed, only as the years of the eighteenth century passed on, bringing with them the many changes by which that age was marked, that the club acquired any degree of importance, or made its influence at all distinctly felt in the life and spirit of the time.

During this period there flourished many of the clubs which have acquired something like celebrity in social, literary, and political history. There was the Brothers' Club, which reckoned Swift and Bolingbroke among its members; the Scriblerus Club, to which belonged Swift, Arbuthnot, and Pope; the first Beef-Steak Club, in which the famous actress, Peg Woffington, enjoyed the two-fold privilege of being at once President and the only lady member; and, later on, another club of the same name, which was composed of many of the most celebrated wits of the age. Even more prominent than these were the October Club and the Calves' Head, both political institutions—the former of high Tory character, the latter having distinctly Jacobin tendencies.

But the most famous of all these old-time clubs was undoubtedly the Kit-Cat. This somewhat singular title has been interpreted in various ways. According to Defoe, it was derived from the name of the owner of the house in which the meetings of the club were originally held—one Christopher Cat or Catt—a pastrycook, doing business in Shire Lane, which formerly ran parallel to Chancery Lane, on the west side of Temple Bar. The *Spectator*, on the other hand, traces the word to the Kit-Cat pies, which, it is alleged, formed the favourite dish of the members. Another authority, again, states that the meeting-place was at one time at a tavern in Gray's Inn, called the Cat and Fiddle, and kept by a person of the name of Christopher, or Kit. Amidst such varying opinions it is not easy to come to a decision, though some little appearance of probability is certainly given to the pie-theory by a verse running—"Their drink was generous wine, and Kit-Cat pies their meat," which is to be found in a poem called "The Kit-Cats," written by the poet-laureate of the club, Sir R. Blackmore. Be this as it may, the club in its halcyon days seems to have been located at the Fountain Tavern, in the Strand, though in summer-time it migrated to the sign of the Upper Flask, on Hampstead Heath. The club consisted of nine-and-thirty—not knights of fame, as in Scott's poem, but—noblemen, gentlemen, painters, politicians, and men of letters, all friends of the Hanoverian Succession. It was founded in the reign of James II., and was dissolved about the year 1720. Its list of members included such names as those of the Duke of Marlborough, Lords Halifax and Somers, Sir Robert Walpole, Vanbrugh, Congreve, Steele, and Addison.

The club is now remembered principally for two things—it's famous toasts, and the style of portraiture to which it has given its name. The latter characteristic was struck out in rather a singular way. The members, desirous of showing their respect to Jacob Tonson, their secretary, had their portraits painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, who was himself a member, and the whole collection



A CONNEMARESE GATE

or conventionality stop short at the very fences on either hand. These are for the most part composed of low stone walls, the raw material of which is strewed abundantly—superabundantly—over the unproductive fields; they are so loosely put together that they

Mountain where the
eruption began



Point to which the mud-stream extended

GREAT ERUPTION OF MUD AT KANTZORIK, NEAR ERZEROUM, ASIA MINOR

BY WHICH THE VILLAGE WAS OVERWHELMED AND TWO THIRDS OF THE INHABITANTS KILLED

The white cross marks the site of the submerged village

was presented to Tonson. As it happened, Tonson's room at Barn Elms was not lofty enough to allow of the pictures being of the ordinary size, and special canvases (36 in. by 28 in.) were used by the painter expressly to meet the requirements. Hence arose the three-quarter length portrait, which will hand down to future generations the name of this once celebrated old club.

W. H. H.

VOLCANIC ERUPTION AT KANTZORIK

THE village of Kantzorik is (or was) situated in a narrow valley over 5,000 feet above the sea-level, about 40 miles from the Armenian town of Erzeroum, in Asia Minor. For some time past the inhabitants heard subterranean noises. These noises, and the sudden alterations in the springs which had their rise in a high mountain on the west side of the valley, warned the inhabitants that a volcanic eruption was at hand. But, like the people of Johnstown before the recent fatal flood, they would not be warned in time. On August 2nd, at midday, a great noise was heard, a great part of the mountain separated itself from the main bulk, a torrent of liquid mud poured forth upon the village, completely covering it, and burying one hundred and thirty-six men, women, and children. The cross upon our engraving shows where the village formerly stood. The survivors declare that at the time of the eruption there was a torrent of red mud, which gave the idea that it was on fire. Succour was immediately sent to the survivors, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages which appeared to be menaced were warned to hold themselves in readiness for flight.

M. F. M. Corpi was immediately despatched by the Government to make a report upon the geological changes which had accompanied the eruption. Eight days afterwards he arrived at the scene of the catastrophe. Going from Nikhakh towards Kantzorik, M.

Corpi was surprised to see a great number of round balls, from six to twelve inches in diameter, formed of calcined fragments, cemented by a cinderous matter. They lay among the débris of the ravine, and made their appearance only after the eruption.

Reaching the valley where formerly stood the village of Kantzorik, M. Corpi saw a mass of solidified mud, of blue and other colours, extending from the mountain right down the valley, the configuration of which it had followed in its course. The river of mud was from four to five miles long, and from one to three hundred yards broad. Ejected from the mountain at a high temperature, the liqu'd mud rapidly solidified and contracted, wrinkling its surface, and throwing up ridges and hummocks, some of them thirty feet high. The site of the village was marked by a heaped-up mass of solidified mud, the houses and other buildings having acted as a dam upon the descending stream. Some of the houses stood their ground, but others had been carried away by the mud-stream, and the débris was found far down the valley. To attain the summit of the mountain which had caused this terrible devastation was scarcely possible, so crevassed and broken was the ground. M. Corpi, however, went a good way towards the source of the ruin, and he found the mountain with an enormous rift in its side, from which the mud-stream had poured. The ejection of this vast mud-stream from the mountain-side had carried away other and more solid parts of the mountain, and vast pieces of rock were borne far away by the rush. At short intervals during M. Corpi's visit a noise which he describes as being like that of a railway-train crossing a long iron viaduct made itself heard, and clouds of fine dust rose into the air and were blown down the valley, covering the now solid surface of the mud-stream with a fine powder.

PREPARING THE "NEW WIMBLEDON"

BISLEY COMMON, near Woking, has been selected, as most people know, as the future field for the National Rifle Association's annual fortnight. Already considerable progress has been made in the

preparation of the ground. The plan adopted has been to march brigades of men from Aldershot to Bisley, and keep them there at work under canvas, for ten days at a time, the men being allowed extra working pay of sixpence per day. The brigades are formed of half-battalions of 500 men each, and our illustration shows the first working party, which consisted of detachments from the (8th) "The King's" Liverpool Regiment, the (12th) Suffolk Regiment, and the (19th) Princess of Wales's Own Yorkshire Regiment, in all about 1,500 men. The two principal butts are already fast nearing completion. The larger of these, to be used for the firing between 200 and 600 yards, is intended to provide as many as ninety targets. Besides the soldiers employed on the earthworks, there are about 200 men of the Royal Engineers who are occupied with the more important duty of surveying the land and marking out the ground. The great butt just mentioned backs towards Brock Hill, which will afford an excellent stop for the bullets which may pass over the tops of the butts. The only other butt at present in course of construction is that for the 1,000-yards range, and here there will be thirty targets; firing at 800 and 900 yards will also be conducted at this butt. In a sheltered nook of Hog Lees, and close to the spot where the offices and the principal buildings of the Camp will be placed, the Engineers are now marking out the Running Deer range; and to the right of the 600-yard butt, the land has been marked for the construction of a 1,500-yards range, a distance not hitherto used at the National Rifle Association meetings. Here there will be six targets. More interesting than all to the rank and file of the Volunteer force will be the thirty-six targets for ordinary musketry practice and class-firing, which will be placed beyond the 1,500-yards range. A great effort is now being made to get the earth for all the butts heaped up before the fine weather ends, when it will no longer be possible for the men to live out under canvas.—Our illustration is from photographs by Major E. A. Bruce, 2nd Battalion The Princess of Wales's Own Yorkshire Regiment.



PREPARING THE "NEW WIMBLEDON"
SOLDIERS FROM ALDERSHOT MAKING THE BUTTS ON BISLEY COMMON, WOKING



MOORISH MANNERS AND CUSTOMS—A BARBAROUS MODE OF PUNISHING A WOMAN

C. DURAND

BIRDS OF SPORT—THE PHEASANT

ALTHOUGH it becomes lawful to shoot pheasants on October 1st, comparatively few fall to the gun till the month is well advanced. It is not, indeed, till November has commenced that the "Bird of Colchis" attracts much attention; from the day of Guy Fawkes till ten or twelve days after Christmas the pheasant grows in importance, and obtains a prominent place in the records of sport. The number of these birds annually killed would appear almost fabulous, were it not known that the supply is kept up by what may be called artificial means. If sportsmen were to depend on the results of natural breeding only, the amount of sport obtained would not take much time to record, because the female pheasant is a careless mother, taking little heed of her offspring. A most impatient egg hatcher, she frequently leaves her nest with four or five chicks, although, in the course of an hour or two, probably three or four more of the eggs which she had sat upon would each have yielded a bird. In natural breeding a full third, perhaps, of the eggs laid by pheasants are wasted, while of the chicks which are hatched not more than about two-thirds may come to the gun. It is by means of the plans now very generally adopted, namely, the hatching of eggs and the nursing of young ones by the aid of tame poultry, that the enormous numbers of pheasants we read of as being killed at battues, are obtained and maintained. Five years ago, the present writer in another place estimated the number of pheasants killed every season in the United Kingdom at 350,000, and that figure has certainly not decreased—judging by the occasional records given of the numbers slain during English country house gatherings in November and December; indeed, a writer in the "Badminton Library" thinks the above calculation "much below the mark," but it is not possible to procure absolutely correct statistics of either "the kill" of pheasants, or of any other bird of sport. The demand throughout Scotland for pheasants' eggs during late years has increased in quite a remarkable manner, thousands of these toothsome table birds being bred now for the hundreds of twenty years ago; even on comparatively small estates, keepers will breed every season from ten to thirty dozens of pheasants to add to the wild stock.

In home coverts wild pheasants lay from nine to fifteen eggs, but, as representing a fair average, the figure may be placed at thirteen. It is, however, not a little remarkable, that no three persons can be found to agree as to how many eggs a hen is capable of hatching, or the number of eggs she can lay. As to these facts of pheasant-life, there has always been much divergence of opinion. Some persons, intimately versed in the natural history of the bird, have stated and have proved its capability of laying as many as three dozen eggs in one season; but, looking at the size of the animal, it becomes obvious that it could not cover that number when "sitting," small as its eggs are. Among other modes of obtaining an increased supply adopted by keepers, to whom the processes of Nature seem slow, is that of finding out the nests of wild birds and robbing them day by day of one of their eggs. The bird goes on laying, unconscious, apparently, of what is being done, and a supply of from four to seven eggs may thus be obtained from each of the twenty or thirty nests which have been laid under contribution. The wonderfully well-filled nests which are sometimes discovered by gratified keepers—nests containing a couple of dozens of eggs—are usually found to have been filled by two hens; these, if successfully "worked" by a cautious gamekeeper, can be made to contribute liberally to the eggs required for the purpose of being hatched by a flock of barn-door fowls maintained for the purpose.

Obtained in this manner, the eggs are carefully removed to the quarters of the keepers, where they are placed under sitting hens, or fixed up in the drawers or shelves of the "artificial" incubators now coming into common use. As affording some measure of the work to be done in this direction, it may be stated that eggs have been known to be obtained from as many as two hundred nests on one estate. These could not be visited every day, but in a good round a couple of under-keepers would come back bringing from twenty to thirty eggs each, to add to the stock provided for home-hatching.

Some breeds of fowls are more valued than others for the hatching of pheasant eggs—which takes place in a matter of twenty-four days. On estates where, in all probability, as many as five thousand pheasants will every season be provided for sportsmen, the keeper and his assistants, greatly aided by their women-folks, have plenty of work, and such is the care exercised that a very small percentage of the eggs go to "the bad." In natural hatching, as has been indicated, a third of the eggs will never yield a bird, while of the two-thirds hatched, twenty-five per cent. will never come to maturity. A hen has more than once been observed to leave her nest followed by eleven chicks, but before evening she would not have more than seven of them left, so careless is the mother, so great the mortality incidental to that stage of their lives. Of the eggs handled by the keepers and their assistants, as many as ninety per cent. of those placed under barn-door fowls will yield birds, which represents good business; of those hatched in incubators—which keepers are now learning to use with greater success than at one time attended their efforts—as many as eighty-four in the hundred are said to have been successfully dealt with, an excellent percentage when compared with the work of the bird.

An old Scotch keeper told the writer, "It is easy enough to get the chicks, but it's fashions work to get them ready for the gun." There is an infantile malady which has to be carefully guarded against, and which plays havoc with the young birds—it is known as "gapes," and in some years has been productive of a heavy rate of mortality; but for that, the pheasant is at all stages of growth a strong and healthy bird, and not quite so easy to kill as some who declaim against battues seem to think. In all probability, the "Bird of Colchis" is much indebted to the constant infusion of new blood which nowadays is a chief feature of pheasant culture. Keepers who have to purchase eggs in order to make up their number, wisely procure them from different, and sometimes distant, places of supply. It was stated some time ago, indeed, that a nobleman, who is a large breeder, imported several dozens of eggs from the estate of a gentleman in Bohemia, much to the benefit of his coverts. The pheasant, as known to sportsmen of the period, is a vastly different bird from that which, probably a thousand years ago, came to Britain from the neighbourhood of the classic River Phasis. As a Lincolnshire gamekeeper graphically narrated to the late Mr. Baily, of *Baily's Magazine*:—"The pheasants here about, sir, and all over England, as far as I know, is a manufactured bird, made up of several sorts, and they have in them now a rare lot of different blood, but they are all the better for that, and I should like to see plenty of crossing, it is good for all the birds and beasts of sport."

When pretty far advanced in growth, when they have begun to show a little colour, young pheasants are given a good deal of liberty, and are allowed a wider range of ground to feed upon, than when they were chicks. On some well-watched estates they are, as it may be said, released from protection before the end of August, and allowed to wander at will in the young plantations and hazel coppices. The keepers, however, continue even then—indeed, more than at any other time—to keep a watchful eye upon them, continuing in many cases to supply them with food.

Poachers are quick at finding the birds so soon as they become about ready for market, and even before that time. Whenever they can bag one or two with anything like safety, they never scruple to do so, because they may be retained and fed till they can be sold to the best advantage.

Gamekeepers are usually kept in a state of great anxiety during the breeding season, more especially after the birds are becoming mature; and some birds, as is always the case, speedily attain a larger size than others. The young pheasants are inducted in due course to the respective coverts in which they are to remain till "wanted." By that time they have taken on their gay plumage, and are rapidly gaining strength, and growing wilder and wilder day by day. Scores of these birds become in time quite as wild as those which have been born and bred in the woods of the home parks, and many find their way to other estates than those on which they have been bred, and breed in turn, thus strengthening the blood of other stocks of birds.

It has been already stated that large numbers of pheasants are annually shot: a glance at the poultry shops in November and December is all that is needed to convince the most sceptical of the fact. In addition to the pheasants which fall to the death-dealing guns of sportsmen, a great number of both sexes must of necessity be left to form a breeding stock. If it be granted that as many as 400,000 birds are killed every year, it would need about 50,000 hens to provide them, not to speak of the stock of male birds which would also be required: providing the shooting and breeding stock in any way is a business of considerable magnitude. There are persons who make a trade of selling pheasants' eggs, and who are able to supply them by the thousand. They also supply chicks, as also more mature birds.

It has been calculated that the pheasants on a large estate, wild ones and hand-fed ones taken all over, will not cost less to bring to the gun than two shillings each, and yet they have been known to be sold to the general public, in seasons when they were plentiful, at less money. Tens of thousands being shot, and sent to the market within the space of two or three days, must of necessity be sold for what they will bring. A buyer for one of the big London restaurants has been known to pick up a couple of hundred at a shilling each! Except persons who possess special knowledge of such matters, few can know how enormous becomes the slaughter at some of the pheasant drives in the home parks. One is apt, indeed, to forget, in reading about battues, that the pheasant, in places where there is room for the sport, can be killed over dogs. As a rule, however, the coverts are not very suitable for that old-fashioned style of sport. The pheasant is an excellent table-bird.

ELLANGOWAN

AFGHAN HONOUR

THE supreme law for an Afghan is honour. *Nangi Pukhtána*, or Afghan Honour, comprises a number of laws, of which the chief are Law of Asylum, Law of Revenge, and Law of Hospitality. By the first, the Afghan is expected, even at the sacrifice of his own life and property, to shelter and protect any one who in extremity may flee to his threshold, and seek an asylum under his roof. As soon as you have crossed the threshold of an Afghan you are sacred to him; and he will give up his life to save yours, even though you were his deadly foe, resuming his natural right to take your life by fair or foul means, the moment you are out of his house.

This law is well illustrated by the popular tale of "Adam Khan and Durkhani," which has been for more than a century a favourite theme of every Afghan poet, minstrel, and story-teller. Adam Khan having fallen in love with the beautiful maiden, Durkhani, they pledged their faith to each other, but against the wish of the latter's father, who had promised her hand to the hated Payav. The lovers determined to flee together. They left by night, and, after wandering over many a mile, sought shelter in the house of Pirmam, the lord of fifty villages, and father of the powerful Gujar Khan, the trusted friend of the lover of Durkhani, who asked for an asylum thus:—

"Uncle Pirmam! take us under your guard; if that detested Payav carries me away my life is ruined."

To which the master of the house replied:—"Fear not, Durkhani! I shall not deliver thee without struggle into the hands of Payav. I have a hundred horsemen, covered with cuirass, all men of war; I have twelve hundred men, with their guns ready. They will all of them give up their lives under thy eyes. He shall not carry thee from me—what dost thou fear?"

Durkhani:—"Thou art the master; I have entered into thy courtyard; thou art my father."

Pirmam:—"Durkhani, be not afraid. Between thee and me there is the Lord as witness."

And Pirmam took a solemn oath, and the lovers trusted him.

Meantime, Payav pursued them, and having ascertained the whereabouts of his promised bride, sent a messenger to Pirmam, at whose house she received shelter. The messenger begged him to give up Durkhani to Payav, offering him six hundred rupees. Pirmam indignantly declined to betray his guest on any account. The messenger again pressed his request, displaying the proffered money. Pirmam looked at the shining white coins; he tried the metal, he counted the rupees. He treasured them in his private chamber, and was one in heart with Payav. Adam Khan, the lover of Durkhani, had gone to a hunting-party; and Pirmam, having sent his son, Gujar Khan, away on some pretext, quietly approached the confiding maiden, saying:—

"Durkhani, quick, get up; the enemy is come; all my men have been hanged."

"For pity's sake," cried the maiden, "give me not up. The Afghans keep their word; they are under the law of honour."

"You speak in vain," shouted the bribed host; "Payav is too useful to me."

She cried, she struggled, she cursed him. But in vain.

As Gujar Khan, the trusted friend of the lovers, was returning home from his journey, he was informed by a man that his father had betrayed Durkhani, who was carried away as a prisoner by the hated Payav.

"Where is my father?" cried out Gujar. "Tell me; fire goes out of my body."

Pirmam, who was standing under the shelter of a wall, himself heard these words. He quickly sprang upon his horse, pursued by his son, who galloped upon a white steed. After a chase of ten miles, Gujar reached the betrayer with the end of his lance, and Pirmam's ribs were pierced through from side to side. He rolled down from his horse to earth. He begged mercy, and cried:—

"O, Gujar! I am thy father; the deed that I wrought was done out of sheer madness!"

To which his son replied, "I swear it; I will not spare thee. Thou hast covered with shame generations of Afghans." And Gujar Khan drew out his Persian sword, and hewed his faithless father down.

"Gujar Khan has done an Afghan's deed," adds the Afghan poet.

The Law of Revenge is the strongest factor in Afghan life. According to it, retaliation must be exacted for every and the slightest injury or insult, or for damage to property. It takes its severest form in the case of the avenger who takes the life of his victim in retaliation for the murder of one of his relatives. *Vendetta* is with the Afghans what it is with the Corsicans, Albanians, and other primitive mountaineers. Indeed, the whole history of Afghanistan, both public and private, is one continued tale of *vendetta*. There is hardly an Afghan in the mountains who has not a foe who aims at his head, and at whose head he aims. Even on British territory the law is almost powerless against this practice;

it is one of the crimes for which no witness will be found to speak before the judge in an Indian court of justice. It happens not seldom that an Afghan soldier, from the mountains, in the British service, asks for leave for private business; that means that he has some blood debt to pay in his native highlands. There is a story of an Afghan Sepoy, who, not having joined his regiment in time, complained bitterly of the injustice of his English officer, who had dismissed him from service. "I had," said the discharged Afghan, "a duty of revenge to perform; I had a foe to kill. The scamp absconded for weeks; what could I do?"

The third division of the Afghan code of honour is a virtue of a less stern character. It is hospitality in the widest sense of the term. The Afghan is bound to feed and shelter any wayfarer who knocks at his door; even infidels and enemies are not turned away. The laws of hospitality are binding on the community as well as on the individual. The "Travellers' House" is the home of those who have no home, permanent or temporary. Even on British Tax), to which everybody, rich or poor, contributes according to his means, for the entertainment of passing travellers. Individually, the duty is the same for all: the poor entertain poorly, the rich richly. An Afghan would rather run into debt than refuse to feed and shelter a traveller, for fear of being called a miser—the worst insult to an Afghan, especially to an Afghan of high rank.

The name of Afzal Khan, of Jamalgarhi, a very great man (in the Afghan sense), but a reputed miser, has been branded with eternal infamy by the poet Mahmud, in a satirical song. Descended in direct line from the great warrior and poet prince, Khushal Khan, who for years in his mountains defied the great Moghul, Aurungzebe, of Delhi, Afzal Khan gained fame among his people by stabbing, with his own hand, his cousin, who received, about 1830, high honours at the hands of his Sikh suzerain, Ranjeet Singh, and, afterwards, was rewarded by the British Government of India with a pension for loyal service rendered during the Mutiny. Afzal Khan was a rich man; he had a great name; he possessed the original manuscripts of his renowned ancestor; and he had his enemy's blood on his hand. But he was a miser. The satire, which is in the form of a dialogue between pupil and master, runs thus:—

PUPIL.—At Jamalgarhi lives Afzal Khan.

MASTER.—Tell me about him. He boastfully praises himself and his sons every moment.

P.—No guest is welcome to him.

M.—May God, therefore, bring distress upon him.

P.—Yes, ever invoke a curse upon a miser!

M.—He is evil-natured, evil-tongued, evil-mannered; there never was, never will be, a miser such as he.

P.—When from a distance he sees a guest coming.

M.—He says to him: "Wherefore do you come?"

P.—He kills him with questions from head to foot.

M.—He has no fear, no respect for the Lord.

P.—He never lets a guest rest on a bed in the Travellers' House.

M.—His mouth is always open, like an empty well.

P.—He has no teeth, his mouth is black as an oven.

M.—He who will cut him into pieces,

P.—Will be a ghazi, and it is a scamp he will kill.

M.—Let him vanish from my eyes; he sets all his kith and kin a-blushing.

P.—There will never be such a shameless fellow as Afzal Khan.

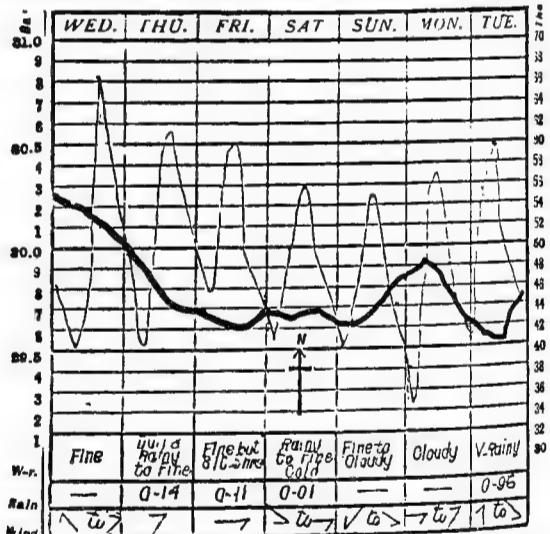
Mahmud (the poet) says: "I wag my tongue upon him freely in the bazaar."

The curse of the poet was not lost. A few years ago Afzal Khan and one of his sons were hanged for traitorous murder.

D. N. D.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1889.



SEPTEMBER 28, 1889

399

CHRISTIANÆ ad LEONES.

By HERBERT SCHMIDZ.
The above well-known Picture is now ON VIEW
at the Field of TWO WEEKS, after which it
will go to Darlington and Newcastle-on-Tyne, where
it will be exhibited at Messrs. MORSON and
SWAN'S GALLERY.
A very fine Photogravure will shortly be published
by C. MILLARD and CO., 57, Charing Cross, for
which S.criptions are now being taken.
Artist's Proofs : 46s.
Prints before Letters : 44s.
Prints : 2s.
The number of Artist's Proofs will be limited to
100 Copies.

TO ARTISTS.—The Directors of
the LONDON NECROPOLIS COMPANY
being desirous of having a DRAWING of their
CEMETERY at BROOKWOOD, WOKING,
SURREY, are prepared to give a prize of £10 for the
one which, in their opinion, is the best, and a prize of
£5 for the second best—the copyright in both cases to
belong to the Company.—Apply to the Secretary, 2,
Lancaster Place, Strand.

Knighthood of the Legion of Honour, 1878; Royal
Portuguese Knighthood, 1883; Gold Medals at the
Principal International Exhibitions.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOFORTES
are for SALE, for HIRE, or on the THREE
YEARS' SYSTEM. The Perfection of tone,
tune, and durability.—18, Wigmore St., London, W.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.
desire to be most distinctly understood that they
are Pianoforte Manufacturers only, and that their only
address is 27, Baker Street Portman Square, London.

**NEW IRON-FRAME
COTTAGE PIANO,** 7 octaves, with
every improvement. One of the best
pianos ever made. Drawings free.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.,
27, Baker Street, W.

TRICORD PIANO-FORTE, drawing room model, repeti-
tion action, grand, rich, full tone, in hand-
some Italian walnut wood case, elaborately carved and fretwork front, and
cabriole truss legs. Drawings post free.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.,
27, Baker Street, London, W.

JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS,
35, GREAT PULTENEY ST., LONDON, W.
GOLD MEDAL.
INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.
GOLD MEDAL, SOCIETY OF ARTS, 1885.
PIANOFORTES for SALE at from £5 to £50 Gs.
PIANOFORTES for HIRE.

**D'ALMAINE and CO.—Pianos and
ORGANS.** Absolute Sale. Fifty per cent.
discount. Ten years' warranty. Easy terms. Cottage
Pianos 8 guineas, to guineas, 12 guineas, &c.
Class 9. 14 gu. Class 3. 23 gu. Class 6. 35 gu.
Class 12. 35 gu. Class 4. 46 gu. Class 7. 40 gu.
Class 2. 20 gu. Class 5. 30 gu. Class 8. 45 gu.

American Organs by all the best makers, from 42
guineas upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for
any instrument within three years, if one of a higher
class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not
approved of within one month. Illustrations and par-
ticulars post free. T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Estab-
lished 1883), 91, Finsbury Pavement, London.

**PLEYEL, WOLFF, and CO.'S
PIANOS.** Every description for SALE or
HIRE. Illustrated Lists free.
SOLE AGENCY, 170, New Bond Street, W.

ESTEY ORGANS. Over 214,000
sold. Unrivalled in Tone. Best in Quality.
Beautiful in Model and Finish.
To be had of all the principal Musical Instrument
Dealers.

ESTEY ORGAN COMPANY
(HODGE and ESSEX),
12, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, W.
The Largest Manufacturers of American Organs in
the World.

ESTEY ORGAN TUTOR. By
KING HALL.
Price 2s. 6d. net; post free 2s. 10d.

Price 1s. post free
**COLD-CATCHING, COLD PRE-
VENTING, COLD-CURING.**
By JOHN H. CLARKE, M.D.
"A book for every house." Christian World,
London: JAMES EPPS and CO., 170, Piccadilly.

MISS BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.
In 3 volumes. At all Libraries.

THE DAY WILL COME. A
Novel. By the Author of "Lady Audley's
Secret," &c. London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and CO.

CHEQUE BANK (Limited). Es-
tablished 1873, 4, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, City
Branch—3, George Yard, Lombard Street. A cheap
and easy medium for small remittances.

**HINDLEY'S
SMALL STEAM ENGINES
PUMPING MACHINERY SAW BENCHES,
11, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON.**

**IRISH DISTRESSED LADIES'
FUND.**
Patroness—Her Majesty the QUEEN.
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,
President—H.R.H. the Princess LOUISE, Mar-
chioness of Lorne.
Vice President—Her Grace the Duchess Dowager of
MARLBOROUGH.
Chairman—The Marquis of WATERFORD.
The Marchioness of Waterford.
The Lady Mary Howard.
The Countess Waldegrave.
The Countess of Beaufort.
The Lady Emma Talbot.
The Lady Agnes Daniell.
The Dowager Lady Westbury.
The Hon. Mrs. Swinton.
Lady McClinton.
Mrs. Goschen.
Mrs. Hatton.

The Committee appeal
to enable them to assist a large number of ladies in Ireland, who have, through the non-payment of their rents, suddenly fallen from comfort to poverty, and to
the verge of starvation.

Employment is found for those able to work, while
small pensions, food, and clothing are given to the
aged and infirm.

Relief is administered without reference to creed or
politics.

A register is kept of governesses, companions, &c.

A depot has been opened for the sale of the work
(both plain and fancy) of these ladies.

Contributions will be gratefully received by the Rt.
Hon. the Lord Mayor, by the Bank of England, by
Messrs. Barclay, Ransom, and Co., 1 Pall Mall East,
S.W.; by the National Provincial Bank of England,
Bishopsgate Street, E.C.; by Messrs. Coutts and Co., Fleet
Street, E.C.; by Messrs. Henry S. King and Co., 45,
Pall Mall, S.W.; or by the Secretary.

W.M. LEES, Major-General, Secretary,
Office and Work Depot, 66, South Audley Street, W.

Now Ready, 6s. 30 copies on large paper uniform
with Flower Pieces.

LIFE and PHANTASY (Poems), by

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM,
With frontispieces by Sir JOHN E. MILLAIS,
Barl. R.A., and a design by ARTHUR HUGHES. Also

a SONG with MUSIC.

London: REEVES and TURNER, 196, Strand.

A S Companion, or Working House-

keeper, where Servant is kept, or Care of an

Invalid. Exceptional references. Apply T. M., No. 6,
Heron Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

METZLER and CO., LONDON,
49, 42, 42, and 43, GREAT MARLBOROUGH
STREET, and 33, 35, 37, and 39,
FOUBERT'S PLACE, REGENT STREET.

**MANUFACTURERS and IM-
PORTERS of
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS**
of every description.
MUSIC PUBLISHERS.
ESTABLISHED OVER
A HUNDRED YEARS.

METZLER and CO.,
Sole Agents for the Celebrated
MASON and HAMLIN ORGANS.

MASON and HAMLIN ORGANS.

**MASON and HAMLIN AMERI-
CAN ORGANS.**

The QUEEN'S MODEL.
Supplied to
Her Majesty the Queen.

**MASON and HAMLIN AMERI-
CAN ORGANS.**

The THREE-MANUAL ORGAN,
Used in
Westminster Abbey.

**MASON and HAMLIN AMERI-
CAN ORGANS.**

HIGHEST AWARDS.

Illustrated Catalogues post-free.
Cottage Pianos. Grand Pianos.

New Illustrated Catalogue sent gratis and post free.

METZLER and CO.,
Sole Agents for the Celebrated
RONISCH PIANOFORTES.

RONISCH PIANOFORTES.

The New Upright Model.

The New Boudoir Grand.

The New Upright Grand.

METZLER and CO.'S PIANO-

FORTES.

New Models fitted with Metzler and Co.'s
Patent Organ-Piano Attachment. Illustrated
Catalogue post free.

VIOLINS, CORNETS, FLUTES, MUSICAL

BOXES, ORGUETTES, TOY INSTRUMENTS, BANJOS,

GUITARS, MANDOLINS, STRINGED INSTRUMENTS, BRASS

INSTRUMENTS. FITTINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

**METZLER & CO.'S CATA-
LOGUES POST FREE.**

METZLER and CO.,

44, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET,
LONDON, W.

THE CHOROLISTHA. The new

Round Dance. Invented by EDWARD SCOTT.

The music of this successful novelty with full descrip-
tions of the Dance by the Author is now published.

2s. 6d. net.

FRANCIS and DAY, 195, Oxford Street, W.

TO LADIES.—SALE of NEW

MUSIC at a large reduction, and post free. All
new songs, pieces, &c., of all publishers. New copies

best editions. Prices commence 4d. 6d. 8d. Catalogues
sent gratis, and post free.—J. W. MOFFAT, 196,

Barnsbury House, 280, Caledonian Road, London, N.

Now ready (Sixpence), New Series, No. 76.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for

OCTOBER, containing "THE BURNT

MILLION," by JAMES PAYN, Author of "By Proxy,"

&c., Chaps. 14-17—"MOSTLY FOOLS"—A

COURT-DAY IN FIJI"—LADY BETTY'S

INDISCRETION—"THE HUNDRED GATES"

A Dream of Bad Books"—"WEEDS"—"ON HAM-
STEAD HILL," and "THE COUNTY" (con-
cluded), Chaps. 4-10.

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15, Waterloo Pl.

THE NEW & POPULAR NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY HURST, and BLACKETT.

Now Ready at all the Libraries.

MY LORD OTHELLO. By Henry

CRESSWELL, Author of "A Modern Greek

Heroine," "A Wily Widow," &c. 3 vols.

GEOFF. By Gertrude Forde, Author

of "In the Old Palazzo," "Driven Before the

Storm," &c. 3 vols.

**THE FREAKS of LADY FOR-
TUNE.** By MAY CROMMELIN, Author of

"Queenie," "Orange Lily," &c. 2 vols.

THE TREE of KNOWLEDGE. By

G. M. ROBINS, Author of "Keep my Secret,"

"A False Position," &c. 3 vols.

BOTH OF THIS PARISH. By

ALGERNON GISSING, Author of "Joy Cometh

in the Morning," 2 vols.

A CROOKED PATH. By Mrs.

ALEXANDER, Author of "The Wooing O't."

"The Freres," &c. 3 vols. Second Edition.

London: HURST and BLACKETT (Limited), 13,
Great Marlborough Street.

DOCTOR'S NUMBER JUST OUT.

WELDON's LADIES' JOURNAL

Price 3d. by post, 4d. A paper pattern of

the Duchess of Fife Jacket given away, also Coloured

Plate of Mantles, Costumes, Tea Gowns, &c.

WELDON's DRESS-MAKER.

Price 1d., post free ad. A charming Coloured

Plate of Autumn Fashions given away. Fifty Illustra-
tions of latest Autumn Designs.

**WELDON's BAZAAR of CHIL-
DREN'S FASHION.**

Price 1d., post free ad. A paper pattern of a Girl's

Blouse given away. Seventy Illustrations of Autumn

Styles for Boys and Girls.

WELDON's MOUNTMELLICK

Each Part is complete. 1,500 Engravings.

Parts I. to 10, just out, price 6d., post, 7d., or

12 Books post free, 7s. 8d.

Weldon's Setting-out

Weldon's Knitter, 3 parts

Weldon's Stocking-Knitter

Weldon's Crochet, 3 parts

Weldon's Art Needlework

Weldon's Smocking

Weldon's Crochet Ma-

cramé

Weldon's Patchwork

Weldon's Headwork.

WELDON and CO., Southampton St., Strand, W.C.

Now Ready, 6s. 30 copies on large paper uniform

with Flower Pieces.

LIFE and PHANTASY (Poems), by

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM,
With frontispieces by Sir JOHN E. MILLAIS,

Bart. R.A., and a design by ARTHUR HUGHES. Also

a SONG with MUSIC.

London: REEVES and TURNER, 196, Strand.

A S Companion, or Working House-

keeper, where Servant is kept, or Care of an

Invalid. Exceptional references. Apply T. M., No. 6,

Heron Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Now Ready, 6s. 30 copies on large paper uniform

with Flower Pieces.

LIFE and PHANTASY (Poems), by

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM,
With frontispieces by Sir JOHN E. MILLAIS,

THE GRAPHIC



THE NEW CORN is coming forward very freely, and farmers have profited by the favourable weather prevailing up to the autumnal equinox to thresh grain with an amount of energy perhaps even exceeding what was desirable. It has to be remembered that a good deal of the corn this year was injuriously affected by a very damp in-getting, and that such corn would gain materially, both in character and in market value, by being kept over a couple or so of wintry months. Last week 67,391 qrs. of wheat, 31,782 qrs. of barley, and 6,361 qrs. of oats were sold at 187 statute markets as compared with a septennial average of 62,473 qrs. of wheat, 33,918 qrs. of barley, and 8,289 qrs. of oats. These figures, however, include the good years of 1884, 1885, and 1887, and the increase of the present year over 1888 is very marked. Last year's sales were 35,614 qrs. of wheat, 1,752 qrs. of barley, and 2,471 qrs. of oats. The total sales since harvest this year have been 162,160 qrs. of wheat, 44,574 qrs. of barley, and 14,589 qrs. of oats. The prices now prevailing are low for each sample. Wheat is selling at 29s. 5d. against 34s. 3d. for the septennial average; barley for 28s. 11d. against 31s. 3d.; and oats for 17s. 3d. against 18s. A steady diminution in farmers' profits, an unbroken fall in the tithe rent charge, and an inevitable consequence in the depreciation of land values, form a trio of misfortunes which go, unfortunately, a long way to neutralise the good news brought from the byre of thriving stock, from the meadows of good hay and pasture, and from the fields of good root crops, and a very fair yield of potatoes.

FRUIT is nothing like so plentiful as it promised to be after the beautiful blossoming season of the spring. The yield of plums and apples in Kent is most variable, while in the West of England the yield of pears and apples is said to be the smallest for nineteen years. Leaves as well as fruit have been affected by blight, and it is feared that the state of the trees will reduce next year's crop. One may ride in Herefordshire past scores of orchards and not see a single ripe or fit apple or pear. A farmer we know, who made twenty hogsheads of cider last year, thinks he may be able to make one hogshead this time. Several other farmers have told us that, without exaggeration, they only reckon this year's apple crop at one-tenth of last year's. Plums, curiously enough, have often done very well on the very lands where apples and pears are an absolute failure. Cider is rising in price, and is expected to be really dear before another September comes round.

HOPS this year suffered a good deal from blight; but, where washing was commenced early, the final out-turn of the yield is not unsatisfactory. Hops are extending in the West of England, but rapidly dwindling in area in the home counties. Heavy manuring and clean cultivation, which used to be by no means distinctive features of West-country hop-growing, are now much more generally

gone in for, and the result is evidently encouraging by the increase of the acreage.

SCOTLAND has enjoyed an over-average temperature this year, and the cereal crops have seldom been secured so early, especially in the more Northern districts, where we are accustomed to find some oats lingering into October, if not some barley also. The wheat is often of very good quality, and also the barley, though the latter is more off colour than maltsters care to find it. Oats are the most important cereal crop of Scotland, and the yield is reckoned from four and a-half to five quarters per acre, which is rather over an average yield. Potatoes, however, prove very variable, and on the whole not so good as expected. Moist and foggy weather has in some parts led to a development of disease. The growth of clover and grass in Scotland this year has been very good, pasture fields have lasted well, and there is still an abundance of outdoor food. The upland pastures are stated to be more luxuriant for the time of year than in any recent season. There is a good deal of old hay and straw still throughout the country, so that the supply of fodder for the approaching winter will be abundant. The ram sales of September have been marked by a rise in prices which equals about ten per cent. on last year's rates. Buyers have been more numerous, and more capital seems to be going into sheep-farming. Prices at the great Perth Sales averaged 15s. ahead advance on last September. Sales of the Aberdeen Angus breed of cattle have shown no advance in prices, but at the same time the maintenance of a good inquiry, and of fairly remunerative prices.

NIGHT FROSTS have cut down the single dahlias in many gardens, but the hardy sunflower still lingers, and the perennial variety, or harpalium, is also to be seen. A well-known authority on the all-important point of "what will grow and what will not" advises the more extended use of the harpalium, which, when planted in bold groups, is very effective, and which will thrive in the smoky atmosphere of towns nearly as well as in the country. There are four varieties of harpalium obtainable—the *Rigidus*, with golden-yellow flowers and a stiff habit of stem, which makes it exceedingly "Japanese"; the *Multiflorus*, with a great abundance of good-sized, well-shaped butter-coloured blossoms; the *Atrorubens*, with small flowers of a very good orange tint; and the variety with blossoms of a beautiful "milk of sulphur" colour, which we have seen in several old gardens, but do not know by any botanical name. The rose-coloured Japanese wind-flower helps largely to make an autumn garden beautiful; and this is especially the case where the lovely white variety, the *Honorine Jobert*, is also cultivated. The tobacco-plant continues to bear its blossoms of spectral white, with their delicate, mysterious scent beloved of twilight-flying moths, up to the first frosts, before which the native of warm Virginia goes, unfortunately, down. Michaelmas daisies, happily, are far more hardy, and disdain to give in to anything less than half-a-dozen degrees. The purplish-violet blossom of these flowers is peculiarly delightful and refreshing. The asters are not yet over, and the early chrysanthemums are coming into bloom. Such beauty as the flowers can give is therefore not yet wholly taken from the fading year.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—A very curious bird, the Manx shearwater has been caught in the Whitecross Road, Hereford. It is a sea bird, distantly connected with the guillemot, and, as its

name implies, its favourite habitation is the Isle of Man. Its great enemy is the rat, which devours the eggs laid in rock crevices, and will even attack the young birds.—Despite the chilly character of the weather, two specimens of the Camberwell Beauty have recently been taken on the wing. On the whole, this butterfly appears to be increasing in numbers, as does the very rare Clifton Nonpareil, the scarlet, which distinguishes a whole genus of thick-bodied moths. The Convolvulus Hawkmoth is also increasing in frequency, so that we have something to set against the disappearance of the great Copper butterfly, and of the Mazarine Blue.—We are glad to note that shore-haunting birds on the Lincolnshire coast are still plentiful. Within the last month sandgrouse, sandwich terns, kittiwakes, Arctic ekuas, sanderlings, sandstone knots, redshanks, whimbrel, curlews, wheatears, and stonechats have been observed, sandgrouse and wheatears rarely only, but the others in considerable numbers.—Humble bees seem to find a living even in London. It is surprising, indeed, how many insects may be observed in the London parks.—Several hawk moths have been seen this season, and also a number of Bombyces and geometer moths.—The hoopoe seems to be plentiful this year, having been observed in Devonshire, Shropshire, Kent, and Wales. It is a summer visitor only, we believe.—That rare bird, the roller, has been taken in Kirkcudbright, a part of the country where it has never before been seen.

MOUNTAINEERING

IN August, the Alps and other European climbing-grounds are at their liveliest. Holidays are in full swing, and luckily the snow is "ripe" at the same time. Peak and valley swarm with those who have been fortunate enough to be born with a love for mountains, or to acquire it afterwards—and with others too. Mountains, indeed, are to those who love them what horses are to riding men. But a horse is a moveable chattel, whereas nobody has yet invented a locomotive mountain.

Most mountaineers have therefore, like Mahomet, to go to their mountain, and every year there are more pilgrims, even Royal pilgrims. There is, perhaps, nothing stranger in history than this annual invasion of certain districts by the population of other districts merely for sport or recreation. Englishmen are the great invaders, partly because they cannot get at home what they get abroad, and partly because so many of them have money and leisure. It is now more than thirty years ago that English travellers in the Alps began to find that there were better ways of playing with mountains than that of driving up and down valleys. The Alpine Club (founded in 1857) was at once a sign of the growth of this spirit and an important factor in its development. Its foundation was followed by that of similar Clubs in other countries; although it alone has so strictly maintained its high standard of qualification that it numbers only 500, whereas some foreign Clubs have thousands of members.

In spite of all this popularisation of the sport, people sometimes seem ignorant of what men really do when they go a-climbing. Mr. Willink's sketches are unexaggerated representations of some of the ordinary, and some of the extraordinary, incidents in

PORCELAIN PORTRAITS

SEND A PHOTOGRAPH.
To be Enlarged on Porcelain by the
MONOCHROME CO.'S NEW METHOD OF
ARTISTIC REPRODUCTION
In Black and White,
On Porcelain, 12 by 10-ins. from ONE GUINEA.

"Totally unlike one's idea of a photographic production, and resembling more a delicate pencil drawing or fine engraving."—WHITEHALL REVIEW.
"From an ordinary photograph a picture is produced that vies with some of the very best etchings."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

Send for the Company's Illustrated Prospectus.
THE MONOCHROME CO.,
194, PICCADILLY, ST. JAMES'S, W.

NOTICE.—WHEN FURNISHING send for ALFRED B. PEARCE'S CHINA and GLASS CATALOGUE. It is full of useful information—clear, concise, and practical—and includes nine estimates. Post free.—59, LUDGATE HILL. Established 1765.



Price 16s. 6d.—with soft Leather Case & Cord

The "LILIPUT" is a very useful, light, but strong vest pocket field and opera glass. Its particular and newly-invented Perfect Achromatic Combination Glasses are made in accordance with the directions of the Technical Artillery Commission Office of Paris (France), and render the "LILIPUT" equal if not superior to all the large and cumbersome glasses generally used in the Army, Travelling, Theatres, Races, &c. 50,000 in use all over Europe. Testimonials. Illustrated Catalogues sent free on demand.

E. KRAUSS AND CO.
66, HAYMARKET, S.W.
PARIS—4, AVENUE DE LA REPUBLIQUE

BY SPECIAL ROYAL AND IMPERIAL WARRANT.
EGERTON BURNETT'S ROYAL SERVICES
And Other Fashionable Materials. Patterns Post Free

For Ladies', Children's, and Gentlemen's Dress. Unsurpassed for Beauty, Novelty, and Sterling Value. The Immense Variety of Patterns comprises Specialities to suit all Climates, and all Fashions.

For LADIES,
10½d. to 3s. 6d. per Yard.
For GENTLEMEN'S and BOYS' WEAR,

54-inch, from 2s. 11d. per Yard.
Ditto for

INDIAN and SUMMER WEAR,
4s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. per Yard.
ANY LENGTH SOLD.

Carriage paid on orders of £1 in value to any railway station in the United Kingdom. No agents.

GOODS PACKED FOR EXPORTATION.
Address—

BENSON'S "FIELD."
SILVER CASES.
GOLD CASES.

BENSON'S "BANK"
SILVER CASES. SILVER CASES.BENSON'S WATCHES
Guaranteed for Strength, Accuracy, Durability, and Value.

BENSON'S LADY'S KEYLESS LEVER WATCH. Is fitted with a $\frac{3}{4}$ -Plate LEVER Movement, Compound Balance, Jewelled throughout, and Strong KEYLESS Action.

The Cases are of 18-Carat Gold, Strong, and Well Made, either Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, Richly Engraved all over, or Plain Polished, with Monogram Engraved Free.

PRICE £10. Or in Silver Cases, £5.

LADY'S GOLD ALBERT CHAINS TO MATCH, FROM £1 15s.

These Watches sent Free and Safe, at our risk, to all parts of the World, on Receipt of Draft, Cash, or Post Office Order, Payable at General Post Office.

For further Particulars see Benson's New ILLUSTRATED BOOK containing Illustrations of Watches from £2. 10s. to £500. Jewellery, Clocks, Presentation and Domestic Plate. The Largest and most Complete Catalogue published, Free on Application to

THE STEAM FACTORY—

J. W. BENSON, 62 & 64 LUDGATE HILL E.C.; and at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.; and 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.



SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER WATCH
THREE-QUARTER PLATE Movement Compensation
Balance, Jewelled in Rubies. in Strong, Sterling Silver.
Crystal Glass Cases, £5.

ENGLISH LEVER HALF-CHRONOMETER

Best London make, for Rough Wear, with Breguet Spring to prevent variation when worn on horseback, &c. Specially adapted for Hunting Men, Colonists, Travellers, and Soldiers, from whom HUNDREDS of TESTIMONIALS have been received. In Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Cases
18-carat Gold, £25; or Silver, £15.

HOLLAND HOUSE AND ITS OWNERS

IN THREE PARTS—PART I.



HENRY RICH, FIRST EARL HOLLAND AND
BARON KENSINGTON
Painted by Sir Anthony Van Dyke

IF THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD could shed a halo round the spots where in life they most prominently figured, the famous pile known as Holland House might well be peopled with historical ghosts. The grounds and buildings occupy what is now a position absolutely unique in the annals of the metropolis. Holland House, with its park and remarkably extensive surroundings, situated in the thick of a busy and incessantly encroaching capital, is, as Sir Walter Scott wrote in quite another day, a marvellous relic of the past in itself, and to this fact must be added the charms of memories and associations, both historical, political, literary, and personal, in all of which respects Holland House is exceptionally rich. Ever foremost in the progress of Liberal ideas, the successive owners of Holland House, more especially in the eighteenth and in the present century, have been conspicuous for their charitable and open-handed assistance to all oppressed individuals and peoples; the palatial buildings have been a gathering place for distressed patriots of every nationality, and the walls have enclosed a republic of letters, to which those who had suffered in the cause of liberty, or whose talents had been left to languish under discouraging conditions, were both welcomed, encouraged, and treated with that friendly and congenial sympathy so invaluable to those who have suffered in the battle of life.

The fabric of Holland House itself has a history extending over nearly three centuries; and anterior to 1607, when Sir Walter Cope caused the main centre buildings and turrets to be constructed, the more ancient Manor House, the predecessor of the present structure, was connected with the earlier records of Kensington, the manor of which was held by the De Veres, a very ancient family, whose pedigree Leland deduces from a most remote era.

It was in 1526, at the death of a De Vere known as "Little John of Campes," that the ownership of the manor passed to the female branches. One of De Vere's sisters was Lady Cornwallis, and for awhile the ancestral estate was held by her husband, Sir William. On the marriage of their daughter Anne with the Earl of Argyll it was held by the latter.

The present history of Holland House commences with the reign of James I., when Sir Walter Cope, a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to that Sovereign, Master of the Courts of Ward to the King, and to one of the Chamberlains of the Exchequer, appears on the scene as the founder of "Cope Castle," now familiar to fame as Holland House. There is reason to presume the ancient Manor House had

VIEW OF HOLLAND HOUSE FROM THE SOUTH TERRACE

been demolished in Sir Walter's day, since no farther mention of it occurs.

The estate and mansion once more reverted to the female line, for Sir Walter Cope's possessions went to his daughter, Isabel, who married Sir Henry Rich, second son of Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick. The husband, also a Court favourite, was created Baron Kensington by James I. in 1622; he was selected to proceed to the Spanish Court on that amusingly abortive courting expedition, to attempt to negotiate a marriage between Prince Charles and the Infanta. Two years later Henry Rich was created by his Royal patron Earl of Holland, and he then employed his means in enlarging and beautifying Holland House; to the centre buildings and turrets erected, as described, by Sir Walter Cope, he added wings and arcades, and employed on the interior decorations the first artists of the day.

By a coincidence, Rich, like many of the owners of Holland House, seems to have been a man of brilliant parts, given to consult expediency rather than stability in his political alliances. Unfortunately for himself, he was employed by Charles I. to command the cavalry troops in the army raised to suppress the Scottish Covenanters in 1639; his retreat from Dunce shook the Royal confidence; he shortly came under the King's displeasure, and, according to the account of a meeting between the disaffected members of Parliament and Fairfax, held at Holland House, it appears that Charles had grounds to question Rich's loyalty. From the *Perfect Diurnal*, August 6th, 1647:—"This morning the members of Parliament which were driven away by tumults from Westminster met the General at the Earl of Holland's house at Kensington, and subscribed the Declaration of the Army." The Earl of Holland was no more fortunate on his returning loyalty, when he took arms for the Royalist cause, and was captured and imprisoned in Warwick Castle, which belonged to his elder brother; led to the scaffold for this offence, he met his end with dignified firmness and resignation, his last words to the executioner being "Stay while I give the sign." Clarendon describes the Earl of Holland as "a very handsome man, of a lovely and winning presence, and gentle conversation," who never wanted courage. The portrait of Henry Rich was painted at Holland House by Van Dyck, about 1635; and this fact may account for the supposition that the painter, Sir Anthony, resided at Holland House for some two years. For awhile, after the execution of Henry Rich, the Hollands were absent from Holland House, and the names of Puritan leaders appear in connection with this residence. Faulkner alleges General Fairfax was one of its tenants, and according to Lysons' statement General Lambert fixed his headquarters there in July, 1649.

Another account instances Cromwell having there discussed with Ireton matters of State importance, and as "walls have ears" and Ireton was deaf, it is alleged that a field belonging to Holland House was chosen for this private conference.

Holland House was eventually restored to the widowed Countess of Holland, to whom the mansion and estate actually belonged by inheritance. In her account of "Holland House"** and its memorials, the Princess Marie Liechtenstein observes, "If devotion to a late husband can be proved by opposition to his enemies, Lady Holland was a devoted widow, for she encouraged acting in Holland House, when theatres were shut by the Puritans."

Within the sheltered retreat of Holland House, standing alone in its park and grounds, some security was offered to the unfortunate players deprived of a livelihood and cut off from their vocation by the austerity of the ruling powers.

Holland House, under the puritan *regime*, became, as in a later generation, a resource for the persecuted. Colley Cibber affords a picture of the more famous players of that generation, disbanded from the Army, where they fought on the losing side, as they reappear for a passing hour in the records of Holland House:

"Mohun, who served as a Major in

• Holland House, by the Princess Marie Liechtenstein Macmillan and Co., 1874. * vols.

Flanders, Hart was a Lieutenant of Horse in Prince Rupert's regiment, Burt was a cornet in the same troop, Shatterel was Quartermaster, Allen was a Major, and Quartermaster-General at Oxford. All the players fought in the Royal cause, and when the wars were over, the survivors came to London, and for a subsistence, had recourse to their old trade of acting, but under changed conditions, and generally in secrecy, for being surprised by the Parliamentarian foot soldiers, the company would be marched off into durance and plundered of their finery." Says Colley Cibber, in "A Dialogue on Old Plays and Old Players," "Afterwards, in Oliver's time, they used to act privately three or four miles out of town, now here, now there, sometimes in noblemen's houses, in particular, Holland House, at Kensington, where the nobility and gentry who met (but in no great numbers) used to make a sum for them, each giving a broad piece or the like." Meanwhile, one acted as jackal to the company, giving notice of time and place. "Alexander Goffe, the woman actor at Blackfriars, who had made himself known to persons of quality," managed the delicate business of arranging these performances by stealth.

Robert Rich, son of the beheaded partisan of the Royal Cause, eventually succeeded both to Holland House, and, on the death of his cousin in 1673, to the title of Earl of Warwick. The Kensington mansion became his favourite residence. It is said that in 1689 Holland House had a narrow escape of being converted into a Royal abode when William III. visited the place with a view of making it his palace; he finally preferred the house of the Earl of



LADY CAROLINE LENNOX, FIRST BARONESS HOLLAND (DINING ROOM)
Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds



HENRY FOX, FIRST LORD HOLLAND (WEST ROOM)
Painted by William Hogarth



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES JAMES FOX (THE SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS ROOM)
Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

Nottingham. However, the associations of Holland House are probably as interesting as would have been the case had it been turned into another Kensington Palace.

During the time of the Stuarts, and early days of the Georges, before the Fox family secured the estate and mansion, Holland House was occasionally let to tenants, whose names have shed lustre on the pile; the famous French traveller Chardin, whose published accounts of his voyages to Persia and India are such interesting reading, evidently resided there for a space; he was knighted by Charles II., and the same day shared his title with a bride; according to the parish register, "Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Chardin and Lady Esther, his wife," was born at Holland House, on the 10th of September, 1685. Of even stronger interest is the fact that William Penn resided there in James the Second's reign; according to Sir James Mackintosh, who may be said to have edited the Holland House MSS., Penn relates of himself that, during his residence there, he could scarcely make his way down the front steps of the house, so thronged was it with crowds of suitors, who besought him to use his good offices with the king for their benefit, advancement, and probably with more frequency, for their relief, and beseeching, through Quaker Penn's benevolent influence, clemency for relatives consigned to the settlements, and

Addison was accustomed to place at one end of this studious retreat a table, on which was a bottle of port, while a second table, at the opposite extremity, supported a bottle of sherry, and bottles were capacious in those days! Between his pacings from end to end he is reported to have alternately taken a bumper of port and sherry in regular succession either to sustain his imagination, or to minister comfort to a mind perturbed by too much matrimonial experience. Asthma, dropsy, and, according to Horace Walpole—who was nothing if he could not indulge in relentless sarcasm—brandy, according to other authorities, combined with the terms on which he lived with the Countess—hastened Addison's end. He died at Holland House on the 17th June, 1719, and, as described by Macaulay, ended nobly, like a philosopher of antiquity; he sent for Gay and implored forgiveness—for what the poet could only conjecture. On Tickell's authority, Dr. Young relates how Addison called the youthful Lord Warwick to his bedside, and gave the famous utterance, "See in what peace a Christian can die!" The lesson was a solemn one, and Fate had ordained that the youth should early be reminded of this virtuous ending; two years later the pupil followed his wise mentor to the tomb. Justice to the memory of the

young Earl, says the Princess Liechtenstein, who herself died prematurely, "should make us add that authorities do not all concur in thinking he specially needed the warning." The ending of the Countess is not recorded, but Addison, —who, says Swift, was accustomed to "fair sex it," always taking into his outlook of everything the manner in which a given eventuality affected the fair sex—it must be remembered left his fortune, though he had a daughter, who long survived the pair, to the Countess of Warwick, as Sir James Mackintosh (Holland House MSS.) avers "a proof either that they lived on friendly terms, or that he was too generous to remember their differences."

After the death of Lady Warwick, Holland House was for a time inhabited by Mrs. Morice, interesting as the daughter of Atterbury, Dean of Westminster, and afterwards Bishop of Rochester. Atterbury had a double link with Holland House, as Addison's school-fellow and warm friend. To his grave offices was accorded the privilege of performing the funeral rites of "The Spectator." From Holland House Mrs. Morice, his daughter, was accustomed to write to Atterbury; a chamber was set apart for him, and his library was there treasured. The name of "downright Shippen" is also connected with Holland House, "a Jacobite and honest man," of whom Sir Robert Walpole—boasting his famous axiom, concerning the Commons he had corrupted, that "every man has his price, excepting Shippen"—judicially asserted "he would not say who was corrupted, but he would say who was *not* corruptible, and that man was Shippen"—a verdict founded on experience. Pope's poetic tribute in his "Imitations of Horace" still survives:

I love to pour out all myself as plain
As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montaigne:
In them, as certain, to be loved as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within.

By a curious coincidence, according to Sir James Mackintosh, who has gone exhaustively into the records of Holland

otherwise hardly used by the Crown on religious and similar grounds.

Edward, the sixth Earl of Warwick, married Charlotte, daughter of Sir Thomas Middleton. He died in 1701, leaving his widow to superintend, at Holland House, the education of the son, the seventh Earl of Warwick, in which maternal duty the Countess had the moral and philosophic advice of the polished Joseph Addison, then residing at Chelsea in a kind of pastoral retirement. Fifteen years later, while the Earl was still a minor, Addison became his lawful guardian by persuading the widow to give him her hand. Dr. Johnson thus relates the nuptials of "The Spectator":—

"This year (1716) Addison married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, whom he had solicited by a very long and anxious courtship, perhaps with behaviour not very unlike that of Sir Roger de Coverley to his disdaining widow; and who, I am afraid, diverted herself often by playing with his passion. His advances at first were timorous, but grew bolder as his reputation and influence increased; till at last the lady was persuaded to marry him on terms much like those on which a Turkish Princess is espoused, to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce, "Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave."

Not the least interesting of the memories of Holland House are the somewhat stormy reminiscences of the accomplished Addison, who, though he secured the hand of a Countess, failed, alas, to find wedded felicity, as it is too well-known; it was epigrammatically written "Holland House, although a large house, could not contain Mr. Addison, the Countess of Warwick, and one guest, Peace." The elegant scholar sought solace in the bottle; the long Library at Holland House contains Mr. Spectator's table, and conjures up visions of the oft-told story of how



LADY SARAH LENNOX, LADY SUSAN STRANGWAYS, AND CHARLES JAMES FOX WHEN YOUNG, AT HOLLAND HOUSE (SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS ROOM)
Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

House, the Whig lawyer Lord Lechmere, who took part in the prosecutions against Sacheverell and Atterbury, also inhabited Holland House.

The estates of the Rich family, whose relations with Holland House have been described, passed to William Edwardes, a cousin, subsequently raised to the Irish Peerage as Baron Kensington; in the interval, the mansion and park had passed into the hands of the better-known Fox family, in whose possession it still happily remains; in this connection its later history commences in 1749, when "Harry Fox," the first Lord Holland, well known as Secretary of War, and subsequently more notorious as Paymaster of the Forces, took the estate on lease at a mode t rental of 182*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*, finally purchasing the historic house and adjoining park and grounds in 1767.

The founder of the Fox family was Stephen Fox, who from obscure beginnings became Sir Stephen, and was the father of the first Earl of Ilchester, whose lineal descendant, the Earl of Ilchester,



HENRY RICHARD FOX, THIRD LORD HOLLAND
(THE JOURNAL ROOM)
Painted by Fabre



LADY MARY FITZPATRICK, SECOND LADY HOLLAND
(THE WHITE PARLOUR)
Painted by Battoni



ELIZABETH VASSALL, THIRD LADY HOLLAND
(MINIATURE ROOM)

From a Miniature by Richard Cosway, R.A.

now comes into possession of Holland House by the death of Lady Holland, the last Baroness. Sir Stephen Fox's more famous second son, was Henry Fox, the first Baron Holland, who had so much to do with making the history of the middle of the eighteenth century, and whose son, the famous Whig chief, Charles James Fox, was one of the most universally admired and illustrious orators and statesmen who have reflected their brilliancy on the House of Commons and on the national annals.

The career of Stephen Fox is remarkable, even for his generation, and illustrates how natural abilities, favoured by circumstances, have in the past achieved the highest positions in the State and in Society. His political career extends over four reigns, in which he was employed in positions of trust and confidence, the probity and justness of his character securing the golden opinions of those who were brought into relations with him. Both Evelyn and Pepys, the diarists, were among his admirers, and their journals bear the same tributes to the integrity of his mind and conduct in most responsible relations. Stephen Fox's career dates from 1627 to 1716. He is said to have commenced life as a youthful chorister in Salisbury Cathedral, where he secured the protection of Bishop Duppa. He was subsequently patronised by Henry Lord Percy, the Earl of Northumberland's brother, by whom, after the Battle of Worcester, he was entertained in Paris. Lord Percy was then Chamberlain of Charles's household; through this patron Fox secured the favour of the exiled Prince, much to Charles's material advantage, for Stephen was a fitting instrument to discharge the Prince's financial and confidential commissions. According to the "Memoirs of the Life of Stephen Fox," he had the signal advantage of being the first to report the death of the Protector to Charles II. Stephen Fox received the news of Cromwell's end "six hours before any express reached Brussels; and while the King was playing at tennis with the Archduke Leopold, Don John, and other Spanish grandees, he very dutifully accosted His Majesty upon the knee, with the grateful message, and begged leave to call him really King of Great Britain, &c., since he that had caused him to be only titularly so was no longer to be numbered among the Living; which so ingratiated him afresh with that prince, who received him with an air of pleasure, that from thenceforward he was admitted into the King's most secret thoughts, and was advised with more like a Privy

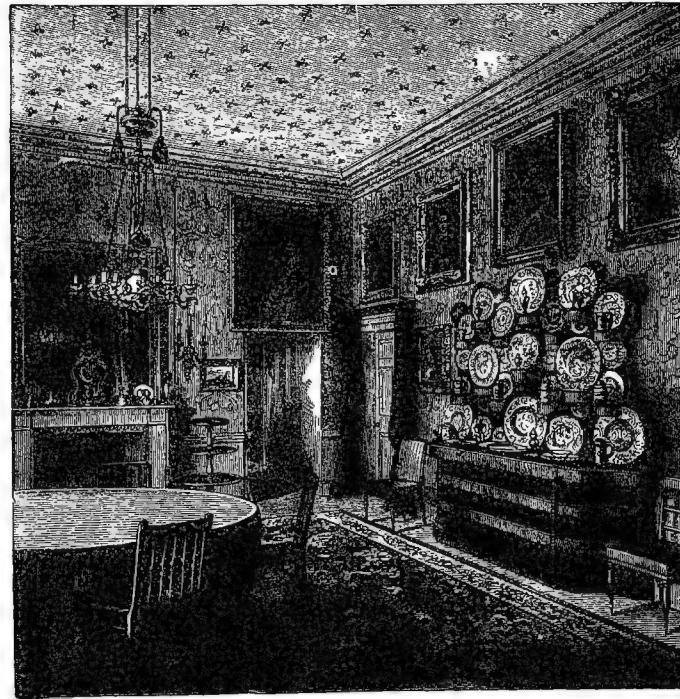
Treasury, and First Commissioner in the Office of Master of the Horse, and "had the reversion of the Coffers' place." "In a word," writes Evelyn, "never was man more fortunate than Sir Stephen; he is a handsome person, virtuous, and very religious." Fox was one of the principal projectors of Chelsea Hospital, on which he proposed "to settle 5,000*l.* per annum, and to build to the value of 20,000*l.* for the relief and reception of four companies, or 400 men, to be as in a college." Evelyn sets down, "I was, therefore, desired by Sir Stephen (who had not only the whole managing of this, but was, as I perceived, himself a grand benefactor; as well became him who had gotten so vast an estate by the soldiers) to assist him, and consult what method to cast it in, as to the government." Sir Stephen's reasons assigned for his labour in founding this noble institution was that "he could not bear to see the common soldiers, who had spent their strength in our service, to beg at our doors." Beyond this achievement, he founded almshouses, built hospitals, and embarked in good deeds, and acts of philanthropy, without interfering in the discharge of his public duties. He sat in several Parliaments, and, notwithstanding the influence brought upon him by the Court, strenuously opposed the impeachment of Clarendon. Stephen Fox breathed his last at Chiswick, where his grandson, the no less magnanimous-minded C. J. Fox, died just ninety years later. At the age of seventy-six, Sir Stephen, in 1703, married for the second time; two of his children, as related, became the founders of the respective lines of the Earls of Ilchester and the Barons Holland, both associated with the more intimate chronicles of Holland House. The history of the Barons Holland is concluded with the late Lady Hollan, the future of the historical residence rests with the Earl of Ilchester, who now succeeds to the estate.

Lady Fox, who died on the 21st February, 1718, was a worthy partner of Sir Stephen. A fortnight before her death, according to a memorandum left by Henry Fox, she called her children about her, and, with a mild air, said, "My dears, will you be good? I am now going to leave you, and entreat you to serve, and be constant in your duty towards Him." Then, assuming a more majestic air, directing her discourse chiefly to her elder son, she continued, "I don't only desire you, but command you to be good, serve God, never let slip the least opportunity of doing any



HENRY RICHARD FOX, THIRD LORD HOLLAND,
(MINIATURE ROOM)

From a Miniature by Richard Cosway, R.A.



DINING ROOM

good to your fellow creatures, for although you are blessed with a good estate, yet never carry yourself haughtily to, or think yourself above others. Don't be a sot, don't be a rake, mind your name, Stephen Fox, that

I hope will keep you from being wicked. Think on your name, 'twill ever fly in your face, and say, Did your father do so! Think on all his virtues, and follow them.

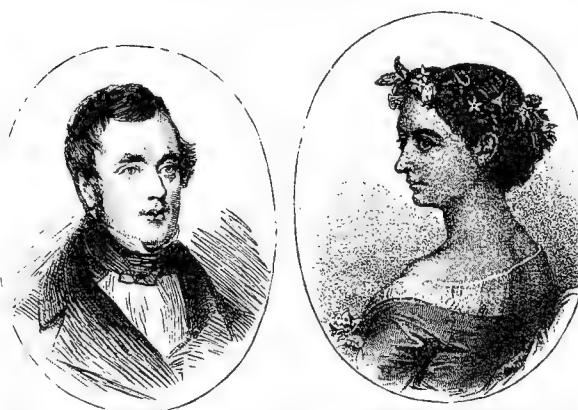
I charge you love one another. You have enemies enough, make not one another so. You will have too many, Stephen, that will flock about you, court you, fawn upon you, these are your worst enemies. You, Harry, having a less fortune, won't be subject to so many temptations, but withstand those you have when you grow up, take care and avoid ill company, if you don't you are gone, for many young men are ruined, from thence come all the vices that youth is apt to fall into."

Henry Fox, the younger brother, born in 1705, was educated at Eton,

where, as a companion and rival, he had Pitt, afterwards, as Earl of Chatham, his political opponent. Their point in common was classical knowledge, in all else they were opposites; curiously enough this emulation and rivalry descended to their sons, and the Commons witnessed Charles James Fox the rival and opponent of William Pitt. Harry Fox entered Parliament in 1735, as a partisan of Sir Robert Walpole, for whom he had the highest admiration; in 1737 he was Surveyor-General of His Majesty's Board of Works; in 1741 he was made one of the Commissioners of the Treasury; in 1754 he was appointed Secretary of State under the Newcastle Cabinet, but, apprehending that he was not to lead the Ministerial party in the House of Commons, he thought proper to resign. He was made Clerk of the Pells in Ireland, the appointment being granted for his life and for that of his two sons.

A coalition was formed between the Duke of Newcastle and Pitt in 1757, and Fox obtained the official post of Paymaster of the Forces, which he held until 1765, and in that office was denounced by an antagonist as "the defaulter of unaccounted millions;" a phrase which will be well remembered. Chesterfield described Fox as but an inelegant debater, but admits his speeches were replete with sterling sense and sound argument. His tact was remarkable; he knew when to press a question and when to yield. Moreover, he possessed a fine genial flow of animal spirits, and a kindly disposition. Lord Bute fixed upon Fox as the ablest hand he could discover to defend the Peace of Paris; it was necessary to detach Fox from his then political allegiance, and to make him again Secretary of State. He stipulated for an earldom as the reward for his assistance—a barony only was given him. The story has been variously related, but the anecdote remains that on his reproaching his leader with this breach of faith, Lord Bute averred, "It was only a pious fraud;" to which Fox, with easy plausibility, rejoined, "I perceive the fraud, my lord, but not the piety." Henry Fox's marriage was one of the nine days' wonders of his generation.

In 1744 he aspired to the hand of Lady Caroline Lennox, eldest daughter of the second Duke of Richmond; the lady reciprocated his affection, but her parents were obdurate, and evidently resented Fox's assumption in aspiring to this high alliance. A suitor more



HENRY EDWARD FOX, FOURTH
AND LAST LORD HOLLAND
Born 1802. Died 1859.
Painted by C. R. Leslie, R.A.

MARY AUGUSTA, FOURTH LADY
HOLLAND
Died at Holland House, Sep. 25, 1889.
The late owner of Holland House
Painted by G. F. Watt, R.A.

"Counsellor than a servant of an inferior rank." The steps to fortune, as Evelyn records, "honestly got and unenvied, which is next to a miracle," were successive and fairly rapid; he enjoyed the Royal confidence, no less an advantage to his master than to himself, he was appointed First Clerk of the Green Cloth on the settlement of the King's Household; soon after he was made Paymaster to two of the newly-raised regiments, and was shortly after constituted Paymaster-General of all His Majesty's Forces in England. In this office his command of financial resources stood him and the authorities in good service. Evelyn observes that his fortune, which was assured, had in no wise spoilt his natural obliging disposition, for he continued to be "as humble and ready to do a courtesy as ever he was." Knighthood rewarded him in 1665. Sir Stephen had first married a sister of Whittle, "one of the King's chirurgeons;" in 1679 he was appointed one of the Lords Commissioners of the



ELIZABETH VASSALL, THIRD LADY HOLLAND (THE JOURNAL ROOM)
Painted in Florence, in 1795, by Gauffier



HONOURABLE HENRY EDWARD FOX (THE WHITE PARLOUR)
Painted by John Hopper, R.A.

desirable from their point of view was to be formally introduced to the young lady, but she, to frustrate the intention of this interview so distasteful to her feelings, before the appointed hour cut off her

eyebrows, and thus rendered herself unpresentable; left to her own resources, she utilised her solitude, and successfully eloped with the man of her heart. There was a flutter of excitement and indignation, the Duke of Richmond, his connections and friends, the Duke of Newcastle and Grafton, and Henry Pelham were all outraged at Fox's presumption, the King was violently angry. Hanbury Williams wrote to Fox, then in the country with his bride, "I went to the Opera last night. And from the box I was in I saw the news of your match run along the front boxes exactly like fire in a train of gunpowder." A week later he wrote, "Time that overcomes, eats up, or buries all things, has not yet made the least impression upon the story of the loves of Henry Fox and Caroline; but the Town will take the tender Lovers' parts;" according to Pelham, who was Secretary of State, "the nation was undone by this marriage." Hanbury Williams hugely admired the match—he wrote, "If happiness is a blessing on earth you have made a very prudent choice, I repeat it again in defiance of all the world. Again—I say Lady Caroline has more propriety about her than any woman I ever saw. Your good sense and your good nature will be well employed for life. You have the properest object for them in your arms, who had sense enough to distinguish your merit, and love enough to prefer it to all things and all people." Lady Caroline's parents ultimately gave their forgiveness some four years later, after the birth of Stephen—Henry Fox's eldest son—in 1748. Lady Caroline Fox was created Baroness Holland in 1762, and in 1763 Fox was raised to

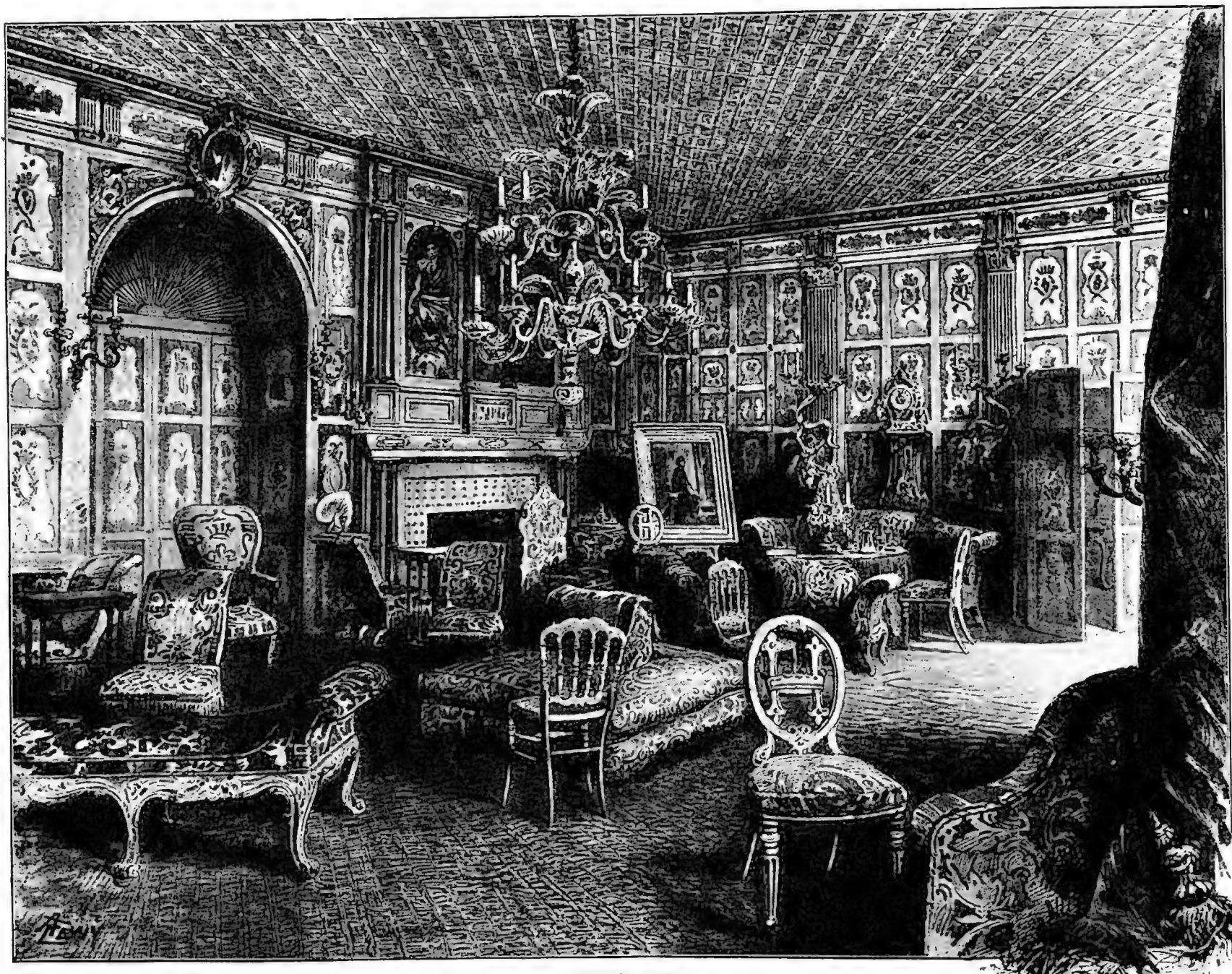
the Peerage as Baron Holland of Foxley, Wilts. Lady Caroline, after the death of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, behaved like a mother to her favourite sister, the famous beauty, Lady



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOSEPH ADDISON (THE LIBRARY PASSAGE)

Sarah Lennox, and it was at Holland House that she affectionately nursed and tended her youngest sister, Lady Cecilia Lennox, who died there of consumption.

JOSEPH GREGO.



THE GILT ROOM

AN UNPACIFIC YARN.



THE Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, in Unpacific Seas,
A Service fair, conducted there, in dignity and ease;
Though white within, and free from sin, it was a fact that he
Unto the eye, externally, was black as black could be.

The Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, beloved was of all,
The Unpacific residents, his people great and small,
They often said, "A Bishop bred, and born of native stock
Is fitter than another man to guide a native flock."



BUT Oh! Alas! a dreadful pass he came to on the day
That Bishop Brown, of Monkeytown, a visit came to pay;
Whose features fair and silver hair, their fancy quickly gain'd,
Whose tuneful voice, and learning choice, affection soon obtained.

The natives all, both great and small, admitted with a groan,
That Bishop Brown, of Monkeytown, was better than their own;
That though they knew that Bishop Q. was pure and free from guile,
He must arrange to make a change, and leave his native isle.



THEN Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, his visage wet with tears,
Repair'd to Brown, of Monkeytown, to intimate his fears
That base and rude ingratitude, and unbecoming slight,
Would bleach with care, his aged hair, because he wasn't white.

Said Bishop Brown, of Monkeytown,
"Although a grievous case,
I'll guarantee, if you'll agree, to change your nigger face,
That you'll obtain their love again, so buoy yourself with hope,
And I'll give you a cake or two of PEARS' Transparent Soap."

WRINCH & SONS, HORTICULTURAL BUILDERS, &c., IPSWICH.
ROYAL SHOW, WINDSOR.

CONSERVATORY

AS SHOWN AT



ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES & ESTIMATES FREE ON APPLICATION.
WRINCH & SONS { ST. LAWRENCE WORKS, IPSWICH,
AND 57, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

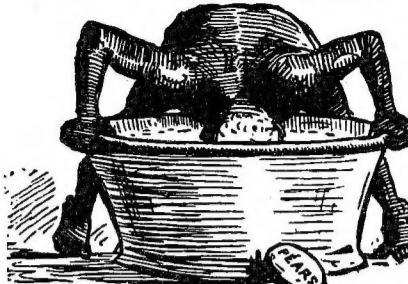
THE
"LOUIS"
VELVETEEN

KINAHAN'S
LL
WHISKY.

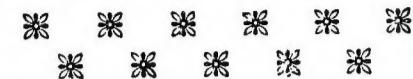
Every yard bears the name "LOUIS" and the wear of every yard, from the cheapest quality to the best, is guaranteed. Ladies should write for Samples of the New Shades to THOS. WALLIS and CO., Holborn Circus, London, E.C., who supply all shades and all qualities at most moderate prices.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.
Sunday Times says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to ERADICATE, to CURE the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes DOES NOT LOWER, BUT BUILDS UP AND TONES THE SYSTEM. Book (16 pages), with recipe and notes how to pleasantly and rapidly cure OBESITY (average reduction in first week is 3 lbs.), post free 8 stamps.

F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House,
Store St., Bedford Sq., London, W.C.



THEN Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, (his present safe to hand),
With visage bright, and spirits light, as any in the land,
And grateful heart, did now depart upon his homeward path,
And arm'd with hope, and PEARS' Soap, repair'd unto his bath.



With bow polite, complexion white, and hands of lily hue,
And noble mien, he did convene that Unpacific crew:
That sable flock of native stock, who, frighten'd and amaz'd,

For pardon to the Bishop Q., their supplications raised.

And thus with hope, and PEARS' Soap, and bath and water plain,
The love of all, both great and small, the Bishop did regain.
And now without a care or doubt, his features wreath'd in smiles,
Lives Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, in Unpacific Isles.

MORAL.

WHAT cleanliness and godliness go ever hand in hand;
From maxims sage, of greatest age, we're led to understand.
The former clasp within your grasp (and for the latter hope),
By getting through a cake or two of PEARS' Transparent Soap.

And when you've tried, you will decide, without a single doubt,
That such a sweet and fragrant treat you'll never be without:
That all around will ne'er be found a maker that can cope,
In purity and quality with PEARS' Transparent Soap.

SOZODONT
for the TEETH

SOZODONT, THE FRAGRANT
Liquid Dentifrice, is a botanical preparation of wonderful efficacy in Preserving and Beautifying the Teeth. Rescuing them from Decay, and Rendering them as White as Alabaster. It is a Toilet Luxury of which all should avail themselves. The unpleasant odour communicated to the breath by Catarrh, Bad Teeth, &c., is entirely obviated by this fragrant and Salutary Antiseptic. Price 2s. Sold everywhere.

BUTLERS'
Musical Instruments
of Every Description.
VIOLONCELLOS
VIOLINS
GUITARS
BANJOES
HARMONIUMS
BAND
INSTRUMENTS
MUSICAL
BOXES
FLUTES
CONCERTINAS
MELODIANS
STRINGS
G. BUTLER
29, HAYMARKET, LONDON.
ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST
(60 pages) post free.

PIESSE & LUBIN
from
every flower that
breathes a fragrance.
SWEET SCENTS
LOXOTIS OPOPONAX
FRANGIPANNI PSIDIUM
May be obtained
of any Chemist or
Perfumer.
London
New Bond Street

THE SAVOY GALLERY
OF ENGRAVINGS.
THE MOST POPULAR ENGRAVINGS.

PARTHENIA
A FAVOURITE AUTHOR
THE SHRINE OF VENUS
FLOCK RETURNING
MISS FANNY KEMBLE
ITALIAN FLOWER GIRL
MÆNADS
LOVE OR COUNTRY
T. G. APPLETON.
ALMA TADEMA.
"
SLOCOMBE.
SIR T. LAWRENCE.
LUKE FILDERS.
JOHN COLLIER.
MARCUS STONE.

GEO. REES, 115, Strand (Corner of Savoy Street).

The Largest Assortment of Engravings in London in Stock.

Illustrated List
Post Free.



MAPPIN & WEBB'S
FITTED TRAVELLING BAGS.
18, POULTRY, E.C., & 158, OXFORD St., W.

such excursions. Two show interiors of mountain "huts," in which a night is often passed before a hard day's work—so as by starting from a considerable elevation to make sure of finding the snow hard the next morning, and also of a long day. The start is usually before dawn, and in another sketch may be seen a party stumbling over a moraine by lantern-light. Later, the line may lie up steep slopes of hard snow, generally after crossing a "bergschrund," a matter which often looks easy enough till you come to try it.

Falling stones may be met with, but good mountaineers will go where they do not occur. Then there may be some more or less sensational rockwork, or the party may keep along a snow ridge, or "arête," to the top. One sketch depicts an adventure which actually occurred on the Gabelhorn, near Zermatt, where three, out of a party of four, having been suddenly precipitated down the side of an arête by the breaking of a snow cornice, were held up by the rear guide (Ulrich Almer), and saved.

Views from the tops of peaks, the crown of an expedition, may be left to the imagination, or to the recollection of the beautiful photographs by Mr. Donkin or Signor Sella. They have, unfortunately, not often been painted successfully, and, indeed, few have tried them but M. Loppe, whose pictures are so well-known to admirers of high mountain scenery.

Coming down again, there will be similar difficulties to be overcome, such as a steep gully or an awkward corner; but there will usually be a bit of glissading, when in five minutes a man can slip down over ground which it may have taken one or two hours to ascend. Lastly, the glacier must be quitted, sometimes

after ticklish work among crevasses, and then will come the run down the grass and through the woods. A fine-weather day like this is full of variety and interest; any healthy man would enjoy it.

But there are other days. Sometimes, after a fine morning, bad weather will come on. The difficulties and dangers of actual climbing are immensely increased when rocks are iced and hands and feet numb, and the wind is "tyrannous and strong," driving the snow and hail into the face like small shot. Moreover, it is snow and hail into the face like small shot. Moreover, it is strange how seldom even the best guides use map or compass. And accordingly they may go utterly wrong in mist if there are no landmarks to guide them. Not that it is so simple a matter as to pick out the right line on a Welsh hill in dirty weather. "Above the snow line" one cannot, as at home, choose a direction and stick to it, so there is something to be said for instinct after all. However this may be, it is bad weather that puts a man's love of mountaineering to the test. If he can be cheerful under such circumstances, he will be cheerful anywhere! Happily there are plenty such men.

Our engravings of Mr. Willink's sketches are from photographs published by Messrs. William M. Spooner and Co., 379, Strand.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

IN "Louis the Eleventh: a Drama" (Elliot Stock), Mr. John Arthur Coupland has skilfully and artistically woven into a play an important episode in the relations of France and Burgundy of the time of Charles the Bold. The defeat of Louis's intrigues with the citizens of Liège, and his discreditable association with the ruffianly

De La Marck, form the political portion of the story; while the fortunes and trials of the Countess Isabelle of Croye supply the proper opening for Cupid's activities. There are no passages of conspicuous power in the drama; but, for all that, many of the situations are effective, and the theme is worked out with simplicity and good taste. Some matters seem left to the imagination or the reader's knowledge of history. At one moment we have Dunois and Orleans carried off to dungeons in grievous displeasure, and soon after we find them in full favour and at liberty, but without any word to explain the reason of this happy change. King Louis, who is depicted as a lying, treacherous, incorrigible villain in the first acts, in the last figures as a charming old gentleman, who brings down the curtain with the equivalent for "Bless you, my children," quite prettily. The characters of Quentin Durward and Isabelle of Croye are delineated well, and their loves are agreeably recounted.

There is not much of the world's digested wisdom in Mr. Ira Bellman's "Bluebird Notes" (Funk and Wagnalls: New York). He has large hopes of the future, when we may do without coal, timber, and some other things. He has a recipe for our troubles and physical necessities. So he says:—

Hitch Niagara to our industries,
And wheel and spindle, like the busy bees,
Would hum the continent; and yet, abide,
Untold, swift mountain stream, and ocean-tide,
To spur man on to future growth and hope.

There is much more largely suggestive in this volume, characterised by much the same daring and excursive genius.

Though you Rub! Rub! Rub! and you Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that it's not in your power, in the old-fashioned way to do in a day
What Hudson's will do in an hour.



THE LAUNDRY.

Lawns, Laces, Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table Cloths, Towels, &c., keep a good colour if regularly washed with HUDSON'S SOAP. Excellent for washing Flannels and Woollen Underclothing.



THE KITCHEN.

HUDSON'S SOAP removes grease from Stove Tops, Cooking Ranges, Kitchens, Hot Plates, &c.

Copper and Enamelled Pans are not likely to burn if scoured with HUDSON'S SOAP.



USE HUDSON'S SOAP.



SCOURING.

Ease, Speed, Pleasure, and Economy with HUDSON'S SOAP—very little Scrubbing and no Drudgery.

Stone Steps, Balconies, and Window-sills will always look nice if washed down with HUDSON'S SOAP.



THE PANTRY.

Paste Boards and Mincing Machines can be used immediately after being washed with HUDSON'S SOAP. It leaves no taint or smell, and ensures perfect purity.

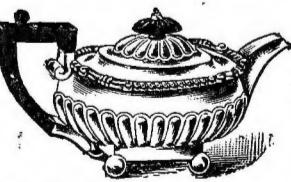
HUDSON'S removes all obstinate dirt.

HUDSON'S SOAP is a pure Dry Soap in fine Powder, in 1-lb., ½-lb. and ¼-lb. packets.—Softens all Waters.—Makes a Foaming Lather and keeps the clothes a Good Color.

HUDSON'S SOAP is excellent for washing Flannels and Woollen Underclothing, as well as Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table Cloths, &c.

HUDSON'S SOAP for Washing-up. Hudson's is as good for Plates, Dishes, Knives, Forks, &c., as for Washing Clothes. Hudson's leaves No Smell.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S



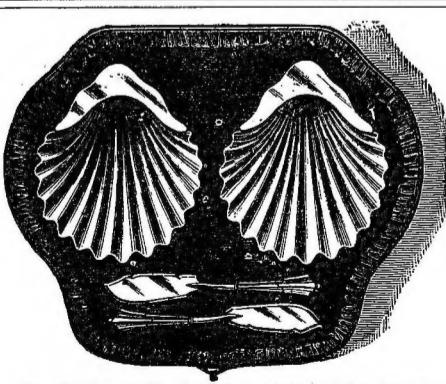
Two Sterling Silver Salt Cellars, Spoons, and Muffineer, in Morocco Case, £2.

Massive Solid Silver Antique Fluted Teapot, £16 15s. Tea and Coffee Service complete, £52 10s.



Fluted Coffee Pot, with Ebony Handle. Solid Silver, 1 pint, £9; ½ pint, £6 10s; Best Electro, 1 pint, £3 10s; ½ pint, £4.

Cut-Glass Inkstand, Solid Silver Mounts and Pen Rests, richly chased. Onyx Base, £6 15s.



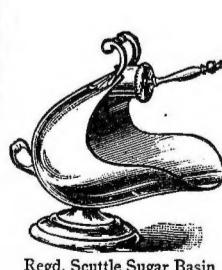
Two Solid Silver Escallop Butter Shells and Two Knives, in Morocco Case, lined Silk, £4 15s. One Shell and Knife, in Case, £2 10s.



Electro-Silver Toast Rack, Egg Frame and Butter Dish combined, £2 10s. Solid Silver, £8 10s.

ARTISTIC SILVER PLATE IS THE BEST FOR HARD WEAR.

158, OXFORD STREET, W., and 18, POULTRY, E.C.



Regd. Scuttle Sugar Basin Solid Silver, £5 5s. Best Electro, £1 5s.

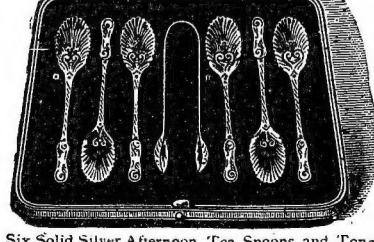


Butter Knife with Ivory Handle. In Best Morocco Case. Sterling Silver, £4s. Electro Silver ditto, Engraved Blade, 8s.



Solid Silver "Toby" Cream Jug.

Height, 2 inches. £2 10s. each. Full-size Mirror to match, £3 15s.



Six Solid Silver Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs, best Morocco Case, £4 15s. Best Electro, £1 11s. 6d.

CATALOGUES FREE.

NERVOUSNESS IN MEN.

It is extraordinary how many men suffer nowadays both in mind and body from a multitude of ailments resulting simply from weak nerves, consequent upon overwork, worry, and other debilitating causes. Doctors have tried for years past, and are still trying, to find some drug which will cure the distressing symptoms of nervous exhaustion, but the best they have been able to do in this direction up to the present is to afford slight temporary relief in some simple form of the disease. The consulting Physician and Electrician at St. Bartholomew's Hospital has, we are glad to say, made a move in the right direction. After finding that physic is practically useless for the relief of nervous sufferers, he says:

"There is no doubt Electricity is one of the most powerful nerve tonics we possess. No agent so quickly restores the depressed condition of the system resulting from illness. In all states of nervous depression, as from long mental strain or overtaxed bodily powers, general galvanism has proved a refreshing and most invigorating tonic."

The next point therefore to be considered is as to the best method of applying these galvanic currents to the system without "shocks" or discomfort, and for this purpose we cannot do better than strongly recommend all nervous sufferers to wear one of Harness's Electropathic Belts.

They have stood the test of nearly twenty-five years, have restored thousands of sufferers to health and vigour, are guaranteed to be perfectly genuine, and are constructed on sound scientific principles. The Medical Battery Company, Limited, are the Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of this now world-famed curative appliance, and should any of our readers still have the least doubt as to its bona fide character, they are invited to call at the Company's Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W. (at the corner of Rathbone Place), where they can see the Electropathic Belts scientifically tested, and can personally examine the thousands of unsolicited testimonials and Press reports that have been received from all parts of the world. Sufferers from Nervous or Rheumatic Affections, Liver or Kidney Diseases, &c., who are unable to call, and who desire further particulars regarding the curative powers of Harness's Electropathic Belt, should send at once for Descriptive Pamphlet and Book of Testimonials, which will be forwarded to any address free on application to Mr. C. B. Harness, President of the Medical Battery Company, Limited, 52, Oxford Street, W. The Consulting Physician, Surgeon, Medical Electro-Masseurs, and other officers are in daily attendance, and give advice, free of charge, either personally or by letter. We may add that all communications are regarded as strictly private and confidential.

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

It does not appear to be generally known that, besides the enormous sale of Mr. Harness's Curative Electropathic Belts, the most perfect form of Electro-Massage treatment is successfully carried on under skilful medical supervision by experienced certified Masseurs and Masseuses at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W. This palatial building, which is situated at the corner of Rathbone Place, is by far the most complete Medico-Electric Institution in the world, and contains the best electrical machines and appliances that science has produced, for the cure of Nervous and Rheumatic Affections, Liver and Kidney Disorders, &c. A personal visit would astonish and delight all who are interested in the treatment of Disease by Electricity, Massage, Swedish Mechanical Exercises, Chemical Inhalation, &c. At this spacious Medical Establishment, Hernia, Deafness, Corpulence, Superfluous Hairs, Wrinkles, &c., have also been successfully treated for many years past. Consultation and advice may be had free of charge, either personally or by letter. Address, MR. C. B. HARNESS, President of the Medical Battery Co. (Limited), 52, Oxford Street, London, W. All communications are treated as private and confidential.

NOTE.—All in search of health should wear one of Mr. C. B. Harness's Electropathic Belts, Guaranteed Genuine.

PAMPHLET FREE ON APPLICATION.

CAUTION TO DRUG-TAKERS.

Before it is too late let us advise our readers not to ruin their constitutions with quack medicines and poisonous drugs, which, although possibly affording slight temporary relief in certain common ailments, do serious mischief to the entire system, and frequently sow the seeds of fatal diseases. If people wish to prolong their lives and enjoy good health, they should adopt simple and natural means, such as by wearing

HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT

SOLE PROPRIETORS AND MANUFACTURERS—

The MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, Limited, 52, Oxford Street, London, W.

It acts as a preventive against as well as a certain cure for Rheumatism, &c. It is very comfortable to wear, and will effectually overcome every form of

NERVOUS, MUSCULAR, OR ORGANIC WEAKNESS.

THE ONLY GUARANTEED GENUINE MEDICO-ELECTRO BELT RECOMMENDED BY THE HIGHEST AUTHORITIES.



ALL SUFFERERS FROM RHEUMATIC AND NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, STOMACH, LIVER, AND KIDNEY DISORDERS, &c., SHOULD WEAR ONE OF THESE WORLD-FAMED BELTS.

MR. C. B. HARNESS,

the President of the Company, attends daily, together with their Physician, Surgeon, Medical Electricians, and other Officers. Advice may be had in every case, Free of Charge, personally or by letter, on all matters relating to Health and the Application of Curative Electricity.

Residents at a distance, and those unable to call, should write at once for a Belt or Pamphlet, before they forget it.

NOTE THE ADDRESS—

The MEDICAL BATTERY CO., Ltd., 52, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W. (Corner of Rathbone Place.)

Pamphlet and Advice Free, Personally or by Letter.

Write for copies or call and see originals.

A Well-known Lady's Opinion.

Mrs. E. F. Osborne, The Hollies, Newark-upon-Trent, writes:—"The Electropathic Abdominal Belt has had a wonderful effect upon the circulation, and improving the general vitality of the system. My daughter has also completely recovered. She was suffering from anaemia, but since wearing the Electropathic Belt has become quite strong, and can walk miles without fatigue."

PAMPHLET AND ADVISE FREE.**A Barrister's Opinion.**

F. Arthur Sibby, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, M.A., LL.M. (Cambridge), writing from Haywood, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, says:—"I must testify to the wonderful effect of your Electropathic Belt treatment. My vital energy was so low that I was quite incapacitated for work of any kind. I have now regained all the vigour, both of body and of mind, and am completely restored to health."

CHAPMAN & CO.

Manufacturers and Direct Wholesale Traders.

HIGH-CLASS * AUTUMN * NOVELTIES.

THE numberless beautiful productions of Continental looms are now on show and ready for distribution. These samples represent the pick of the French and German markets, and include some of the most fashionable and popular fabrics for the Season.

NEW SILKS FOR AUTUMN WEAR.

FANCY BLACK BROCADES, VELVET STRIPES.

JETTED MOIRES, WATERED SILKS.

BENGALINES, POULT DE SOIE, MERVÉS.

SURAH, FAILLE FRANCAISE, GROS GRAIN.

PLAIN, COLOURED, AND RICH FANCIES.

BRIGHT AND PURE PONGEES, 1/0 3/4.

VELVET AND PLUSHES IN ALL SHADES.

IMPERISHABLE SILKS.—GUARANTEED TO WEAR. Light in Weight, Rich in Effect, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 6s. 11d., 7s. 11d., and 8s. 11d. per yard.

GROS GRAINS.—330 PIECES RICH LYONS SILKS. MARVELLOUS VALUE, 2s. 11d. worth 4s. 1d.

RICH BROCHÉ SILKS.—LARGE PATTERNS, the silk of the SEASON, from 2s. 11d. to 2s.

PONGEE SILKS.—WONDROUS CHEAP ALL ART SHADES, 1s. 6d., 1s. 5d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 1s. 11d., and 2s. 6d. per yard.

BEST { in VALUE.
in CHOICE.
in TASTE. } Write for Patterns and Compare.

LADIES:
PERFECTION OF SILK.

(C. J. BONNET ET CIE.)

3/11, 4/11, 5/11, and 6/11 per yard.

VELVETEENS!

As supplied by me to her late G.D.H. PRINCESS LOUIS OF HESSE.

MY QUEEN VEL-VEL,

In lovely Art Shades,

24 inch, 2s. 11d. per yard.

CHAPMAN'S VELVET VELUTINA,

Specially Adapted for Drapery Purposes,

24 inch, 2s. per yard.

BLACK VELVETEEN, from 1/11 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 5/6 per yard

FOREIGN DRESS GOODS.

NEW MATERIALS FOR AUTUMN WEAR.

		Per yard
DRAP DE LUXE	- - -	48 3/6
VOILE GARANT	- - -	48 1/11 $\frac{1}{2}$
CHEVRON RAIES	- - -	45 2/9
DRAP CORBEILLE	- - -	45 2/11 $\frac{1}{2}$
MELANGE FRANCAIS	- - -	45 2/6
ETOFFE D'ALLEMANDE	- - -	50 1/6
CHAPMAN'S WONDERFUL CLOTH	- - -	25 9d.

FRENCH CASHMERMES.—We have been specially noted for the past twenty years for our beautiful shades in French Cashmere. There is nothing to excel these exquisite fabrics in variety of colour and superior finish. 1s. 11d. per yard.

FRENCH MERINOS. The most fashionable and favourite colours at 1s. 11d. per yard.

SPECIAL OFFER.

VERY HANDSOME ARCTIC SEAL FUR CAPES.

NOTTING HILL, LONDON, W., AND INDUSTRY MILLS, BRADFORD.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

To secure this article ask for "Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa."

"It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs are weak."—Sir CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D.

5,000
SILK UMBRELLAS.
2s. 6d. each
direct from
the Manufacturer.

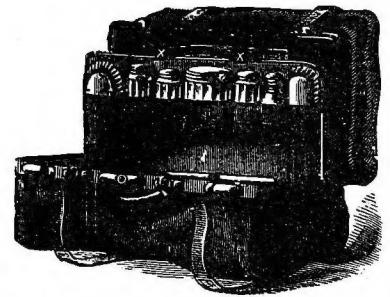
Ladies' or Gents'
Plain or Twill Silk
Patent Holders,
low-rimmed
Frames,
beautifully
carved and

mounted Sticks, Parcels Post free, 2s. 9d., or 3d. stamps
5,000 sold in 12 months. Lists and testimonials free.

Recovering, &c., neatly done. Address, J. B.

PARKER, Umbrella Works, Broom Close, Sheffield
Registered.

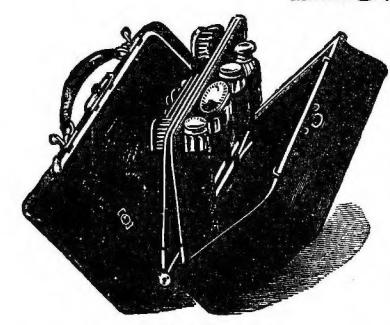
FISHER'S GLADSTONE BAG.



18 in. Plated, £6. Silver, £7 10s.

In Black or Brown Cowhide, with Strong Lock and Brass Catches, Removable Centre, fitted complete with Comb, Hair Brush, Clothes and Hat Brushes, Tooh, Nail, and Shaving Brushes, Razor Strip, Paper Knife, Scent Bottle, Jar, Soap Dish, Writing Case, Penholder, Pencil, Inkstand, Match Box, Looking Glass, Two Razors, Scissors, Nail File, and Button Hook. Price complete, £6 with Plated Fittings, £7 10s. with Silver Fittings.

FISHER'S BEATRICE BAG.



Price £4 10s.

The New Lady's Bag, Removable Centre, Morocco Leather, Fitted complete, SILVER Mounts, Ivory BRUSHES. Very Elegant. A small Fitted Bag, Contains Soap Box, Jar, Scent Bottle, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Paper Knife, Glove Stretchers, Comb, Hair Brush, Velvet Brush, Looking Glass, Scissors, Button Hook, Nail File, Knife, Corkscrew.

S. FISHER,
188, STRAND

LINDSAY'S EMBROIDERED IRISH LINENS

EMBROIDERED
FLOSS FLAX.
EQUAL TO SILK.

White and various Colours in Irish Linen Dress Materials as cheap as Calico.

IRISH LINEN SHEETS MADE UP READY FOR USE IN
EVERY SIZE AND QUALITY.

Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

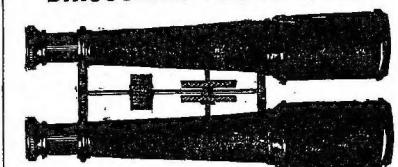
Damask Table Linens, Diapers, Sheetings, Pillows, Shirtings, Towellings, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Cambric Handkerchiefs, Bordered and Hemstitched, Plain and Embroidered, the production of their OWN MILLS, at WHOLESALE PRICES.

JAMES LINDSAY & CO. LTD.,
BELFAST,

Linen Manufacturers to Her Majesty the Queen.

ESTABLISHED OVER SIXTY YEARS.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S BINOCULAR TELESCOPES.



FOR MILITARY SERVICE, DEER-STALKING, OR YACHTING.

Mounted in Aluminium or Bronze Metal. Long Range, with High Magnifying Power and Perfect Definition.

By a new combination of Lenses Negretti and Zambra have produced a glass eight inches in length, possessing all the advantages of the larger size Binocular Telescope.

Illustrated Price Lists posted free to all parts of the world.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA,
SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT MAKERS AND OPTICIANS
TO THE QUEEN,

HOLBORN VIADUCT.
Branches—45, Cornhill, 122, Regent St.
Negretti and Zambra's Photographic Studio, Crystal Palace.

Illustrated Catalogue, 1,200 Engravings, 5s. 6d.

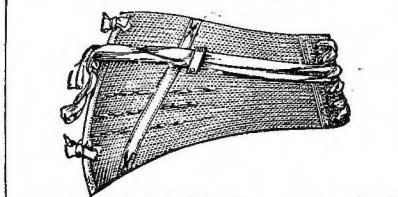
HEALTH FOR ALL. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

THESE PILLS PURIFY THE BLOOD.
Correct all Disorders of
The LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, & BOWELS.

They are wonderfully Efficacious in Ailments
incidental to Females of all ages; and as a
General Family Medicine are Unsurpassed.

SWANBILL BELTS

Registered. Price 31s. 6d.



The Swanbill Belt or Figure Improver is made of woven silk elastic. It gives the necessary support where most required, and is comparatively almost as light as a feather.

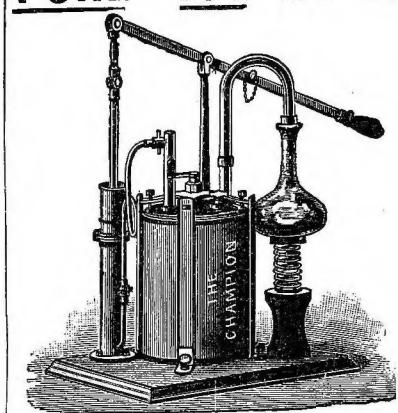
Nothing can be better. The Swanbill Silk Elastic Belt is a real comfort."—*Court Journal*.

"The Swanbill Belt I recommend to all young mothers, for nothing tends to age a woman so much as the loss of symmetry in figure. By attention a woman may almost retain her natural maiden form, even though a mother of a large family."—*Madame Schida's Journal*.

Send size of waist, with P.O.O. on 179, Sloane Street.

ADDLEY BOURNE,
LADIES' WAREHOUSE,
174, Sloane Street, Belgravia (late of Piccadilly).

PURE ICE AT A



MOMENT'S NOTICE BY THE 'CHAMPION' HANDICE MACHINE

SIMPLE, CERTAIN, & DURABLE.
NO EXPENSIVE FREEZING POWDERS
Will make Ice Cream, Block Ice, Cool Wines,
&c. Prices from £8 8s. Ask for List F2.

SOLE LICENSEEES—
PULSOMETER ENGINEERING CO., LTD.
Nine Elms Ironworks, London, S.W.

INVALIDS

May be speedily restored to health by wearing
one of

HARNESS, ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.

Though they are guaranteed to generate continuous electric currents, strong enough to cure almost all disorders of the Nerves, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, &c., they do not cause the least discomfort to the wearer; but, on the contrary, they give support to the various organs of the body, and

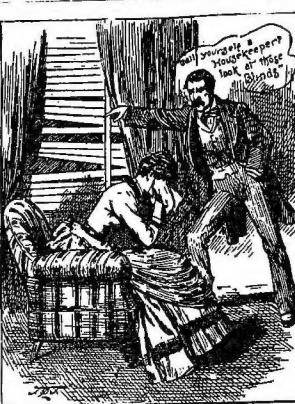
INVIGORATE

the entire frame. They also effectually prevent Rheumatism and kindred ailments. Testimonials from all classes of society may be seen at the Electropathic and Zander Institute of the Medical Battery Co., Limited,

52, OXFORD ST. LONDON, W.

(Corner of Rathbone Place.)

Pamphlet, consultation, and advice,
Free on application.



This scene would never have occurred if

CARR'S PATENT LADDER TAPES

had been used.

For VENETIAN BLINDS. From all Furnishing Ironmongers and Drapers.

ANTI-CORPULENCE PILLS.

DR. GORDON'S ELEGANT PILLS Cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height and weight, and send 4s. 9d., 11s., or 21s. to DR. GORDON, 10, Brunswick Square, London, W.C.

ADVICE TO DYSPEPTICS.

'TWIXT PLATE

AND LIP, or the Common Sense of Eating with which is incorporated the 12th Edition of

ADVICE TO DYSPEPTICS,

with notes on

COOKING, MASTICATION,

PHYSIOLOGY OF DIGESTION,

REMARKABLE CASES OF INDIGESTION,

GLOSSARY OF MEDICAL TERMS, &c.

Post Free One Stamp from the Publisher.

45, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Established nearly quarter of a century.

Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an inhalation, and without any after bad effects.

Among the thousands of testimonials the following will be read with interest:

"The only relief I could get..." "If I had known it earlier."

—Lord Beaconsfield (In his dying moments).

"I have tried every remedy ever invented, and HIMROD'S CURE is the only one in which I have absolute confidence."—Emily Faithfull.

"This is an excellent remedy for asthma."—Sir Morell Mackenzie. (In his clinical Lecture at the London Hospital and Medical College).

"I have used all remedies—HIMROD'S CURE is the best. It never failed."—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Trial samples free by post. In Tins at 4s. 3d.

British Depot—45, Holborn Viaduct, London.

And also of Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Son, Lynch & Co. Rangers, and all Wholesale Houses.



LAYETTES.

HAND MADE IN THE BEST STYLE,

£12, £25, £47, £63.

Set for Patterns

Layette for India, £22, £31, £33 3°

Handsome Christening Robes and Cloaks, Babies' Frocks, trimmed real lace, &c., Goods sent on approval, with prices plainly marked, on receipt of reference or deposit.

Full Price List of Troussous, Layettes, Registered Swanbill Corsets and Belts sent post free.

ADDLEY BOURNE, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Price £1. 1s. 6d.

Postage 1s. 6d.

London, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telephone, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telegraph, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Post Office, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telephone, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telegraph, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Post Office, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telephone, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telegraph, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Post Office, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telephone, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telegraph, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Post Office, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telephone, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telegraph, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Post Office, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telephone, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telegraph, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Post Office, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telephone, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telegraph, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Post Office, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telephone, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telegraph, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Post Office, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telephone, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telegraph, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Post Office, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telephone, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telegraph, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Post Office, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telephone, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telegraph, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Post Office, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telephone, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telegraph, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Post Office, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telephone, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telegraph, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Post Office, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telephone, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telegraph, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Post Office, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telephone, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telegraph, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Post Office, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telephone, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telegraph, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Post Office, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

Telephone, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.